

THE
KEEPSAKE

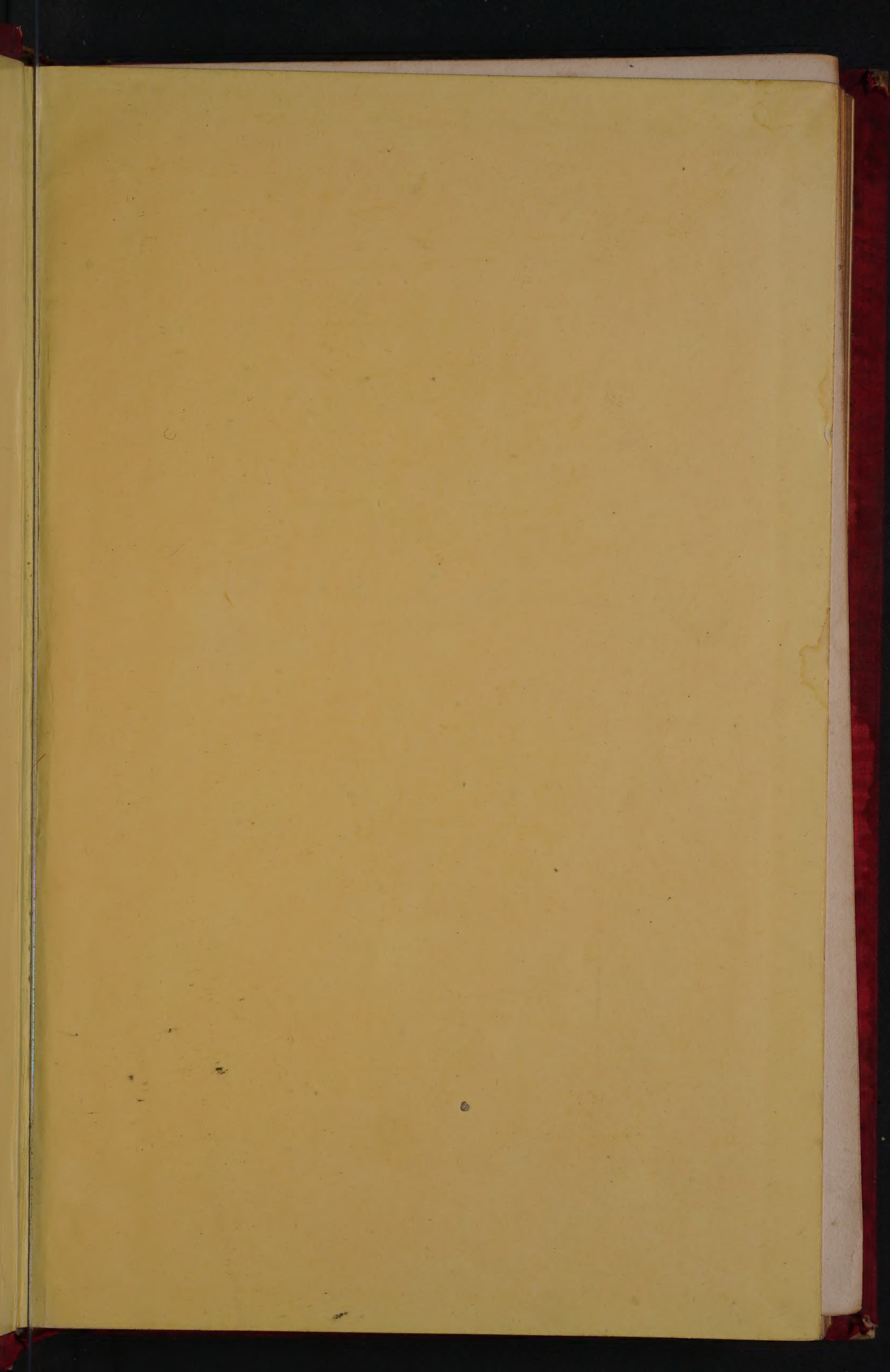
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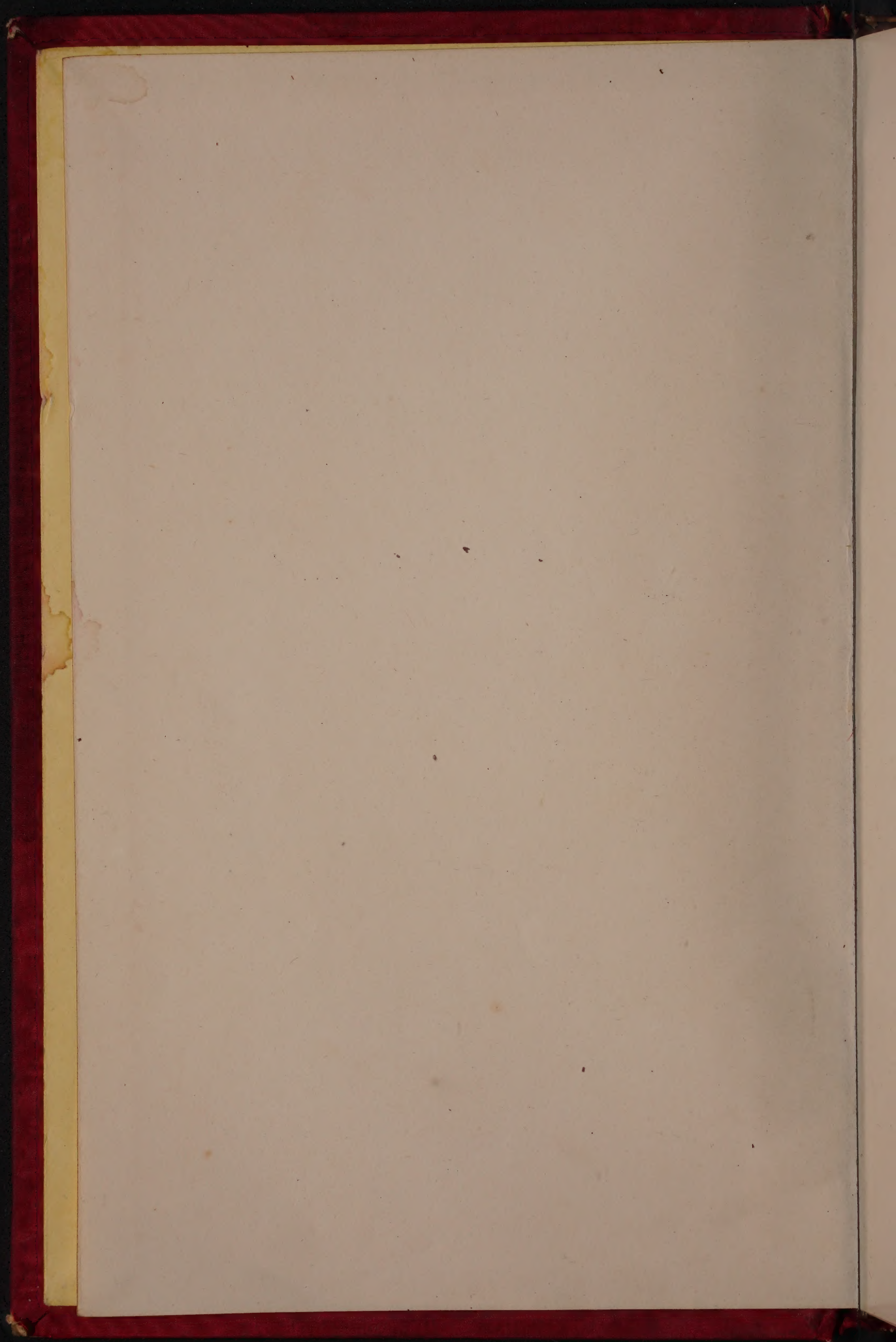






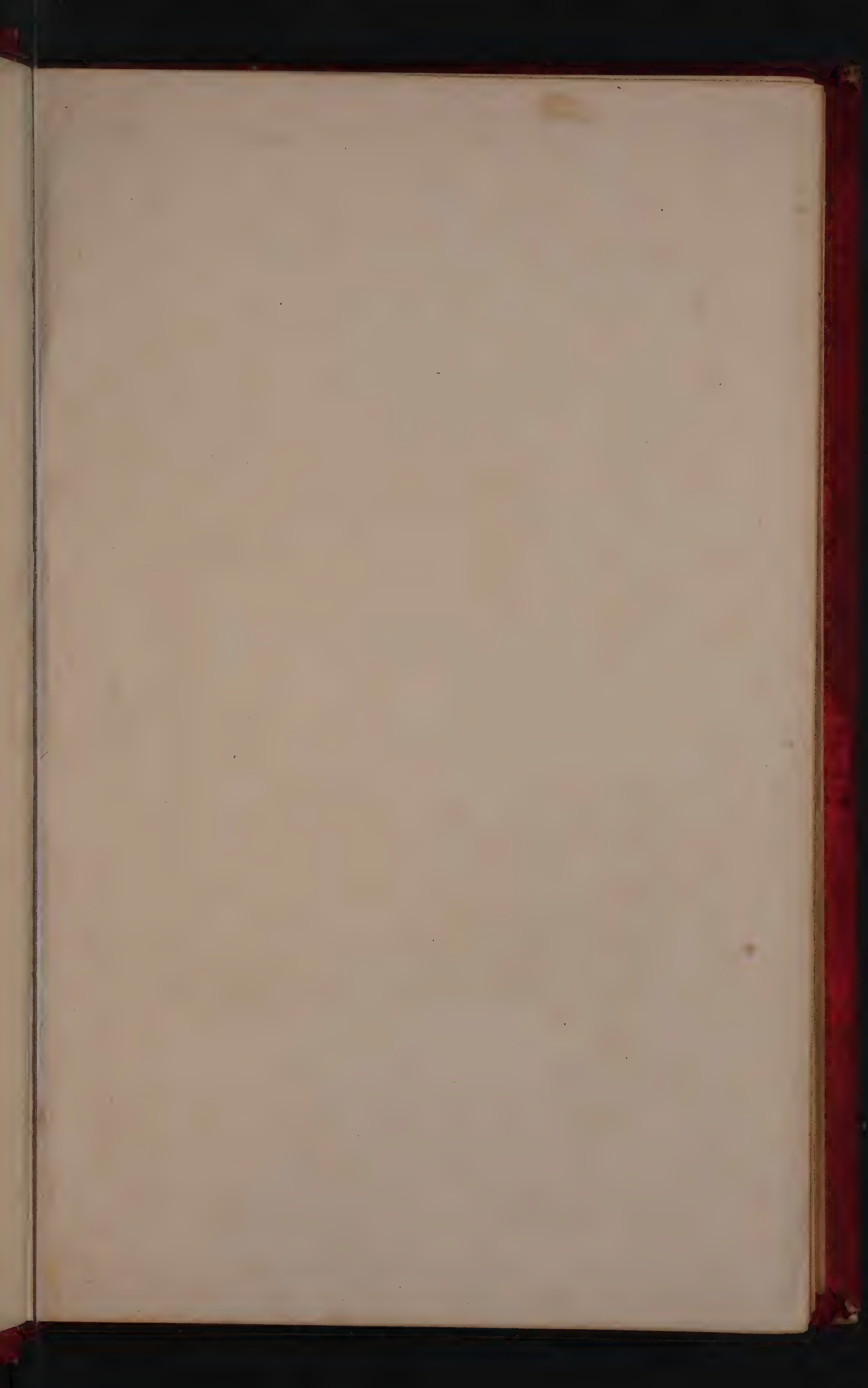






Laura Britton

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THE
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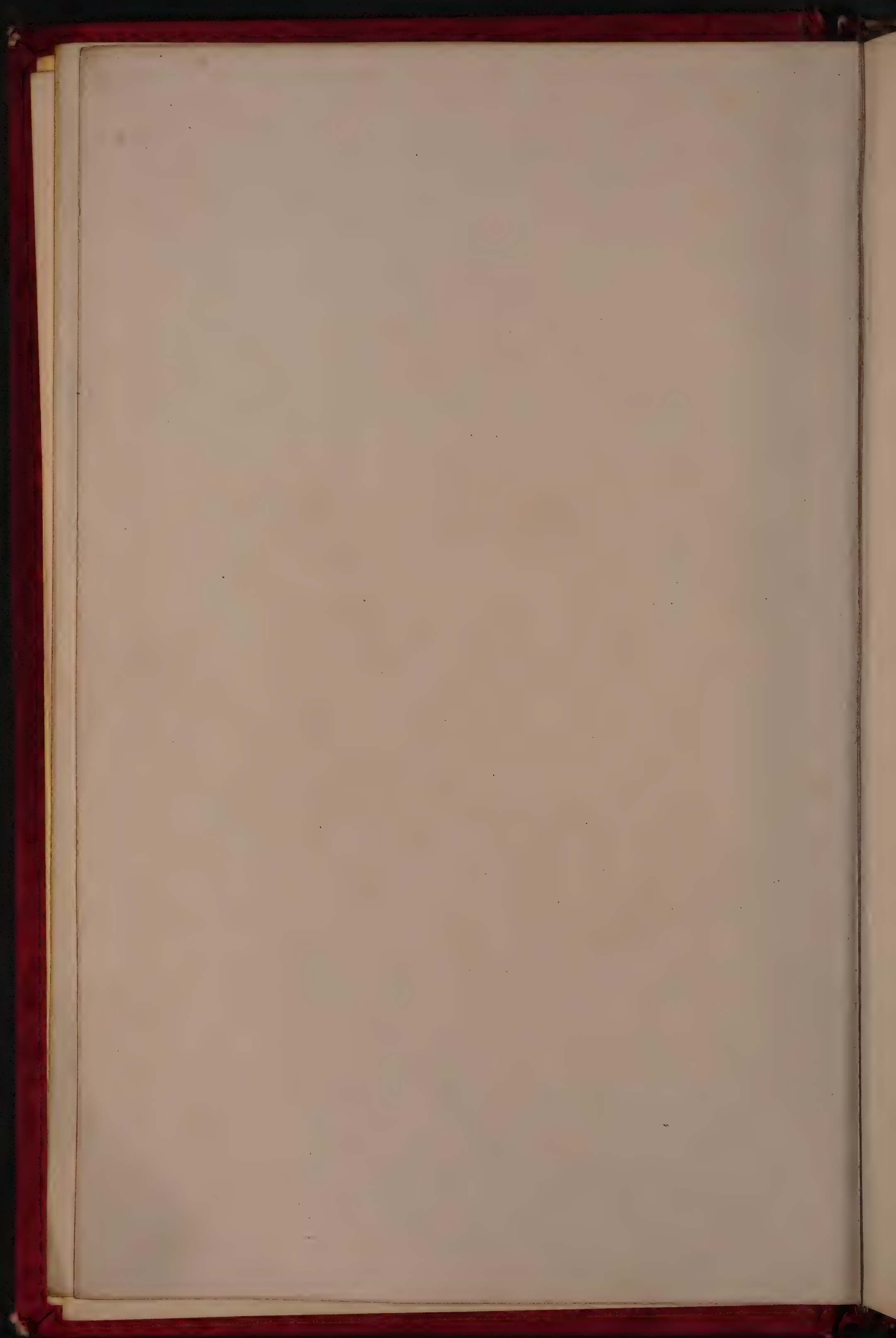
By J. H. P. S. A. K. E.

Author of "The Kersake"



By J. H. P. S. A. K. E.
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THE
KEEPSAKE

FOR
MDCCCXXXVII.

EDITED BY
THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

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It is particularly requested that copies will be retained of all MSS. addressed to the Publishers for insertion in the KEEPSAKE, as the Editor begs leave to state, most explicitly that she cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

ERRATA.

Page 170, line 3, for Strado, read Strada.
— 174, — 7, for Strado, read Strada.

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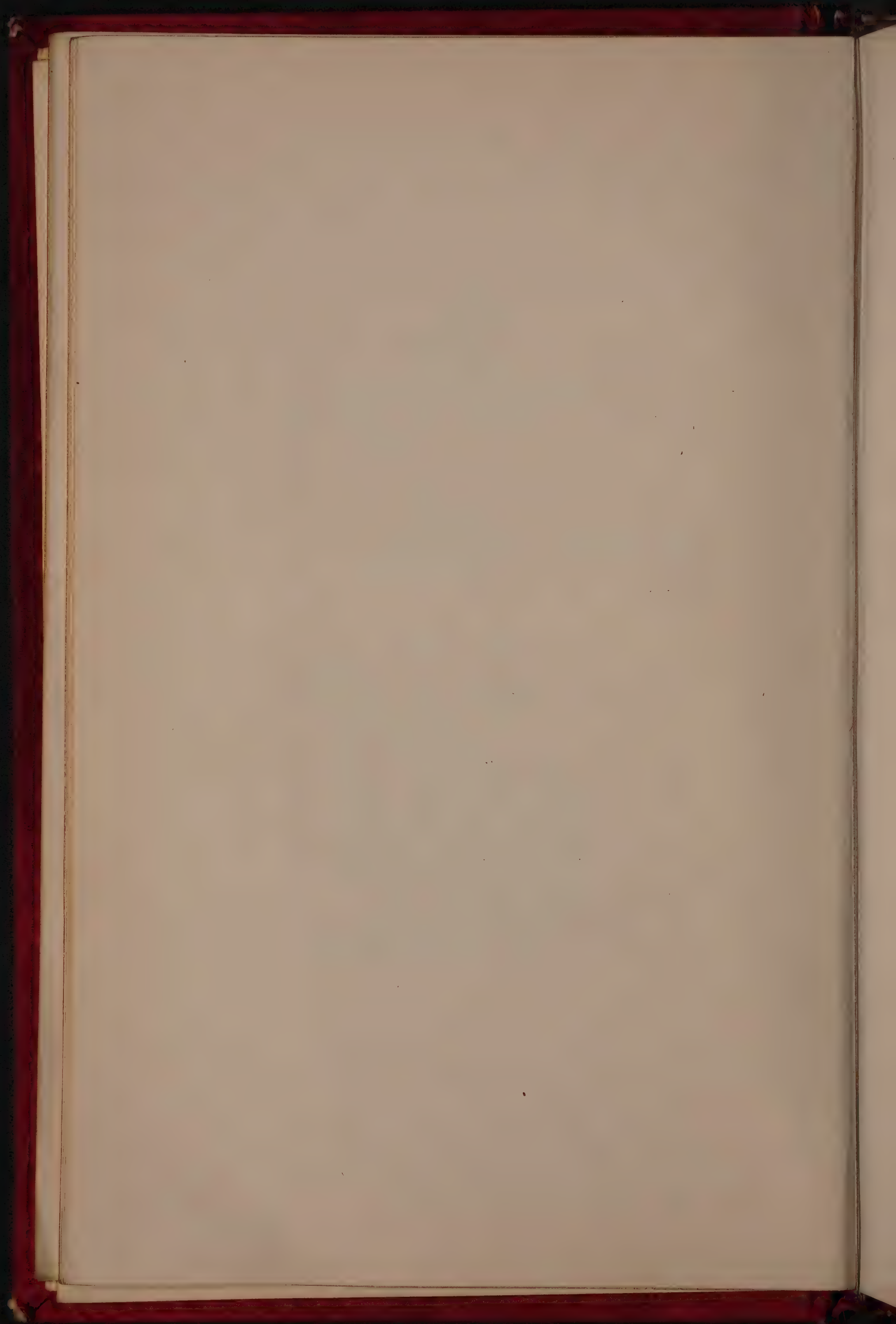
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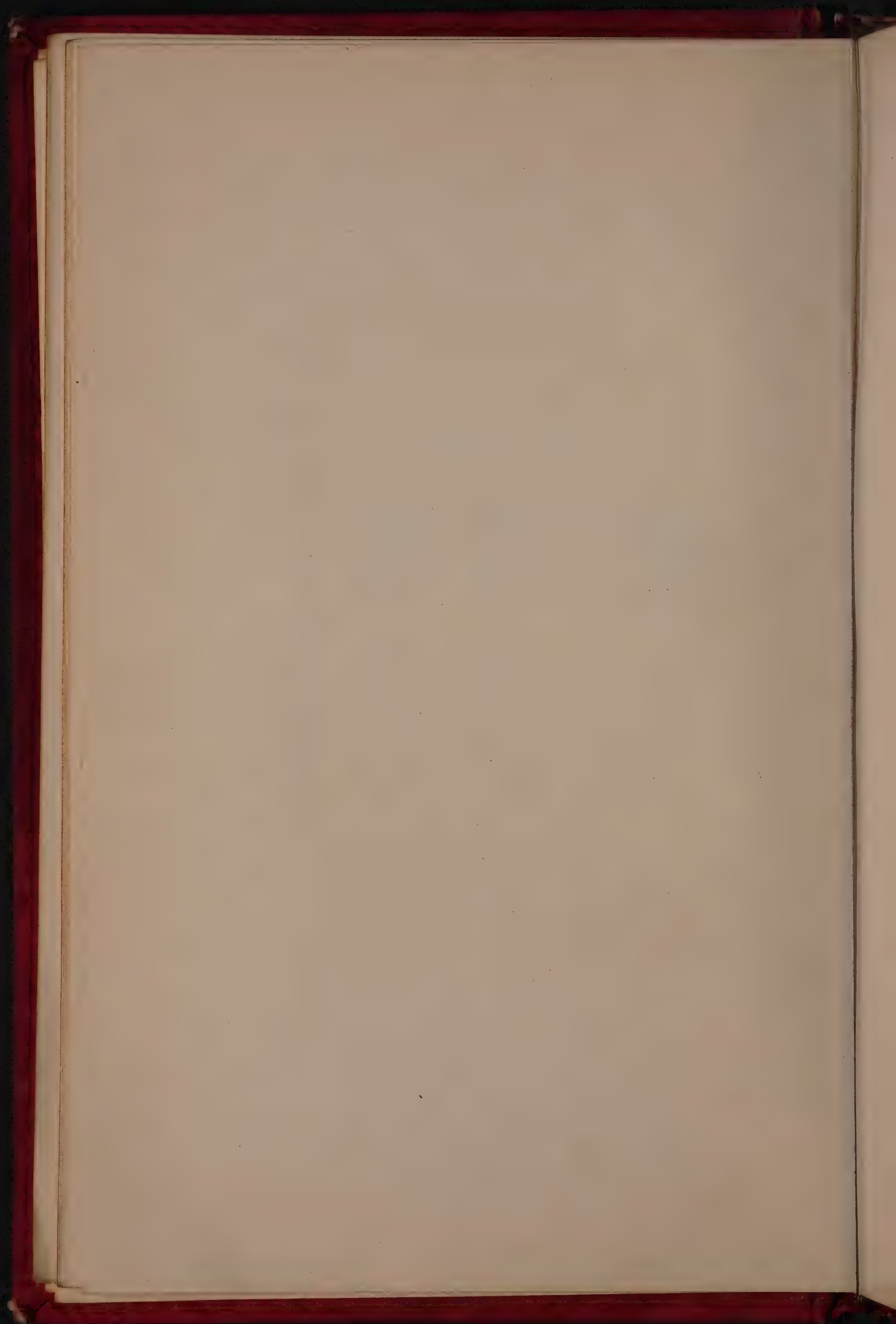
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THURSDAY MORNING;
OR,
THE BACHELOR'S HOUSE:

AN INTERLUDE IN ONE ACT.

BY LADY DACRE.

WRITTEN FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS AND FOR PARTICULAR PERSONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR GEOFFREY, *an old Bachelor.*

HENRY, *his Nephew.*

MR. DEFOIL, *a Jeweller.*

EMMA, *betrothed to Sir Geoffrey.*

MRS. KINDWAYS, *her friend.*

SCENE I.

SIR GEOFFREY *and* HENRY.

Sir G. Well, well, I have heard enough of your campaigns and your travels, Harry, I want some little account of *yourself*. I must tell you, a report reached me at your outset—from Paris—hey?

Henry. A thousand reports may have reached you, uncle.

Sir G. You know what I allude to—a pretty blue-eyed Opera Dancer.

Henry. Oh! little Stephanie! I ran a man through the body for *her*.

Sir G. Through the body, Harry? Odds, my life, and were n't you hanged for it, you dog?

Henry. You see, sir.

Sir G. What, the man survived?

Henry. He did, for I only pierced his bust.

Sir G. Bust! the devil! the seat of the heart—the lungs—every thing most vital! How *could* he survive? The surgeon was sent for instantly, I presume.

Henry. No—but the tailor was.

Sir G. The *tailor* to stitch up a mortal wound?

Henry. It was only in the *bust*, as I told you.

Sir G. Explain yourself, you puppy.

Henry. Why, Mons. Alcide affected to be a modern Hercules. Nature had done but half her work; she had given the length requisite, but not the breadth, and in those pectoral muscles, provided by the tailor, I plunged my vengeful blade. Our seconds then interfered, we shook hands, and I relinquished Stephanie to him next day.

Sir G. That was strange, after fighting for her.

Henry. Not at all. I fancied at first there was something in her air—but no—I found I was mistaken; besides, I danced that very evening with a girl who had *really* some slight resemblance to—to—at least I thought so for a few days. (*sighs.*)

Sir G. Resemblance! “some slight resemblance,” to whom?

Henry. Oh!—no matter—A girl—I knew before I left England—but—but—in short I have forgotten all about it now.

Sir G. Oh! a first love! A school-boy fancy. Hey! So you have left your heart with this *slight resemblance*?

Henry. Far from it, uncle. I very soon took an aversion to her for being so totally *unlike*. Besides I set off to join my regiment in Spain, you know.

Sir G. The land of dark eyes and glowing tints; they made a sad fool of you there, I suppose.

Henry. Why, yes, uncle, Donna Seraphina did make an arrant fool of me, I confess. Not that I *loved* her, but she piqued me so! and tormented me so! I don't know how it was, but I did not fairly extricate myself from her little clutch for three weeks. It was like the clinging hold of a cockchafer.

Sir G. (*laughing, and shaking his fingers.*) And how did you shake the insect off at last?

Henry. A fine stout English Amazon came to the rescue. She was so ruddy, and hardy, and fearless, and frank, I fancied myself pleased with the contrast.

Sir G. Aye, aye, an honest healthy country-woman is the thing!

Henry. Yes; but Donna Seraphina pointed out her splay foot, while she was fastening a rosette on one of her own fairy slippers. Besides, I found my Amazon was making a dead set at me, and no man can bear *that*, uncle.

Sir G. Not if he finds it out, nephew, but *that* his own vanity generally prevents.

Henry. Well, fortunately I did; so, the campaign being over, I left them all without a regret, and went to Florence.

Sir G. What happened then?

Henry. Why the third Miss Smilesbury, (the beauty of the family) was stung by a mosquito?

Sir G. What was that to you?

Henry. She fainted away on *my* shoulder.

Sir G. Poor girl! and then you flung cold water in her face, and all that?

Henry. No—her closed lids were furnished with such eye-lashes! Her cheek was so delicately fair! something—like—in short, I did not wish to put an end to her swoon.

Sir G. You cruel dog! How long did you leave her in that pitiable state?

Henry. Oh! some people came in, and then she opened her eyes languidly, and sighed! It was charming, I assure you.

Sir G. Very well! very well! I see how it is—I give my consent.

Henry. But I don't *ask* it, uncle; for her eldest sister told me she had had the same accident the day before, when young Lord Debourse sat next to her.

Sir G. Aye, I find you take after me, Harry. You are afraid of the tricks and the nonsense of women, and you are right, you may live long enough without finding such an one as *I* am going to marry.

Henry. *You*, uncle, *you* going to be married?

Sir G. Yes, why not? I am only sixty-two.

Henry. Certainly; but so averse to marriage as you have always been.

Sir G. Yes, while I lived in London, and had an office to occupy my mornings, and was sure of well-lighted, well-furnished rooms every where in the evening; but now that I am out of office, and am come to the family estate in Devonshire, the case is different. I shall want to get

all the comforts around me that I have been used to. I have been engaged this twelve-month; there's no occasion for hurry in these matters.

Henry. You take your time, certainly, but why this delay?

Sir G. Oh! the alterations and repairs, and expenses of every sort on coming into possession, have employed the first year, and now I must furnish the house.

Henry. And the first *meuble* required is a wife?

Sir G. If not the *first*, a very essential one in a country house. You may ruin yourself in paper, and paint, and gilding, and carpets, and ottomans, and after all your rooms won't look warm and comfortable, and *bien etoffé*, as the French call it, without women in them. They come next to window curtains.

Henry. And what may be the age of my future aunt?

Sir G. Oh! a very proper age—eighteen, or perhaps nineteen.

Henry. And may I ask how you came to choose so young a lady?

Sir G. Why all my other furniture is spick and span new; how would an old woman look among it?

Henry. And I suppose you are desperately in love with her.

Sir G. No, no, *sincerely attached*, that is the expression at my age.

Henry. So you have lost all those terrors with which you viewed the vanity, pride, extravagance, dissipation, coquetry, and a list as long as my arm, of the besetting sins of the fair sex?

Sir G. Yes, for my bride elect is free from them all—

so meek, so gentle, so submissive! no opinions! no sentiments! no tastes! none of those troublesome things that worry a man to death. Acquiescing so prettily in all I say! so contented to wait my leisure for our marriage! When the workmen at Highwood House delayed, *I* had no difficulty in *delaying*; when they showed more alacrity *I pressed* the celebration of our nuptials. But *now*, all is really completed, except the last finish of the furnishing, and I am going to announce to Emma that I have fixed to-morrow for the ceremony.

Henry. (starting.) Emma! Emma! did you say her name was Emma?

Sir G. Yes, Emma, and a very pretty name, too.

Henry. I find no fault with the name, only—

Sir G. Only what?

Henry. Only—it put me in mind—of what—I had—I thought—entirely forgotten. (*sighs.*)

Sir G. (looks at his watch.) Faith, I am an hour after my time. But she won't mind, she never observes anything. Hark ye, Harry, you shall follow me. I will introduce you to your aunt; but give me half an hour. I must find a few gallant things to say *to-day*, I suppose, but, thank heaven, after to-morrow there will be no occasion to put myself out of my way. I'll send the carriage back for you.

Henry. I'll be ready. [*Exit SIR GEOFFREY.*] Fool that I was, to start so at a name! But how different is the creature he describes, to the Emma I once knew! She, who could shut her door against me—return my letters unopened!—What am I about?—have I not travelled all over the Continent, and flirted with fifty girls I did not

care for, in order to forget her? And I *have*—yes, I *have*—
—at length—banished her, for ever, from my thoughts.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

EMMA and MRS. KINDWAYS.

Mrs. K. You seem in better spirits this morning, my dear Emma, perhaps you will give me a little music while I work, you have not sung a note for ages.

Emma. Willingly, Cecilia—for—I know not why—but I *do* feel more cheerful than usual. It is all your kindness I believe—will you have—or—or—oh! here is a favorite of yours. (*names different songs, and turns music about, then sings.*)

Shall this pale cheek no pity claim,
That thou wert wont to swear
Might opening damask roses shame?
Ah? if that hue no more it wear,
Thine, cruel, be alone the blame,
Who hung wan lilies there.

And is this eye, with tears o'erfraught,
To thine no longer known?
This eye that read the tender thought
Erewhile soft trembling in thine own,
To weep, alas! by thee since taught,
And all its lustre flown.

Oh! thou, who clouding with despair,
My joyous break of day,
Hast blighted what to thee seem'd fair,
Youth's mantling bloom and smile so gay,
Tear from my heart, in pity, tear
The power to love away.

Mrs. K. Thank you, thank you, you are in excellent voice, and I am glad to see that your spirits are not affected by the repeated postponings of your wedding-day.

Emma. No, because *I* am not to *blame* in it.

Mrs. K. And does not the little *empressement* evinced by your lover mortify you?

Emma. No, indeed; on the contrary, I am *so* obliged to him.

Mrs. K. Obligated to him for delaying the moment in which he may call you *his*? and on such frivolous pretences! One day, the carpets are not put down—another, the papering of a garret is not finished.

Emma. Oh! yes, and I begin to think *more* and *more* impediments will arise; there are so many workmen, he says, and so many things to do.

Mrs. K. You say this with apparent joy.

Emma. Why shouldn't I? It is not *I* who hinder the workmen.

Mrs. K. But you seem glad they *are* hindered.

Emma. I need not be *sorry*, as it is not my fault.

Mrs. K. And if Highwood house were *never* to be finished for your reception?

Emma. (*eagerly.*) Oh! Cecilia, do you think there is any chance of that? I sometimes fancy there may be—and then—

Mrs. K. You feel yourself quite a different creature, don't you?

Emma. Quite, quite different, Cecilia!

Mrs. K. And much, much happier?

Emma. I must not say *that*, you know.

Mrs. K. But tell me, dear Emma, do you feel *happy*, when you think of your approaching marriage?

Emma. I feel *contented*—at least—I *believe* I do. Is not that enough?

Mrs. K. Contented! one may be contented without marriage.

Emma. Yes, but not without performing one's promise to one's departed mother. When poor mamma's health was declining, she often said she should leave me with less regret if she could see me so advantageously settled.

Mrs. K. But could you not explain to her?—

Emma. What argue with mamma? she never allowed me to answer her.

Mrs. K. Then why not speak first, and tell her?—

Emma. Oh! Cecilia, mamma would have thought that very saucy. Besides, you forget how ill she was. Would you have had me vex her?

Mrs. K. So you sacrificed yourself?—

Emma. No—indeed—not—as I ought—entirely! for poor mamma wished to see me married to Sir Geoffrey—before—before—(*Puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

Mrs. K. And if *her* satisfaction was the object to be attained by *your* marriage, you had better have married him *before* you lost her.

Emma. (*shuddering.*) That was indeed impossible! But I promised her I *would*, and so I *must*, you know.

Mrs. K. (*significantly.*) And if at length every thing should be ready?

Emma. Ready! what, *quite, quite* ready? What can I do?

Mrs. K. Why, tell him honestly you don't like him.

Emma. But that would be very rude, and very ungrateful, too. Besides, mamma always told me one must be married.

Mrs. K. Then can't you find somebody else?

Emma. Nobody else finds *me*.

Mrs. K. You speak as if we were apples on a tree, to be gathered by the first hand that reaches after them.

Emma. I am afraid we *are*, Cecilia.

Mrs. K. But the hand should pluck the tree up by its roots, before it gathered me so.

Emma. Yes, but *you* have a spirit—and mine was completely broken, when—when—but that was all two years ago, and is quite forgotten now.

Mrs. K. Emma, Emma, you are not in love with Sir Geoffrey—and love alone should——

Emma. Oh! fie, Cecilia! don't talk so; you know all that sort of thing is quite nonsense.

Mrs. K. It is much greater nonsense to marry a man without it. Besides, I am afraid you still feel——

Emma. (*eagerly.*) No, no, no, Cecilia. Every thought of the kind has been banished from my mind these two years. Did he not leave me, and go abroad, without one line—without one word? But why do I mention things so long forgotten? of so little importance now!

Mrs. K. *Unimportant—forgotten* as they are, those fine blue eyes may be one day recollected—and then——

Emma. (*firmly.*) Never, never, Cecilia, I scarcely know whether they were black or blue.

Mrs. K. And his pale interesting look that last day!

Emma. (*putting her hand on Mrs. K.'s mouth.*) Hush! Cecilia, hush! I have forgotten every thing else, and shall forget that look, too, very soon—for it is my duty to do so, and one must always do one's duty.—But, hark! some one is coming. If it should be—(*with terror.*)—No, it is a stranger. (*quite relieved.*)

*Enter MR. DEFOIL, bowing and scraping,
with jewellery.*

Defoil. Your servant, ladies. I am sent with some elegant articles, in our line, for the inspection of the young lady who is going to be married. (*unpacking as he speaks*).

Emma. Oh! pray, sir, don't take the trouble to unpack your goods, for indeed I do not want anything of the kind.

Mrs. K. (*interposing, eager to see them herself.*) Oh! yes, you do, my dear. Look at them at least.

Defoil. As you say, ma'am, the young lady will, I hope, do me the honor to look, at least. I do not believe any shop in London can produce articles of such exquisite finish—(*spreading out things*)—and, indeed, the young lady's papa desired me to say it was his orders——

Emma. My papa, sir? he died when I was an infant.

Defoil. I beg a thousand pardons—your uncle, ma'am, your uncle directed me to——

Emma. My uncle lives at Calcutta, sir, and I never saw him in my life.

Defoil. You will excuse my inadvertence, ma'am—the old gentleman—your guardian, perhaps—for I assure you he spoke as if he expected to be obeyed—and—this antique aigrette—give me leave—(*opening the case*)—this antique aigrette, a family jewel, lost at play by a lady of the highest rank, took the old gentleman's fancy mightily; but if I might be permitted to give an opinion, it would be more becoming—in better taste—if worn by a lady more advanced in life—and then it is a second-hand article—not exactly appropriate on the joyful occasion.

Emma. Indeed, sir, it is frightful, I think.

Defoil. You have evidently great discrimination in

jewellery, ma'am—and—(*looking at Mrs. K.*)—if the young lady could venture to disobey her guardian, this diamond necklace and ear-rings, with cross, and brooch, and these bracelets to match, all complete, just finished, from Paris, by the first artist in our line, in that city. (*He presses them on her while he speaks, and she turns away in disgust.*)

Emma. No, sir, I don't like necklaces, or ear-rings, or ornaments of any sort. Oh! Cecilia, must the victim be decorated for the sacrifice? (*aside.*)

Defoil. Yet, perhaps, ma'am, as the good old gentleman seemed so anxious to make a little wedding compliment—and *you*—(*to Mrs. K.*)—ma'am, if you would please to assist the young lady in her choice.

Mrs. K. Dear Emma, he may be offended if you reject his present, and it is but prudence to conciliate those who have power over us. Humour him in this.

Defoil. Yes, indeed, miss, as this lady says, gentlemen of his age ought to be humoured; and, besides, as the gentleman is single, he has had his own way too long to be thwarted now. So, you will allow me to put up the aigrette, to please *him*—and the necklace—and ear-rings, set complete—only five hundred guineas—and, perhaps, as a guard to the wedding ring—this emerald, beautifully set!—You see, ma'am, your guardian might not object to—(*as he talks on, busying himself with his goods.*)

Emma. (*aside to Mrs. K.*) It is very silly, my dear Cecilia, but I feel ashamed to undeceive him, for you see the truth has not occurred to him as *possible*. If I have the courage to *do* my duty, ought I not to have the courage to do it *openly*?—but what noise is that? A carriage—

it must be Sir Geoffrey—don't leave me, I conjure you—
He is coming to settle, perhaps—the very day—the very
hour—Oh! how I tremble.

Enter SIR GEOFFREY.

Sir G. Good morning, ladies! I am come according to
my promise—punctual to my appointment.

Emma. (trembling.) Yes—sir—thank you.

Sir G. (aside.) Does not perceive my being an hour
too late. So easy-tempered! just what I like. Well, Mr.
Defoil, you have shown the young lady the aigrette she
was to choose; but leave the things, leave them, if you
please, and call again; we have business to settle.

Defoil. Excuse me, sir, the articles are of the highest
value—no jeweller in London, sir——

Sir G. Then leave those I chose for her, and take the
rest. (*DEFOIL obeys, and bows off.*) Well, my pretty little
betrothed! I have good news for you, give me your fair
hand, my dear. (*she gives it him submissively.*) I per-
ceive by this little hand that you are somewhat flurried.

Emma. (frightened.) Oh! no, sir—I assure you—
not at all.

Sir G. Yes, but you are! (*kisses her hand, and she
shudders.*) A pretty little perturbation, just such as I could
wish—neither too much nor too little for the occasion—
Yes, you anticipate my good news—don't deny it—I see
you do. To-morrow, to-morrow is to be the happy day!

Emma. (terrified.) To-morrow! must it be to-morrow?

Mrs. K. Indeed, Sir Geoffrey, you are rather precipi-
tate. Allow me to claim a few days' delay. I, also, have

my arrangements to make for a little entertainment on the occasion.

Sir G. (haughtily.) Permit me to observe, Mrs. Kindways, that when no further delay is required by *me*, I do not expect difficulties from any other quarter. The wife's friend is always a difficult person to manage.—(*aside.*) Yes, Emma, I will marry you to-morrow. You may *depend* on me *this* time; so let us sit down and make our final arrangements quietly. (*all sit down.*) Well then, (*in a prosing manner.*) by this hour to-morrow we shall be man and wife, and on our way to Highwood House in Devonshire. Doesn't that little heart beat with anticipated delight on viewing the spacious mansion which will henceforth be its home? A portico in front! I added *that*—designed by myself! two drawing-rooms, one 45 by 30, the other almost as large, as I have thrown the passage into it, and connected them by so doing. A dining-room, 40 by 25—oak wainscot—family portraits. A library—nothing wanting but the books. A billiard-room—table required. Seven best bed-rooms, and—but you are not listening, my dear. I must have you more attentive.

Emma. (starting from a reverie.) Oh! yes—indeed—very attentive.

Sir G. Why, what was I saying?—Now don't hurry yourself, think before you answer—What was I saying?

Emma. Oh!—that I ought—always—always—to attend—to all my duties—and I hope—I shall be able to do so.

Sir G. Not precisely that, Emma, but I see you are very docile, and all will go on smoothly and comfortably with us, I dare say.

Emma. Yes—I dare say—and poor mamma, if *she* were here, would be—happy.

Sir G. Ha! well, I am sorry your mother—but what's the matter? you turn pale, Emma.

Emma. The room is close—if you please I will go into the air.

Sir G. Well, if it *must* be so—but I don't much approve of all this agitation; it is rather calculated to retard, than to expedite business, and business should be done in a business-like way; I found the advantage of it in my office. So be sedate and quiet, Emma. Besides, I wish to present you to my nephew, whom I expect every minute, and I told him you had no nonsense about you.

Mrs. K. Indeed she will faint, Sir Geoffrey, the room is excessively close, I find it so myself; pray take her into the air, I will stay and receive your nephew.

Sir G. Come then, Emma, lean on my arm, we must have none of these things at Highwood House. I never could bear nerves and sentiments, and the devil knows what. [Exit with EMMA.]

Mrs. K. Oh! that I could save her from this selfish old bachelor! but it is too late—to-morrow she is to sacrifice herself to a false idea of duty—all rescue is now impossible.

Enter HENRY.

Henry. (starting.) Heavens! Mrs. Kindways.

Mrs. K. Gracious powers! Henry, is it you? What brings you here?

Henry. To be introduced to my aunt; and, oh! Mrs. Kindways, the sight of *you*, and the *name* by which my

uncle called her, have conjured up an image in my brain ; relieve me, I beseech you, from the horrid suspicion that she—she can be the Emma who thus sells herself. Fool that I am ! what is it to me ? She who so cruelly banished me.

Mrs. K. Say, rather, Henry, you who so unfeelingly deserted her.

Henry. Did she not contemptuously return my letters unopened ?

Mrs. K. Nay, nay, Henry, did you ever write any ? But these recriminations are now worse than useless. I see how it was—her mother artfully severed you, and Emma will be the most miserable creature on earth, and *your aunt to-morrow*, if we do not prevent it *to-day*. Is she still dear to you ?

Henry. I have tried in vain to love any other.

Mrs. K. Then assist me.

Henry. But, Cecilia——

Mrs. K. No buts—we have not a moment to lose.

Henry. What reason have I to suppose that my interference can be acceptable—that she even recollects my existence.

Mrs. K. See, they come. Listen, and be convinced ! You are much altered by climate ; your whiskers, your dress, contribute to your disguise—avoid speaking, she might recognize your voice. Here they are—don't look at her, only bow with a military air, and hide your face with all those feathers. (*He retires to the side*).

Re-enter SIR GEOFFREY and EMMA.

Emma. Thank you, I feel better now.

Sir G. There, sit down, sit down—You must not in future give way to these tremors. (*aside.*) I don't quite like all this—I dread the breaking out of sensibilities or troublesome things of some sort or other. Ah! nephew, are you there? come this way, boy.—(*presenting him.*)—My nephew, Emma, that I spoke of—nephew, my bride elect.

[*EMMA rises and courtesys, without raising her eyes, and sinks back into the chair.*

Emma. I am sorry—sir—I mean—glad——

[*HENRY bows and retires, and turns away as if fearful of being recognized—afterwards watches her with furtive glances.*

Sir G. (*almost sternly.*) Come, Emma, this will never do, we must be composed and quiet; I told you I married in order to retire from the world, and enjoy peace and comfort; you will conform to my views, I hope.

Emma. Indeed, I will endeavour—tell me—what must I do?

Sir G. Why, first, you must be cheerful and orderly, and always ready for breakfast at nine o'clock.

Emma. The two last will be very easy.

Sir G. And you must not run in and out helter skelter, as you did at Mrs. Kindways' villa, spoiling my new carpets.

Emma. Very well, I won't forget.

Sir G. With that spaniel at your heels, too—we'll leave the dog behind.

Emma. Flora? She was mamma's favorite.

Sir G. Well, then, Mrs. Kindways will take care of her, I dare say. Her villa was furnished *last summer*.

Emma. Leave Flora?

Mrs. K. Dear Emma, I will take the greatest care of her for your sake.

Sir G. And then, my dear, we won't have all that fine hair displayed—a married woman should not dress like a girl.

Emma. I will get some caps directly.

Sir G. I would have you understand, moreover, that you are never to go beyond the garden without my leave.

Emma. That will be no great sacrifice, for *who* or *what* can I ever care to see?

Sir G. Oh! there are beautiful points of view in the grounds at Highwood, but I shall wish to show them to you myself, when I find it convenient to do so.

Emma. Just as you please.

Sir G. Then, as for *dancing*, I absolutely put my veto on *that*.

Emma. I am glad of it, for I do not feel as if I could ever put one foot before the other again.

Sir G. And if music is an object to you——

Emma. Oh! no, I can never utter a note again myself, and as for *hearing* any sounds that can give me pleasure, *that* has not happened to me these two years.

Mrs. K. (*aside to HENRY.*) Mark that.

Henry. (*aside to MRS. KINDWAYS.*) And *I* have passed those two years in striving to efface her image from my memory; but I have not succeeded, Cecilia.

Sir G. Then, Emma, you know the surest way to avoid wounds is not to go into battle, and the surest preservative of a young woman's reputation, is not to converse at all with those impudent fops one meets with every where——

fellows who wear three parts of their beard, with their white teeth set in the midst of it—whose fingers are for ever performing the office of a comb, with their swallow-tails, and all the rest of it. I say, if one of these should ever enter Highwood House, I expect you to come and sit by my side, and to observe the most profound silence; or, if I should not be present, to retire immediately to your own room.

Mrs. K. (aside to EMMA.) These are hard conditions, Emma.

Emma. No, my friend—not to *me*—for I shall never—see—*him*—again, you know.

Henry. Uncle, uncle, these are the terms of slave and taskmaster, not of husband and wife.

Emma. (starts up with a scream.) Ah! that voice!

[*She makes an attempt to run away, but totters, HENRY rushes to support her, she faints, HENRY and MRS. KINDWAYS support her.*]

Henry. And such terms as Emma shall never submit to.

Sir G. Wheugh! here's knight errantry! But stand aside, you puppy. Let me support my wife. (*doing it awkwardly.* Why, bless me, she leans the wrong way, I think. Stop, stop, I'll try t'other arm. I am a *little* left-handed, Mrs. Kindways, and I am not used to all this nonsense, it puts me out of my way.—(*HENRY stands by, and smiles at his awkwardness.*)—Well, help us then, Harry; but this is just the sort of thing I was guarding against, and *you*, though you are my nephew, just the sort of—but what ails you? tears in your eyes? you dog!

Henry. Oh! uncle, dear uncle—she is—my—my—my—

Sir G. Your *what*? Not you Stephanie, I hope.

Henry. Oh! no, no.

Sir G. Why, she a'n't your amazon, sure?

Henry. No, indeed, uncle.

Sir G. The devil! She can't be the third Miss Smilesbury?

Henry. Far from it—far from it.

Sir G. Your "slight resemblance," then?

Henry. Not that, not that—the adored reality.

Sir G. What? hey? your first love? your school-boy fancy?

Henry. The *first*, the only woman I ever *did*, ever *could* love.

Sir G. Love? love? Love your aunt, you dog? It is not right, it is very wicked, sir, to be in love with one's aunt; it is contrary to the canon law, sir.

Henry. She is not my aunt, yet.

Sir G. But she will be to-morrow. Every thing is ready—the rooms are all furnished—the curtains up—the carpets down! Let me tell you, this is a very awkward business, a *very* awkward one. Gadso, it is well I discovered it *to-day*, however—(*gives a puff, and fans himself with his hat, pacing the room.*)—faith, I think the room *is* close.

Henry. (*at EMMA'S feet.*) Emma! my beloved Emma!

Sir G. Hush! such expressions are criminal, sir. God bless my soul! what is to be done? How am I to keep him entirely out of Highwood House? my natural heir! the property entailed on him! Besides, all this does not promise well for the peace and quietness I looked forward to, in an orderly well-furnished house.—(*to HENRY.*)—there, there, leave her in the chair till she comes to her—

self again. Lord have mercy on me ! All these freaks and sensibilities would have worried me out of my life.

[*By this time HENRY and MRS. KINDWAYS have placed EMMA in the chair, where MRS. KINDWAYS is busied with her. HENRY advances with eagerness.*

Henry. Hear me—hear me—dear uncle——

Sir G. Hold your tongue, hold your tongue, you puppy ! I have got it all in my head. How should *you* know what is best in this dilemma ? Listen to me.—(*takes him aside.*)—If I could prevail on her to let you stand in my shoes, Harry—and if you were to marry this—(*looking at her*)—troublesome young lady in my stead.

Henry. Dear uncle !

Sir G. Do you think, Harry, I say, do you think you could persuade her to submit to the change ?

Henry. Perhaps. (*going to EMMA, and kneeling at her feet.*) Emma, my own Emma !—look up—it is I—it is your Henry !

Emma. (*reviving.*) Ah ! is it you ? how came you here ? Leave me, leave me, I conjure you—go—fly—let me never see you more.

Henry. Talk not so, my beloved Emma. You are restored to me ! You are mine again.

Emma. No, Henry, no—it is too late—I must—I will—marry Sir Geoffrey.

Sir G. There, now ! who would have thought it ?—after all, she is as wilful as the rest of her sex.

Henry. But, hear me, only hear me, Emma.

Emma. I cannot—*must* not hear you—let me go—let me go. Dear Cecilia, I feel very ill—assist me—to retire to my own room.

Mrs. K. Lean on me, my dear. You are scarcely in possession of your faculties, but when you are more composed, you will know all your happiness.

Emma. (*as she is going, with effort.*) Trust me—Sir Geoffrey—trust me—never shall he enter your doors!

[*Exit with MRS. KINDWAYS.*]

Sir G. Wheugh! turning my own nephew out of doors, too! That's the way of them all, the moment they think themselves sure of you, they begin to show their love of power. Harry, my boy! you see it wo'nt do—she has cut her eye teeth—she won't be fobbed off with you. I am afraid we must give up our scheme.

Henry. Certainly, sir. I have no desire to marry any lady against her will, I assure you.

Sir G. Well but, Harry—you see a spice of the devil has broke out. Now, if I, at my age—wishing for nothing but peace and quietness—should not be able to manage this high spirit of hers. Suppose you try again, my boy.

Henry. No, sir, I am much obliged to you, the young lady prefers you.

Sir G. Well, that's true, that's true, but she might be prevailed on.

Henry. I have not the smallest desire to force any lady's inclinations, my dear uncle.

Sir G. Well, but—I am not so young as I was—at sixty-two one does not like to be put out of one's way. How do I know what may be her next freak? God bless my soul! she may have lap-dogs in every arm-chair, and I may crush three puppies to death at one sitting down, as I did at Mrs. Manycur's. Or she may let our children turn the crimson damask chairs and sofas in the great

drawing-room into coaches-and-six, and pull down the bell-ropes for harness, as Lady Deromps's did. I declare I'm all in a goose-skin at the thought.

Henry. I have no doubt the lady will put the chairs and sofas to whatever use she pleases.

Sir G. Well—but—now, Harry—Harry! Oh! here comes Mrs. Kindways! How is she now? What does she say, Mrs. Kindways? Have you explained our scheme? Does she enter into it more kindly?

Mrs. K. No, Sir Geoffrey, she is in such a state I cannot make her understand me; she will not believe we are not deceiving her. If you, yourself would explain your views.

Sir G. Do *you*, Harry, you can do it better. Go, my dear boy—explain the case—tell her——

Henry. No, uncle, I have nothing to explain, excuse me. I can only wish you happy with Emma, and Emma happy with the object of her choice. The Smilesburys are just returned from the Continent, and arrived last night at Thomas's hotel; I am going to call on them.

Sir G. Stop, Harry, stop—don't call on the Smilesburys to-day; they are probably fatigued with their journey, give them a few days, there's no hurry in these matters; besides, you would not leave your uncle in this dilemma, would you?

Henry. In what respect can I possibly assist you, sir?

Sir G. Very true, there's nothing to be done—she *will* have me, and I *must* marry her.

Henry. Pray keep up your spirits, uncle, recollect all the high points of character—of superior understanding—you extolled in my aunt.

Sir G. D'ye take me for a fool, Harry? *Points of character—superior understanding—in a wife!* You might as well tell me I wanted my wife to be armed *cap-à-pie*, with a battle-axe in her hand, to hew me down if I contradicted her.

Henry. Well, sir, *amiable qualities*, then.

Sir G. Qualities! qualities! what the devil has a woman to do with qualities? *Qualifications for a wife*, I may have said, and *those* I thought she *had*.

Henry. And *has*, no doubt; so I advise you to make up your mind to having Emma for a wife.

Sir G. Well, I will, I will, and see things on the fair side. After all, Harry, she is a very pretty woman, and will look exceedingly well at the head of my table. But, hark ye, Harry, as she has taken such an inveterate aversion to you, my dear nephew, I believe you must forbear visiting us at Highwood House, at least for some years.

Henry. Certainly, sir, for ever!

EMMA totters in.

Emma. I am come—Sir Geoffrey—to—to—beg your indulgence—for my past weakness—and to say—that I am determined. (*with firmness.*)

Sir G. O! yes, I know you are determined, Emma, so, I see, we must proceed with our arrangements—for you *will* marry me, you say?

Emma. Yes, I will—I will, indeed!

Sir G. (*aside.*) What a resolute little vixen 'tis. (*aloud.*) What, to-morrow? must it be to-morrow?

Emma. Yes—to-morrow—certainly.

Sir G. (*aside to HENRY.*) There, you see, Harry, what can I do?

Henry. Oh! submit patiently.

Sir G. But, why such haste, my dear Emma? these things should be taken coolly—with a little consideration.

Emma. Oh! no. Pray, pray make no more delays. Let it be done—irrevocably done.

Sir G. God bless my soul! what does all this mean? You never were in a hurry before.

Emma. No; there was no reason for it before. Yes, I know myself, my sense of duty will support me—(*aside*).

Mrs. K. (*aside to HENRY.*) Why are you thus silent, thus unmoved, Henry? Believe me, you are both throwing away your own and each other's happiness, under a false impression.

Henry. What can I say? Is she not bent on marrying him, even against his will?

Sir G. Harry, Harry, come this way.—(*takes him aside.*)—What am I to do at my age, with such an overbearing disposition—such a violent temper—such nerves—such sensibilities—such—such—every thing! In short, I find in her the whole list of besetting sins—talk to her, my boy, try to please her. Why shouldn't she like you as well, if you try? You are not so much amiss—come, a little courage! a martial air instead of that sheepish look! even something of a swagger will often take a girl's fancy. (*pushing him towards her.*)

Henry. Emma, is it true, that you have taken so great an aversion to me, as my uncle says?

Emma. Henry, you know my situation.

Henry. Is not your situation your own choice?

Emma. (looking up with deprecating meekness.) Do not insult me, Henry.

Henry. I—insult you! Do I not hear you, even now, courting the tie—the fatal tie that is to sever us for ever?

Emma. Have we not long been severed?

Henry. Never till now! and when my kind, generous uncle would restore us to each other, it is *you—you—who*—

Emma. Hush—it cannot be true—Cecilia told me so, but I *could* not believe her—besides, my promise!

Henry. Is it not in my uncle's power to release you from that promise? Speak to her, dear uncle—she will not believe any one but you.

Sir G. Well, Emma—what has he been saying?

Emma. (frightened.) Oh!—nothing—I don't know what.

Sir G. Why, you stupid dog, could not you tell her that if she could bring herself—if she could make up her mind, I say—to the change—it might be more convenient—to all parties—to—to—Now, don't start so, my dear Emma! What do you see so particularly objectionable in him? He is but a rattlepated young fellow, I allow, but he may improve with time; and then, you will live with *me*, my dear, and see me every day! and as the settlements are drawn up, why it is but inserting Harry's name instead of mine, and all parties may be accommodated.

Emma. Is it indeed your wish, Sir Geoffrey?

Sir G. I'll tell you what, Emma, the man must be a great fool, who, at my age, proposes what would be disagreeable to himself.

Emma. Oh! sir, it is now I love you as you deserve to be loved. (*turning to HENRY, and giving her hand.*) Henry!

Henry. Dearest, best of uncles! Emma! may I indeed say, my *own* Emma?

Sir G. But I have some conditions to make—the furniture is all bran new at Highwood House, and we must have no lap-dogs, no parrots, and you will always remember to clean your shoes on the mat, before——

Henry. Always, always! and our affection, our gratitude shall cheer the evening of your days!

Emma. Oh! Cecilia!

Mrs. K. Dear, gentle Emma! I am scarcely less happy than yourself.

Sir G. (aside to HENRY.) Aye, aye, she is taking to it pretty kindly now; and Highwood House will be warm and comfortable, and *bien etoffé*, and in every respect furnished to my taste, without my being put out of my way.

Henry. (coming forward with EMMA.) And if any of our friends should have reached the age of sixty-two, without those articles of furniture my uncle has pronounced to be essential to comfort, may I recommend his mode of supplying them?

(*Curtain drops.*)

REMEMBRANCE.

BY L. E. L.

“What doth it here at such an hour?”

Love taketh many colours, and weareth many shapes,
 As from the hidden heart within its lighted life escapes;
 Stern circumstance is round it, till what in Heaven had
 birth

Seems but an added misery, to this our weary earth.

There were two that loved each other, they were but
 children then,

Companions in the wild wood, and comrades in the glen;
 The beautiful was round them, and feeling took its tone
 From the face of lovely Nature, by whose side it had grown.

Within an ancient castle, their childhood had been past,
 Around whose Gothic turrets like a spirit moan'd the blast,
 With a voice of many ages, for that castle stood on high
 When the banner of the red cross flung its sunset o'er
 the Wye.

The birch copse and the wild flower, the battlements above,
 The forest's summer darkness, gave its colouring to love;
 And the poetry indwelling, nay, that is the heart of youth,
 Was developed in such elements to a diviner truth.

But the boy springs up to manhood, the girl to woman
 grows,

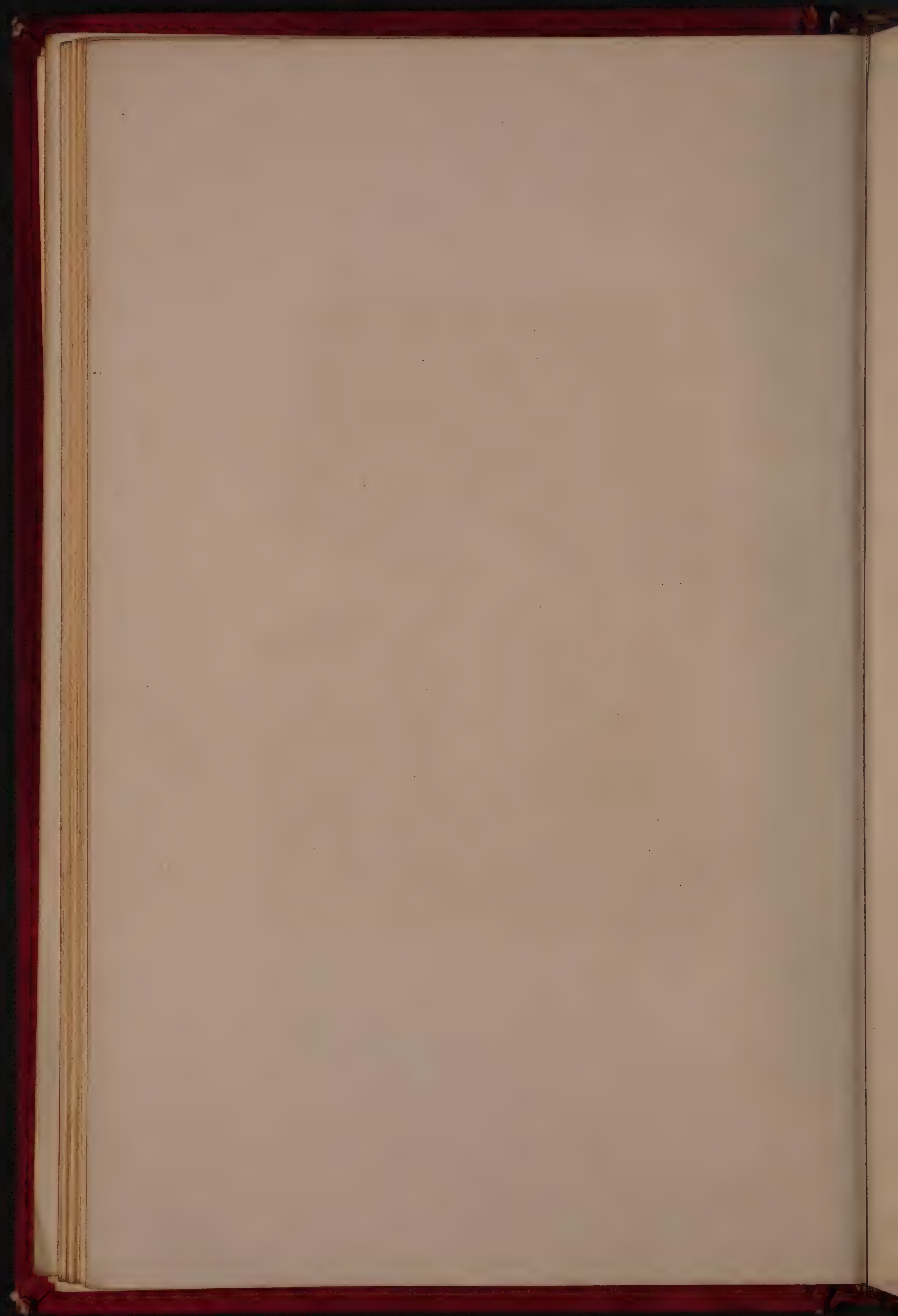
So the sapling gives the oak tree, the bud becomes the rose;
 Alas! for childhood, leaving its fairy land behind—

The green grass dies with summer, so fares it with the
 mind.



Drawing of a lady from a sketch by [illegible]

Engraved by [illegible]



The world was now before them, they enter'd in its coil,
Like the serpent's rainbow circles, and with as deadly
 spoil ;

He wedded with another, I know not of his bride,
I only speak of her who grew in girlhood at his side.

Her hair was glistening blackness, a sort of golden gloom,
Like sunshine on the raven's wing, a softness and a bloom ;
Dark, like the nightfall, on her cheek the dusky eyelash lay,
But the sweet eyes beneath were blue as April or as day.

Her cheek was pale as moonlight, that melancholy light,
When the moon is at her palest, grown weary of the night ;
Pale, sad, and onward looking, as if the future threw
The shadow of the coming hours it felt before it knew.

My God ! the utter wretchedness that waiteth on the heart,
That nurses an unconscious hope, to see that hope depart ;
That owns not to itself it loves, until that love is known,
By feeling in the wide, wide world so utterly alone.

No face seem'd pleasant to her sight, one image linger'd
 there,

The echo of one only voice was on the haunted air.
Speak not of other sorrow, life knoweth not such pain,
As that within the stricken heart, which loves, and loves
 in vain.

Yet she, too, at the altar gave up her wan cold hand,
That shudder'd as they circle it with an unwelcome band ;
Ah ! crime and misery both, the heart—on such a die to set,
The veriest mockery of love is striving to forget.

30 I AM COME BUT YOUR SPIRITS TO RAISE.

She stands before her mirror, it is her wedding day,
But she hath flung aside in haste her desolate array ;
Down on the ground her bridal wreath is dash'd in bitter
scorn—

That hour's impassion'd agony, alas ! it must be borne.
And long years are before her, long, weary, wasting years ;
Though tears grow heavy on the lash, she must suppress
those tears ;

The past must be forgotten, and 'tis the past that gives
The truest and the loveliest light in which the future lives.

Such is a common history, in this our social state,
Where destiny and nature contend in woman's fate ;
To waste her best affections, to pine, to be forgot,
To droop beneath an outward smile—such is a woman's lot.

I AM COME BUT YOUR SPIRITS TO RAISE.

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

How d'ye do—how d'ye do, my sweet Jane,

I have volumes to tell you, indeed

I'm enchanted to see you again—

What a life we young ladies do lead !

To be sure, since your poor father's death,

You've been locked up and blocked up at home,

Like a sword left to rust in the sheath,

Like a plant left to pine in the gloom.

After all, I'm a bit of a blue,

As you fail not I hope to remark—

And half a philosopher too,

Since I know plants can't thrive in the dark !

Any more than young ladies can bloom,
From society's bright haunts apart,
In the dull cloudy climate of home,
Where they're pierced by cold ennui's vile dart.

Now your hair always hangs out of curl,
All unconscious of riband or wreath ;
You are grown quite a different girl,
Since your poor gouty father's sad death.

But I'm come now your spirits to raise,
And to cheer you, and soothe you awhile ;
Shall we talk of balls, operas, and plays,
What, no look, and no word, and no smile ?

Ah ! I know what you're dying to hear,
Well, you *shall* hear all, all that I know,
I came but your spirits to cheer,
Which seem dreadfully nervous and low !

Dearest creature ! alone for *your* sake,
I've gone every where lately, in truth,
And I'll grant you that Lord Arthur Lake
Is a dear irresistible youth !

Out of love to my Jane I have tried
To encourage him every where, still ;
And, indeed, truth to say, on his side
You must know there's no lack of good will.

But I speak to him still in your praise,
For these men are such creatures, you know,
When removed from the world's busy ways,
They forget us at once—'tis still so !

32 I AM COME BUT YOUR SPIRITS TO RAISE.

Now he swears you wear loads of false hair,
And I vow to him, love, 'tis your own,
And assure him that sorrow and care
Have now mixed some grey hairs with the brown.

He protests, too, you rouged—so I say
That if ever you did, you don't now—
For your colour is quite gone away,
And like parchment your cheek and your brow.

He declares you're made up in all ways—
That your eyebrows are black mole-skin strips;
That your arm a strange whiteness betrays—
That you stain both your lashes and lips.

And he says "women ne'er should use art,"
(And I own that I think that is true);
Then I ask—ever taking your part—
"Why, now, what *are* poor women to do?"

"My sweet Jane's not so young as she was;
Thirty-two she'll see never again;
And beauty and freshness will pass—
Ay—even from my exquisite Jane!"

Then I tell him your *mind's* the same still
As it was at vain, giggling eighteen,
And say, *if* I have judgment or skill,
'Tis as *childish* as e'er it hath been.

In short, I do *all* that I can
To make him still love my own Jane;
But, alas! so provoking is man,
I do fear 'tis *my* heart he would gain.

But I never will leave him alone,
Till I make him adore as he ought;
For I see you 're grown all skin and bone,
Though such vile men are scarce worth a thought.

This inconstancy 's horrid indeed,
I wonder from whence it can rise;
(Oh! it makes my heart ache, love, and bleed,
To look on your dull, heavy eyes.)

'Tis a proof of men's follies and crimes,
Sure we women are woefully blind;
And a sign, too, I think, of the times,
'Tis the mode now to alter one's mind!

Well, good bye, now good bye, I am gone,
I came but your spirits to raise;
But Lord Arthur is coming at one,
To show me his new team of bays.

And, oh dear! I must fly; for beside
I must order my new habit home,
For Lord Arthur with me is to ride
Before three—would that *you*, too, could come.

Good bye, then, good bye, my dear pet,
To the Opera to-night I must go;
Would you lend me your sweet turquoise set?
You don't want such fine things *now* you know.

Well, good bye, I 'll come shortly again,
For a friendship like mine ne'er decays;
I do wish I could longer remain—
I but came just your spirits to raise!

THE BRIDAL GIFT.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

EMILY F. was the daughter of a lady who, since her widowhood, had seen much adversity. Mrs. F. was of good family, and her deceased husband had been highly respected and eminent in his profession. Many of their children had fallen victims to consumption, and there now only remained three of a once numerous family : Emily, Charles, and Edward, were their names. They were all remarkable for personal beauty ; Emily's was of the most feminine and delicate character. Her hair was of a light and glossy brown, and peculiarly abundant ; her eyes deep blue, her cheeks faintly tinted with pink, but her lips were of the brightest hue. Such were her charms ; and the portrait of her, which was painted when she was on the eve of marriage with one to whom she was most fondly attached, conveys but an inadequate idea of their perfection. Albert was but three years her senior, and was in every respect a suitable match for her. His parents already loved her as their own child, and all who knew them began to think that for once the course of true love must run smooth. The wedding day was fixed, and Emily took a natural and innocent delight in looking at the bridal apparel, and simple but elegant accessories to a female toilet, which were gifts from her present and future relatives. Albert was not wealthy, and consequently diamonds, pearls, and rubies, India shawls and costly robes were not there : nor did the happy girl for one moment regret their

absence ; and her lover, when he saw her glossy ringlets and fair and polished brow, thought plumes and a tiara would almost mar their beauty.

Eagerly did Emily gaze from her chamber window at the hour when Albert usually arrived, and gladly did she hail him when he came. Bright visions of years of bliss floated before them both, and they were never weary of painting their future home. Alas ! their hopes were doomed to be unfulfilled. Albert was seized with sudden illness. Medical aid, and the attentions of fond relatives and of an adoring girl were unavailing ; and, on the day previous to that which should have shone on her nuptials, Emily had to deplore the death of her lover.

I need not try to paint the anguish of her feelings. Vainly should I waste words to describe that which all can well imagine. Yet Emily sorrowed not as "one without hope ;" she had the blessed conviction that her Albert's virtues had secured to him an eternal abode in those happy regions where there is no parting, where tears cease to flow, and where hearts ache not. Time soothed the violence of her sorrow, but she felt no less than at the first how totally irreparable was her loss. She spoke not of her departed Albert, but her thoughts were ever with him.

It was about two years after the death of her lover that Emily became acquainted with Lord L. He was a young man of prepossessing manners and appearance, and possessed of a large fortune. His heart was soon bestowed on the gentle and lovely girl, and he paid her many kind and unobtrusive attentions. Lord L. was totally unacquainted with Emily's previous engagement, and attributed to the alteration in her fortune that depression which arose from

disappointed affection. Emily believed that he was acquainted with her sad story, and was grateful for his delicate and silent regard; but she knew not the nature or depth of his feelings. She was therefore much surprised, and really grieved, when he one day avowed his love, and besought her to become his bride. She burst into tears, and for some moments was unable to speak. At length, she was about to reply, but a visitor was announced, and ere she had time to say more than "I will write to you," a giddy, fashionable acquaintance entered the room, who exhibited no intention of a speedy departure. Consequently, in a brief time Lord L. took his leave, wearied by the frivolity, which would at any period have annoyed him, but which now very quickly exhausted his patience.

It was nearly an hour ere Emily bade adieu to the intruder; she then flew to her mother, whom slight indisposition had confined to her apartment. On naming to her the proposal she had received, Mrs. F. exclaimed, "how fortunate, how delightful!"

"Delightful?" echoed her daughter; "my dearest mother, I do not understand these expressions."

"Why, what parent would not rejoice at her daughter having engaged the affections of so amiable, agreeable, and in every way charming a young man as Lord L.?"

"Nay, you should pity him," said Emily, "since I believe him sincere in his professions of regard, and he will consequently feel much disappointment when I shall tell him how utterly impossible it is that I should ever marry."

"And why, Emily, should you never marry?"

"Dear mother, can you ask that question?—can you believe me so mean as to wed for wealth and rank?"

"You dislike Lord L., then?" said Mrs. F.

"Oh! no; I think him an amiable and agreeable young man, with much good sense, and high and honourable feeling. I have never met with one I would more gladly hail as the husband of my sister, had I one; but dearest mother, I can never love again; my heart lies in the tomb of Albert."

Tears flowed abundantly as she concluded, and for some time they were both silent. At length Mrs. F. resumed.

"I have, I believe, Emily, always been a kind and tender parent to you."

"You have, you have, indeed!" interrupted her daughter.

"And I have never been unreasonable or unjust. Emily, were Albert living, I would not urge you to marry another, though a reigning sovereign should ask you for his bride. But, he is gone, and since Lord L. is not personally disagreeable to you—since you know and appreciate his many amiable and estimable qualities, I beseech you not to refuse the happy and brilliant position which is now offered to you. I am aware that a young and ardent girl imagines that it is necessary to be *violently in love* when she marries. You say *you* can never be so more; but trust me, my dear child, respect, esteem, and regard, will make you as happy as, or even perhaps happier than, love could do."

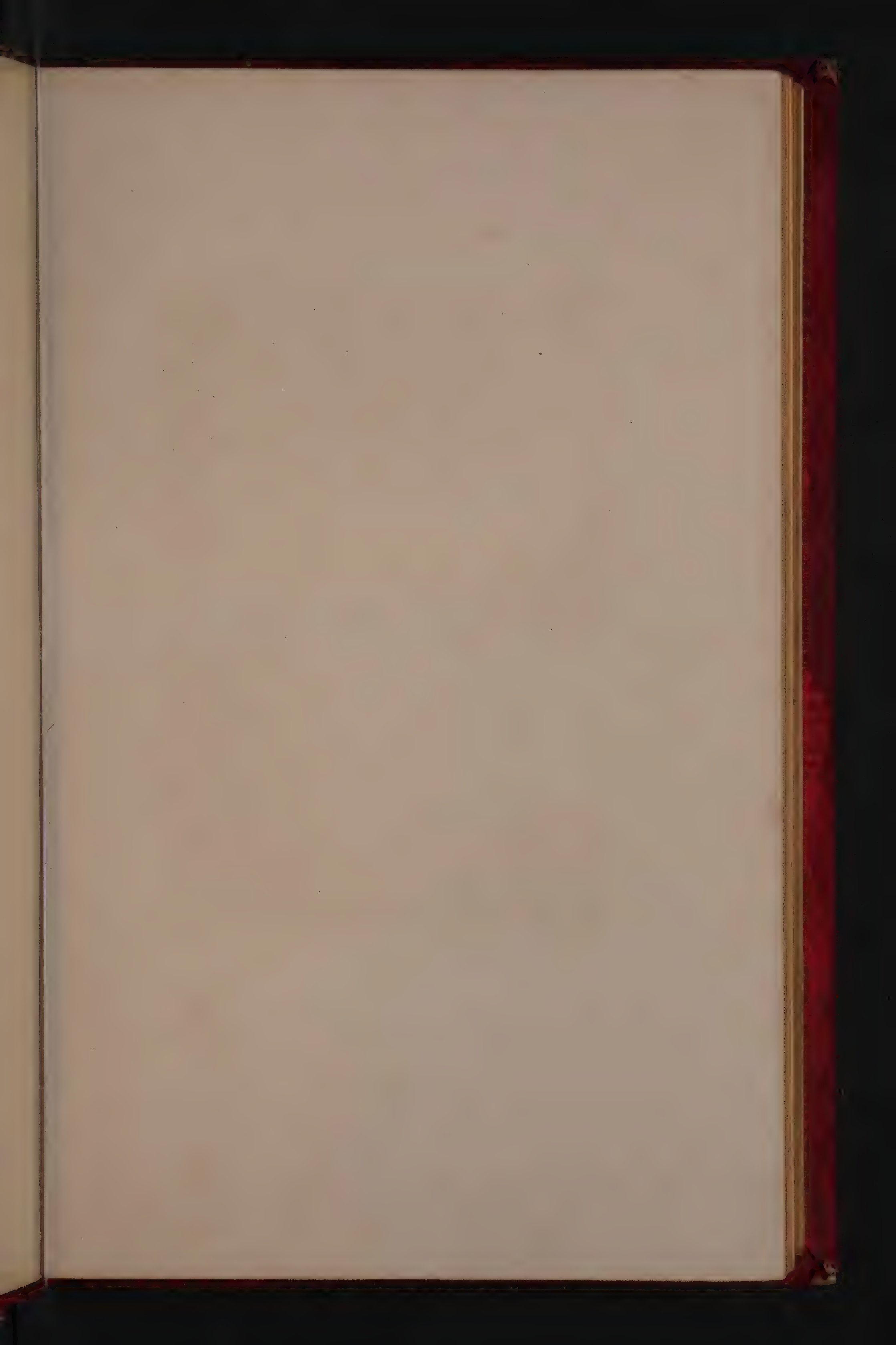
Did Mrs. F. believe her own words? I doubt it; at any rate, she failed to convince her daughter. But I will not detail the many conversations which took place between the ladies; suffice it to say, Emily agreed that her mother

should see Lord L. the following day, and explain to him her feelings.

When her elder son returned that evening, Mrs. F. was closeted with him for some time. He told her he was sure Lord L. was in total ignorance of Albert ever having existed; and strongly urged her not to mention to his lordship the circumstances of his sister's attachment.

"Of course," added he, "Emily feels at first a little dislike to form a new engagement. It is natural, since it recalls more vividly the memory of poor Albert. He was a fine, noble fellow, and any girl might have liked him; but L. is also an excellent young man; he is besides handsome and rich, and Emily will soon insensibly become attached to him. I would let her imagine he knew all her former history, whilst, in fact, I would tell him she was not prepared to give a decided answer at present, and keep him in a little suspense, at the same time giving great hopes (which I think you reasonably may) of a final satisfactory reply."

Mrs. F. highly approved of her son's scheme, and acted accordingly. Some months afterwards, Lord L., who had continued his visits, again besought Miss F. to become his wife. His letter was a rare specimen of ardent affection, and good sense. Had it by any accident fallen into the hands of an uninterested stranger, it would, unlike the generality of love letters, have failed to excite a smile of derision. This epistle had its due effect with Emily; and her relatives so strongly urged her, that she at length gave her consent. She now strove as much as possible to banish all remembrance of other days. Lord L. was fond of





the splendour which became his wealth and rank, yet his taste was not gaudy. His house in town was furnished with elegance and beauty, but simplicity. The jewels with which he presented his bride were equally neat and costly. Her boudoir was a little paradise. The choicest works of English and foreign authors, in the most elegant bindings, adorned the book shelves; beautiful plants, among which Emily's favourite, the moss rose, was conspicuous, shed a delicious odour around. The chimney-piece was supported on either side by Cupid and Psyche, two beautiful marble figures from the chisel of the younger Westmacott. A magnificent Tournay carpet covered the floor; a few exquisite pictures of the ancient school, and one by a modern artist, but beautifully finished, hung upon the walls. The last was a portrait of Lord L. All that affection could imagine, art invent, and wealth purchase, was united to adorn the boudoir of the fair Emily.

At length, the 12th of May, the day so anxiously anticipated by Lord L., arrived. His sisters were to be the bride's maids, and as they assisted to adorn the gentle Emily for the nuptial ceremony, they formed a lovely group. Fanny was just arranging the fall of the bridal veil, when Bertha, gazing from the window, exclaimed, "Here comes Edgar! naughty boy, why this is quite contrary to all etiquette; the bride and bridegroom should meet for the first time on their wedding day, at the altar. Look, Emily, how beautiful the new carriage looks, and what splendid bay horses."

Emily could only faintly smile, and echo the word "beautiful."

"See! the carriage drives away again; Edgar has left a parcel," continued Bertha, and she ran out of the room to meet the servant who brought it. A little note contained these words:—

"I send my beloved Emily some of our family jewels. The pearls, love, are less delicately fair than thou, and cannot add to thy beauty, yet wear them for the sake of thine adoring L."

The bride's maids eagerly opened the case, but started back with affrighted looks and exclamations of horror. Emily bent forward to discover the cause of their alarm, and beheld *a set of jet ornaments*. She was not superstitious, yet who can wonder that the colour forsook her cheeks, and a sick, faint feeling came over her. She strove to conquer it, however, and succeeded.

The time had arrived for the party to assemble at the church. Lord L. met his bride at the door of the sacred edifice, and perceiving her neck and arms were unadorned, "Why," said he, "did not my Emily wear my bridal gift; surely the ornaments were meet to adorn her on her nuptial day?"

The brow of the gentle maiden, which had the previous moment worn a smile of chastened sadness, became overcast. The sad recollection of Albert obtruded on her heart, and she muttered to herself, "Yes! funereal emblems are meet for her whose heart is in the grave."

But L. heard her not, for his sisters were chidingly telling him of the strange and disagreeable mistake he had made in sending a mourning suit, instead of one of orient pearls. He naturally felt considerable annoyance; but at this moment they were called to the altar, and

in a few minutes the vows were pronounced which bound him for life to the object of his ardent affection.

Congratulations passed round. I need not pause to describe the *dejeuné*, nor the company. Emily changed her bridal attire for a more usual style of dress; and the next day's paper announced that "the happy pair left town, in a travelling chariot and four, for L. Hall, the bridegroom's splendid seat in Herts."

Nothing could exceed the kindness and devoted attention shown by Lord L. to his beautiful Emily; and she felt the deepest gratitude towards him, but she could not reciprocate his passion. The idea that she had broken her vows to Albert haunted her; and her health and spirits declined daily. At the end of a fortnight, they returned to town. Mrs. F. assisted Lord L. to nurse the gentle patient, and his fair sisters strove to amuse her mind, but in vain. To them, as well as their brother, the cause of her too evident grief was a mystery.

On the 12th of June, many of those who that day month had assisted at the wedding, were again assembled in the same church. The same minister officiated; but now as he opened the book his hand trembled, and tears rendered his voice scarcely audible as he read the burial service! The remains of the fair and gentle Emily were committed to the earth. And her fond husband, knew he what had slain her? Yes; she left these lines for him:—

"I have striven, but in vain, dear Edgar, to bear up against my grief. The effort was beyond my strength. Forget me, and seek in a union with another that bliss

which there was but little hope of your finding with her whose heart has long been in the tomb. Forgive me, dear, kind Edgar. Indeed, indeed, I strove to be happy, and it was not your fault I was not so. You knew how I had loved Albert. I never could speak to you on the subject, but my mother told me all you said. Heaven bless you, and assist you in a second and more fortunate choice.

EMILY."

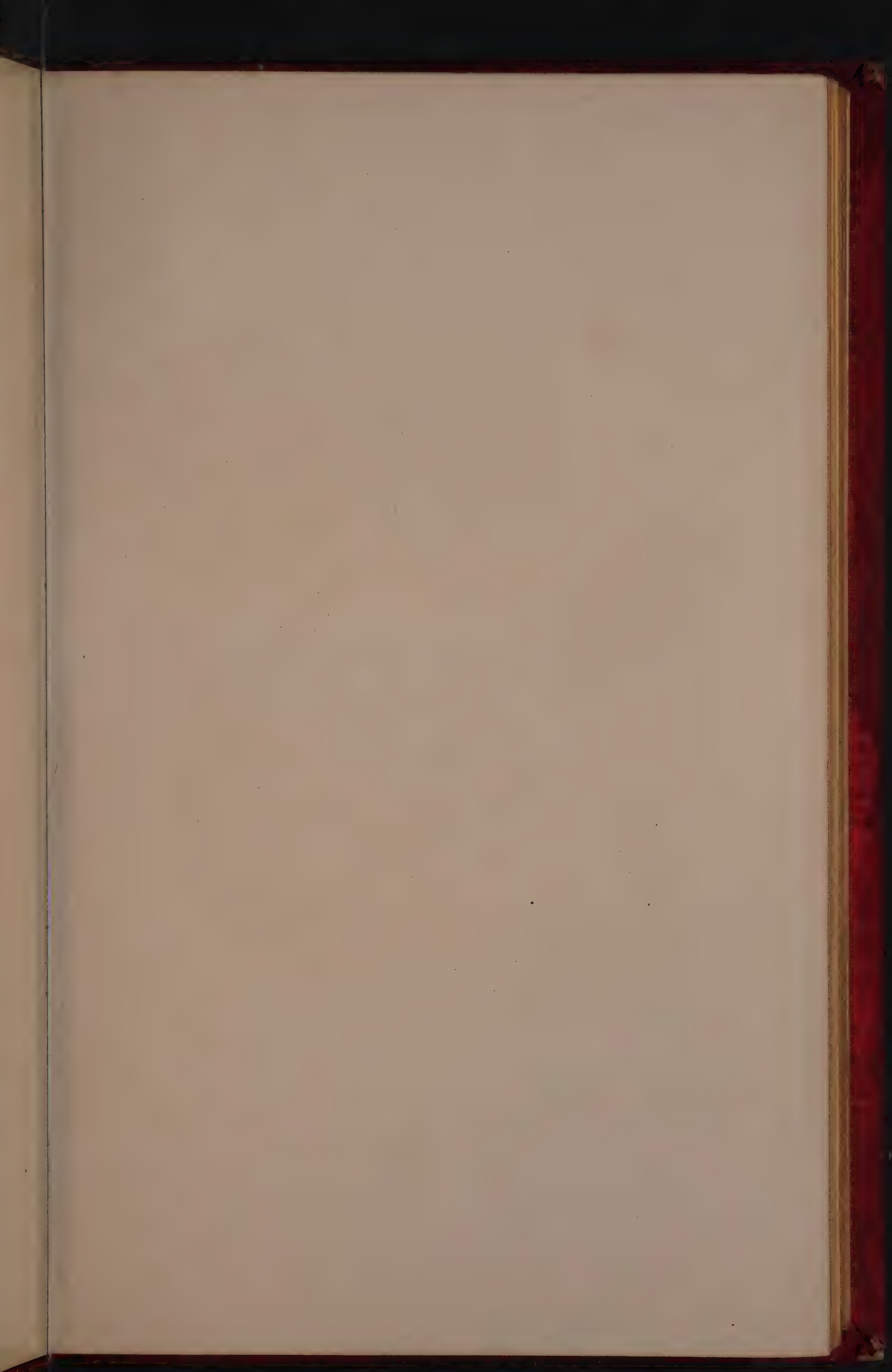
"And *I* have killed her," said he, when he had perused the scroll. "Had she remained faithful to her first vows, she might have lived for years."

"Dear Edgar," urged his sisters, "you knew not of her previous attachment. On her mother and brothers rests the blame."

Edgar mournfully shook his head and left the room.

"Poor, dear brother," said Fanny, "he deserved a happier fate."

More than a year after, Lord L. and his sisters were met by some English travellers at Nice. He was there for the restoration of his health, and hoping to find in change of scene a balm to sooth his griefs.





Designed by J. C. Smith

Engraved by J. C. Smith

The Lady of the Lake

London: Published by J. C. Smith, 1841.

FRANCESCA FOSCARI.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

It was in Venice, 'mid those palaces,
 Whose splendour bears th' impress of glorious art,
 That wandering day by day I sunned my eyes
 In the perpetual summer, which the spells
 Of love-taught Titian and the Veronese
 Have bid to breathe and glow through many a hall
 In their most gorgeous pictures—but of these,
 One portrait, more than all its sisters, seemed
 To fascinate my fancy.—There she sate,
 A lady, young, and so surpassing fair,
 That, though attired in all that gold can give,
 Her beauty cast her rich robes into shade ;
 As doth the sun, emerging from bright clouds,
 Obscure their lustre. O'er this lovely face
 Reigned melancholy, yet so sweetly pale,
 It showed but as a soft transparent veil
 O'er beauty flowing, giving it new grace.
 Her dress, methought, was eastern—the tight vest,
 Clasped with bright gems, spoils by her grandsires won
 From Turkish foes subdued ; but on her head
 A diadem of glowing flowers she wore,
 Such as but flourish 'neath a southern sun,
 And only can Venetian pencil paint.
 Her rounded arms were white as falling snow,
 Ere it hath kissed our earth.—I often stood
 Gazing upon this picture ; and one day
 Questioned the aged man, whose task it was
 To show the palace, if he knew the tale

Of her whose wondrous beauty it portrayed.
" Ah ! signor, it was sad—in truth most sad !"
The aged man replied, and shook his head ;
And as his white locks waved around a brow,
On which rude time a thousand furrows wrought,
He looked like the old genius of the place,
Lamenting o'er its splendour's quick decay,
And thinking he had faded scarce as fast.
" The lady was of this most ancient house,
Renown'd for beauty, and Francesca named,
Sole child of him, whom the Venetian state
Sent her ambassador to papal Rome.
She loved, was loved—and with that passion wild,
Signor—you know not such in your cold clime ;
But which with us, beneath our genial sun,
Quick ripens, ay, ere reason grows mature
To check its giant strides in youthful hearts.
The fair Francesca dwelt at Venice—here
Within this very palace, where we stand,
In charge of one (her mother early died)
Who long had filled to her a mother's place.
This was a dame of high and ancient blood,
By fortune slighted—and in place of wealth
Dowered with most scanty pittance ; so her child,
With her, beneath Foscari's princely roof
Had found a home.

The young Teresa was
Self-willed as fair—she brooked no calm restraint,
And often filled her anxious mother's breast
With dim prophetic fears of coming days.
The noble Julio, Conradino's lord,
The plighted husband of Foscari's child,

Reluctantly had left his lady love,
And joined her father's embassy at Rome ;
While she, impatient, fondly counted o'er
Each day that brought her nearer to the time
Fixed for their home return.—You know how maids
Pine, and say prayers, and think 'twill never come.—
Oft would the fair Francesca pensive gaze
On the gold ring, pledge of the nuptial one,
Placed on her finger by the noble youth
Ere he departed ; often would she dwell
Upon the honied words, and as sweet looks
That *he*, her first, her only love, her lord,
Had lavished on her, with that parting gift.
'Twas in such hours the portrait that you see
Was painted, and the cunning artist gave
The pensive character her beauty wore,
Absent from *him* who ruled her virgin heart.
Affairs of import at imperial Rome,
Caused that Foscari should consult the Doge
Of Venice ; and it chanced—ah ! envious fate !
That the kind father, thinking of his child
Pining in absence, sent young Julio home
Upon this mission to his Sovereign.
With Love's own haste, fair Venice soon he reach'd,
And sought this palace, though the midnight hour
Had toll'd ; but as his gondola drew near
Yon balcony, he saw, O ! baleful sight !
A cavalier descend, by twisted ropes,
Down from the chamber of his promised wife,
While she the casement closed, and waved her hand
Fondly to him who went. The sight was death.
With frantic speed he follow'd in the track—

What feet have wings to 'scape from raging love!
 He near'd him—he came close—O saints! 'twas one
 Who formerly had sought Francesca's hand.
 The first word was a challenge. When the other
 Tried but to speak, Julio sprang forth and struck
 The Cavalier, who, madden'd by the blow,
 Drew instantly his rapier, thrice it glanced
 In the pale moonlight, then through Julio's heart,
 Who, groaning, fell to earth a bleeding corse.

* * * *

Soon as Francesca heard the fatal tale
 Her reason fled, and ere a month had pass'd,
 She slept beside her mother in the tomb.

Alas! how fate ordains, and man must grieve!
 The young Teresa 'twas that Julio saw
 The casement close, and hers the gay gallant
 Whose presence madden'd him with jealous rage;
 For, in Francesca's absence—she had gone
 To her casino on the Brenta's banks,
 With her, Teresa's mother—by sad chance,
 That erring girl within her chamber slept;
 For there—you see the balcony's but low—
 Her guilty lover nightly might ascend.

* * * *

Within a convent she conceal'd her shame,
 And, by long years of penitence, atoned
 For all the ills she wrought. Foscari's lord
 Survived not long his lovely daughter's loss;
 And yonder beauteous picture now is left.
 To tell of one so young, so fair, so doomed."

ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ, ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ.

Ξενοφ: Αναξ:

"THE SEA! THE SEA!"

XENOPH. ANAB.

BY LORD NUGENT.

"Luff, you swabber, and——! Luff, Joe, can't you, and give those poor devils a chance, out on the yard-arm there, trying to reef that fore-top sail. Do you want to cant them? and going five knots, close hauled, with this swell? Luff, I say! Handsomely, my sons," continued the skipper, turning his head from the boy at the helm, and looking forward, and upward at the four poor men who were struggling over the yard, their heels higher than their heads, to claw in the volume of a wet straining fore-top sail, which now fluttered and flapped, and then again heavily blew out, with a crack as though to burst from the bolt ropes, as the vessel's head came up or fell off from the blast. "Handsomely, my sons; you'll have a touch up in the wind presently. There, now! Now's your time—it lifts—in with it, rouse that weather earing well out. That's your sort! There, come in off the yard—in, every man of ye! Fore-top sail halliards—hoist away again—brace up sharp, and sheet home—belay, belay—a small pull more of that bow-line. There she walks—no near, Joe!"

"Sky is dirty to windward, Joe," continued the skipper, in a softer tone, as, with a lee leg out, he walked three steps aft; and an angry sunset we've had; shrouds to the sun, and mare's tails, and that sort of a salmon-streak on the lower line, that means no good, more particularly over a black breasting horizon, with teeth like a saw. An indifferent wild night we are like to have of it!"

And an indifferent wild night sure enough it was ; as indifferent perhaps as ever befell a well found brig, beating up against a snorting north-wester, through that narrow passage between the Darkholm flats and the desolate and dangerous islands which cluster round that dreary coast. Low did she stoop, and heavily did she labour, through those boiling surges, beneath which many a stout ship has found its grave, and on which many a stout heart has toiled, bravely and long, after even hope itself has died within it, ay, and of which many a tender heart too has mused, almost to breaking, when the night winds have piped around the home of him who was at sea.

“Up, my lads, watch and idlers—clear away the fore-top mast stay sail—man the jib, down haul—haul down, and hoist away. Light up once more, top men,—close reef, forward there ! A second reef in that main-top sail ! Come, be alive ! abaft there ; overhaul the peak and main halliards, and lower away that fore and aft main sail. We must get the try sail upon her. Forward ! rouse that weather back stay well up ; we mustn’t have the top mast by the board—we’ll carry on her, mate, as long as she’ll stand it. By the powers, we must have no missing stays now ! Look out for the light on the Longsands ! Thick as mustard, mate !”

The mate went forward : a dense fog had risen to windward. In vain did the skipper, spreading his hand between the binacle lamp and his eyes, strain his much-used sight across the black heaving waters, to catch one confirming glimpse of the distant light-house.

“It must be there, or somewhere there, any how ; but we mustn’t wait to run ashore because we can’t see how it

bears of us. Ready about—not a word! Now look out for a smooth, boy, helm's a-lee—stay sail sheet! Come, she'll do that, any how. Main-top sail haul! haul avall! There's a gallant craft under her four sails!" And the master took one turn of contented pride, five short steps and back again, upon his reeling deck, catching by the weather rigging as he passed along.

The fog was now drifting swiftly past the vessel;—no eye could pierce or stare against it. At every plunge she struck against the opposing billow with a force that shook her to her centre, and every timber, mast, spar, groaned as if each had been endowed with a separate voice to utter forth its separate tale of suffering and complaint. The master went below, to consult once more his well-thumbed chart, which lay on a small swinging table, under the glancing beam of a solitary lamp at the foot of the companion ladder. There he sat down, a huge bundled mass of wet fearnought, the lower half of his face wrapped in the folds of a red worsted comforter, and the upper shaded by a shapeless slouched hat, which shed its frequent drops upon the object of his study. For a minute he sat gazing on the unrolled half of the chart on which, as though to nail his careering vessel to the station he supposed her to have reached in her represented course, stood infixed the closed points of his trusty compasses, in contrast with the broad expansive fingers of the other hand, which lay hard by, spread over a space denoting many a rood of "shoal water" with "small shells," "mud," or "grey sand."

"The Skull Rock," muttered he, "by rights should be somewhere on the starboard beam. If so, we are well

under the lee of the Seven Grave Stones, and the Devil's Kitchen is on our quarter. But who knows?—such a night as this is ! not a glimpse to be caught ; and there's no truth in soundings ; for, if we could get a cast of the lead worth anything, with the arming on, (which is an impossibility, going this gallows pace,) what would that tell ? Five fathom, or four and a half, with small shells, tells nothing ; it's the same for miles along this coast, till you're slap ashore on the Catchups ; and then——Mate," continued he, in a louder tone, as he rose from the depths again on deck, and, in flat contradiction of his late category respecting the uselessness of soundings——" Mate," said he, " send a hand into the weather chains ; send the coloured man, do you hear ? and bid him not sing out the soundings, but give them aft to me quietly. I'll be close to him. Whist ! will you, forward there ? Hold your chattering, and listen if you can hear the send of the sea in the caverns to leeward."

" And a half quarter, four."

" Very well, Lilly,—bear a hand with it again—heave cheerily. Go forward, will you, Mate, and try and keep a better look out than they chaps are doing on the forecastle. Down with the helm, boy—down with it for your life !—Forward there ! let the stay-sail sheet fly—check the lee head braces ! Helm's a-lee !—Jump there, can't ye hear ?—are ye all asleep ? Hard down with that helm, boy, do, and give her a chance if she will stay, for I'll be shot if we've room to wear her. Brail up the try sail !—she hangs !"

And now came a moment of anxious expectation, such as only those know who have felt what it is when all in

this world for them depends on the wind catching a head sail right. For one deadly half minute, she hung, her bows bobbing heavily, almost bowsprit under, the stay sail flapping as she dropped into the hollow of the sea, and undetermined on which side it should fill, as she rose again ; the fore-top sail doing nothing to bring her round, sometimes back to the mast, and then full again, at every lurch the labouring vessel gave ; and no object was visible, to show if she was at all disposed to pay off. The master rushed to the weather quarter, and looked for a moment anxiously down on the foaming water. At last—"Stern away, by Jove ! shift your helm !—all's right—about she comes !—main-top sail haul—haul avall—fore-top bowline—out with the try sail again ! Cheerily, my hearts ! what are ye afraid of ? Silence, and keep a better look out there forward ! Ease her head, boy—no near—very well thus !"

Now, "very well" is a very compendious phrase, and does not always describe very correctly the general condition of affairs in the vessel to whose steersman this consoling assurance is given. Yet here it spoke, with tolerable fairness, the state of mind of those on board, relieved from the danger which had just before been imminent. She was now on the other tack, standing towards the bold and beetling rock which faced the shoals at about a mile off, with an even chance of weathering it without another board, if she could continue to show sail enough to the gale.

But the water was high over her lee side, and it was all she could do to stagger through it. Yet the peril was no longer urgent and immediate ; and, as to what might next

be apprehended, all was doubtful and indistinct; and the mind of man is always sanguine, and never more so than when at sea, where a sense of duty is always present and lively to support and assist. At sea there are so many moments when, all that is demanded from skill, experience, and forethought having been done, and no instant exertion being required or practicable, there is a pause, in which the mind naturally reposes on hope, and hope reposed on soon becomes confidence.

But why delight to portray the sea in its terrors, when there is so much more of what is sublime in its smiles? How ill have they scanned the real beauty and majesty of that glorious element, who combine them with the notion of an angry sea! The sea is never angry: it is much too mighty to be angry. How inadequate an image of infinite power is presented in a storm at sea! a thing with which human genius, human courage, nay, human force, may cope, and over which it is usually empowered to prevail—whose violence is great, but still is limited and surmountable. But, when all is calm, and boundless, and fathomless, no waves to be buffeted by the stalwart prow, no stooping clouds between man and heaven, but the depths of ocean and the depths of sky blending in the warm bright glory of a summer horizon, without a visible line to fence in or measure space; then may the mind take in a notion of Omnipotence. It is glorious to gaze upwards, from some spring-tide meadow, into that clear vault, from out the stores of which descend the viewless influences of light, of warmth, of freshening dew, and then perchance to hear the trill of the far off lark, poised above all scope of human eye, as it were the note of some glad spirit,

warbling forth its joy to earth from the bosom of heaven itself. But more glorious still to look into that bright but inscrutable sea, the only pure, intense blue in nature, compared with which the sky itself is pale ; that tranquil water, in whose awful bosom, far, far below, there are depths beyond which the seaman's lead will sink no deeper, from which the line returns slackened to his hand, where all things that can reach so deep, and which time has not consumed, remain hung in space unmeasurable beneath them and around them. To survey this, to ponder on this, may furnish an image of the power that rules beyond the regions of human sight or search.

The pure taste of ancient Greece—pure even among the infusions of its monstrous mythology—taught that perfect power is best expressed in perfect calmness. It formed an image of matchless strength*, but leaning on its club and lion's skin : it formed an image of matchless speed†, but reclining in the languid symmetry of limbs which, if roused to vigorous exertion, could spring aloft from the mere impulse of the small wing bound to the heel : it formed an image of matchless majesty in the statue of the great ruler of the gods‡, where it sat sedate, not bracing the sinewy terrors of a mortal arm, to hurl the brazen thunderbolt, but resting one hand upon the wand of Peace, and in the other bearing Victory ; a symbol of such magic influence, that he who formed it, it is said, scarce

* The statue of Hercules, called the Farnese.

† The statue of Mercury, found at Pompeii, and now in the collection of the King of Naples.

‡ The great statue of Jove, made by Phidias, and placed in the temple at Olympia.

dared to look upon it while he worshipped. Such was the repose in which the pure taste of ancient Greece taught that perfect power was best to be adored—how much the rather by those who are taught to worship boundless mercy as the first attribute of boundless might!

The sea! the sublime, the graceful, the lovely sea! The sea, which, if it separates friends for awhile, unites nations, and for ever!—which links together the great kindred of mankind, and which, even to those the most dearly loved between whom it rolls, is the conductor along whose connecting chain the cherished intercourse between heart and heart is still preserved, and sped, untouched by foreign hands, as the strains of sweetest music come unbroken across its waters.

And look at that vessel, basking on its gentle swell, or hasting along before the breeze; that little gay bark in the distance, whose white sail only can be seen. Like the feather that skims across its surface, she stoops in acknowledgment to every breath; but her small frame is full of energy and resource, to grapple with the blast. The tall ship of war, that grand epitome of beauty, confidence, and strength; she seems as though alive to every impulse, and sentient of every duty. She bears herself as an imperial being; she moves as one fraught with intelligence to foresee, to protect, “to threaten and command.” “With all her bravery on,” fit symbol of that glorious empire whose arm reaches forth to the remotest regions of the globe, wherever heaves the billow, wherever commerce courts, or danger presumes; whose “march is o’er the mountain wave,” whose “home is on the deep.” Though the black night be over the waste of waters, the ship is wakeful still. She

speaks, she answers, with bright and glancing lights, and, through the day, with many-coloured flags, now soaring to the peak, and fluttering there awhile, now sinking again from sight, their task performed, as she catches the quick meaning, or imparts it to the attentive partners of her course. Her voice is heard, short, sullen, imperious, as of one who brooks not hesitation or delay, to demand attention to what she enquires, to what she enjoins. See her diminish or increase her various powers, steady under change, to effect the object she has announced. How gracefully she rounds to, to wait the act of obedience in the rest! She lowers her boat from her side. The venturesome little messenger dares the deep alone. Unheeded? unprotected? No! for a watchful influence is o'er it still, to guard, to superintend, and assist. As the low, long galley leaves the shadow of her wing, as it mounts the swell or glides into the depths between, she marks its movements—she corresponds with her own. As an anxious mother's, her thousand cares are with him who is far away upon the wave. They cease not; they pause not; they speak in every gesture, till the returning wanderer is raised aloft to be received again within her sheltering bosom; and then she holds once more her free and onward way.

And there has been war upon the sea, and haply there may be again. Again the wrath of nations may cast its red glare along those waters on which man should never meet his fellow man but in friendship and in aid. Shall we speak of war? A melancholy theme! an unnatural and fearful state of man, on which his mind, as it advances in those arts and virtues which embellish and ennoble

peace, though it be fearless to the death for honour and for right, learns to reflect with less and less of pleasure or of pride. Yet those, who, not answerable for the continuance or cause of strife, have bravely done in war the duty of frank obedience to what their country claimed from its people, are not the less to be remembered with renown, and blistered be the tongue that will grudge to speak it. The laurel sits fairly on the sailor's or the soldier's brow, but dearer and more sacred is the cypress on his honourable grave, even though conquest may not have wreathed a crown to bedeck it.

Sam L—— was a lad of a temper as joyous and as kind as ever was wedded to a daring spirit. He was not of that class called nobly born. His name shed no lustre on his dawning fortunes ; so, if recorded, it could add no interest to his story. His honest ambition was “to build, not boast” the credit of a name which he derived from an humble house ; and, poor lad ! he died too young to reap the glories to which his warm heart aspired. It is inscribed only on a small stone, raised in a foreign land, by the affections and esteem of his messmates, who,

“ Still, thro' the wild waves as they sweep,
With watchful eye and dauntless mein,
Their steady course of honour keep.”

And they loved him well, because they had known him nearly.

At nineteen, he had passed for a lieutenancy ; and, by that fortune which sometimes forms a young seaman's early fame, he was placed in command of a clipping privateer schooner, made prize of by the frigate on board of which he served. She had been captured on an enemy's

coast ; and his orders were to join, in her, the admiral's flag, which was flying some fifty or sixty leagues off on the station. And few, who have not felt it, can know the joy of a stripling's heart, who finds himself sole master of a separate command, and knows that he has skill and resources for it. For two days, nothing happened to vary the ordinary log of a beating passage in light winds. The third day was a thick fog, and, as it cleared up towards evening, with a rising breeze, a stranger was seen to windward under three topsails—and what could he do but trim the sails to reconnoitre? 'Tis true, he had no orders but to proceed with due diligence to his station. But to go about and stand on for an hour on the other tack, and so edge a little nearer the stranger, would by no means take him out of his course ; and who is there but knows that one of a seaman's first duties in war time is, when not under orders positively to the contrary, to gain all intelligence of a suspicious looking sail? He had not gone upon the starboard tack above half an hour before he saw another large sail, hull down, on his lee bow ; and the last sunbeam was now red in the west. It was plain that he could not hope to bring either of the ships within distance, before dark, to show colours ; but they made more sail, and the headmost bore up a little, as to near him. He now tacked again, and, feeling that he had no right to run into strange company at night, he kept a point or two free, under easy sail, in a parallel to the course she was steering, trusting to a good sailing craft, and a commanding breeze, and a good look-out withal. As it became dark, he tried his night signals. For awhile there was no reply ; and then the headmost ship showed lights, but her answer was

unintelligible to him. The code of night signals in the British navy was, at that time, imperfect, and subject to many mistakes. At day-break they were both on his weather quarter, the nearest about three miles off; but two more large ships showed their lofty sails on the horizon. It was a clear morning; and the leading frigate, for frigates the two first were, now signalized him; but her flags spoke a language as foreign to him as that of her lights had been the night before. Both had the ensign of England streaming from the peak. But it was most improbable that an English squadron should be cruising on that part of the coast. And now his private code was tried, in vain. And something there was in the cut of the sails, but more in their way of handling them, which almost convinced him that they were foreigners. The moment was an anxious one; but it was to Sam one more of mortification than anxiety for the fate of the charge entrusted to him. He had a good clean craft beneath his foot, and, let the weather but keep moderate, and not too much sea, come what would, he had reason to believe that, holding a steady luff, the schooner might yet weather upon their square sails, so as to get to windward of them without passing within gun shot. But he knew his duty was not to risk his prize, when nothing was to be gained; and little to be sure was to be gained by working up to overhaul two strange frigates, and two other ships of war, (proud though he was of his command) in a schooner mounting eight twelve-pounder carronades, and a long traversing gun amid ships. So now, shaking out the last reef from his foresail, he prepared to carry on, and a regular and eager chase began. For a time, he believed he was



THE GREAT BRITAIN, 1812, BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.S.A.

increasing his distance from the leading ship ; at all events he stood nearer the wind, and she was not perceptibly fore reaching on him ; and her consort was evidently dropping fast astern. But, alas ! the clouds rose, black as thunder on the horizon, the white horses came speeding along with them in the distance, it had already begun to blow strong, and the wind was gradually drawing more aft and bringing the pursuer nearly on his beam. The little vessel groaned and staggered under the pressure of sail ; the sea curled high over her lee, and sheets of spray at every pitch came flying over all. Suddenly the headmost frigate, which was now gaining rapidly on him to within long gun-shot range, hauled down the colours she had worn, and hoisted a different ensign at her peak. It was the one which, at that moment, Sam could least have wished to see. It was that of a gallant nation, between which and England long may it be before again a cannon shall speak in anger. A gush of white smoke issued from the bow, and, before the sound of the threatening message could be heard, a shot came skimming over the tops of the waves, right a-head of the schooner. Presently another, which passed over her, between her masts, but struck nothing. " Now point the long traversing gun, and cast loose the weather carronades against closer work !—For here's what tells us she's within distance already of our midship challenger.—Something might be brought down by it, which might slacken the frigate's pace, and save the little vessel yet." So up went the union—and, as the schooner lurched, Sam himself with a ready hand to the lock lanyard, quick answering to a ready eye, fired the first shot in reply, and, jumping up on the slide, saw it strike right under the frigate's cutwater. " Give it her again, my

hearts !" The second shot parted—"Well done, long Bess !" bellowed the mate, the glass to his eye—"Splinters near the forecastle !" "Again !"—When an eighteen pound ball came in from one of the enemy's bow chasers, struck a timber-head, and two men lay in blood upon the deck ; the one a mangled corpse, the other with a leg knocked sheer from under him. "Luff her up a bit !" cried Sam, still firmly looking at the advancing ship, whose bow now towered high above the water. "Starboard the helm ! now watch your time, men ;—stand by for a broadside !" Six of the schooner's eight carronades had been run out to windward, and, as she luffed up to bring them to bear upon her adversary, the fire of her whole weather side was given at once. Her slight frame heeled from the explosion of her own guns, and she quivered from the centre to the mast head. And, hurrah ! down came the frigate's driver. But, in an instant after, as her helm went down and her head sails shook in the wind, the red muzzles of the whole tier, to her quarter guns, appeared, and a tremendous broadside from her main deckers followed, as she luffed and came up to deliver it. The schooner's counter was torn up to the very bulwarks ; three men were, as it were, blown away before the blast of the artillery ; and a splinter, striking the young commander near the chest, broke his left shoulder, and dashed him down against the side. The gallant youth sprang up, his arm hung mangled, and the blood gushing forth from his mouth showed what had been the violence of the blow. But his courageous eye, unclouded yet by pain, lit up with matchless energy—"Stand to it, my hearts, my darlings," he shouted. But the whole mischief now appeared. As the wounded boy staggered once more to the weather bul-

wark, to hold on, he looked up. The crippled main-mast reeled—"Lower away, lower away ! ease off the fore-sheet, and put her right before it !" For a few moments the fight was silenced. All hands were busy aft in getting up a preventer shroud, and fishing the mainmast, and, as she was falling off, another broadside came from the frigate's quarter-deck. The havock was not so great as before. But an unlucky shot, ranging forward under the bows, severed the bobstay. The powerless sprit could no longer stay the foremast as it swayed forward and aft with the send of the sea.

"Get out a tackle forward ! Up with the helm ! Hard !" —but it was too late ! The weakened mainmast, now deprived of all support, broke short off where the shot had entered. It fell with a tremendous crash. The deck, forward and to leeward, was overwhelmed with a mass of confused ruin,—and the vessel was left rolling on the swell, a defenceless wreck.

"Will you strike, sir ?" whispered the mate ; "see your men lying about, and——"

"Never !" exclaimed Sam, in the last excitement of a dauntless heart—"Not I. Haul in the ensign that's towing there along side, and send a hand," pointing upwards, "to stop it to that stump there." I suppose," continued he, in a lower tone, "I suppose they'll have it down, without us, soon. I see she's lowering a quarter boat ; we have but to wait for them now !" He sat down on a carronade slide. His face was deadly pale. Suddenly rising, he drew his hanger from its sheath, and with a strong blow, broke it in two, across the carronade. His father had given it to him at parting. On its blade was engraved a powerful talisman—"England expects

every man to do his duty." As the first boat (for two were lowered and manned), pulled up under the stern, he flung the pieces into the deep, and again sunk upon the deck, his face resting downwards on his right arm as he lay.

"Mr. L——, sir," said the mate, "they're along side. Look up, sir—come, sir, don't be ashamed, you've fought her well, and they won't make much of the prize at any rate; she has stood too much riddling to do them much good.—Oh, Mr. L——, I hope you're not much hurt, sir. All's over now." He raised his brave young officer in his arms.—Yes, all was over, indeed! He never spoke again, nor did his eyes ever more uncloze, to see his darling first command in the hands of another!

But a gallant nation did honour to his memory, and to his remains. All nations have brave men—and so

God rest his soul!—
Sith 'twill no better be—
We trust we have in this our land
Five hundred, good as he.

ON A WOUNDED DEER FOUND IN WHIT- TLEBURY FOREST.

BY MISS CHARLOTTE NORMAN.

ART thou left in thy solitude to die,
Thou stricken one and lorn?
Wilt thou never more with thy swift feet fly
At the sound of the echoing horn?
Have they left thee alone on thy mossy bed,
To the night-wind's chilly blast?
Already thou'rt number'd with the dead,
And thy strength is failing fast.

Oh, where is the herd thou loved'st so well
In thy days of mirth and glee,
When ye sported so blithely in the dell,
Or reposed by the sheltering tree?

On that mossy bank where the harebell grows,
Wet with the dew of heaven,
By the brook where the water-lily blows,
Where ye slaked your thirst at even.

And thou wer't a gay and joyous thing,
And thy step as light and free
As the zephyr that comes from the grove in spring,
Or the waves of the bounding sea.

But now thou art still, and thy calm fix'd eye
Is upturn'd with a piteous gaze ;
Thou art left by thy brethren alone to die
In the spring-tide of thy days.

Thus, when some fair and fragile thing,
In whom once the world delighted,
Writhing beneath some deadly sting,
With a broken heart, and blighted,

Imploringly turns for shelter there,
She will meet with no pitying eye :
They smiled with her when she was bright and fair,
But leave her when stricken, to die !

Thrice happy, if, in her last lone hour,
Like thee! poor wounded deer,
She may find such a shelter'd, peaceful bower,
And *one* sympathizing tear.

IMPROMPTU

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING UPON LEAVING
ENGLAND FOR NORWAY, JUNE 1836.

BY THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY.

WHY, as the hour approaches nigh,
When from my country's shores I fly,
Why do I wish one other day
To linger here my time away?
Since on old Norway's rugged shore,
Where few have freely trod before,
'Midst sablest rocks, and whitest snows,
And crystal streams in clear repose,
Soon, soon, surrounded by the foam
Of thundering waterfalls, to roam,
Shall now be mine; and many a day
To wile midst their proud scenes away;
Through smiling valleys, green and bright,
Through endless forests, black as night;
O'er mountain crests and chasms deep,
By precipices high and steep;
Whilst, then, I wander light and free,
My land, I still shall think of thee!
Shall think of those to me so dear,
Of those I leave behind me here.
Ah! now undoubting, feel I why,
While thus th' approaching hour draws nigh,
When from my country's shores I fly,
I wish for yet *one* other day,
To linger here my time away!

NOTHING.

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY FITZHARDINGE BERKELEY, M.P.

"WHAT are you going to do to-morrow?" said Sir Hugh Wansford to me, on a Saturday night at the Opera.

"Nothing;" I replied, with my usual indolence and indecision of manner. "Nothing, unless it be to visit the Zoological Gardens, and stare the monkeys out of countenance."

"Thou art the man I want," continued my interrogator, "thou canst be of infinite service to me, while at the same time thou wilt have an opportunity of making thine own fortune. Listen then: Louisa and I are going down to Cranford Bridge to-morrow, to dine—walk about—and—and—ruralize; her friend,—*such* a friend, five thousand a-year now in her own right, lots of expectations, and loads of good looks,—is to accompany us. Now, you know, my dear fellow, that three people in the country, on a fine summer's afternoon, are far too many to be agreeable to each other; they make thunder come, spoil flowers, and strangle nightingales. In short, nature won't hear of them; so, you must take Miss Manydubs off our hands."

"Miss what?" I exclaimed.

"Prithee peace, and do not interrupt thy best friend; *tête-à-tête* the whole evening shalt thou be, a vacant seat in the carriage is at thy disposal. We start at two, to dine punctually at four, at the White Hart, where, water souché, chicken, green peas, asparagus, cherry tarts, strawberries, cream, and other heroic food, are to be ready. Speak,

then, my dear fellow, that I may know thee—wilt thou come or not?”

“Miss Manydubs,” said I, musing, “there’s not much poetry in her name, but I don’t care if I do accompany thee,—good looks—five thousand a-year, (rubbing my hands,) say no more, Hugh, I’m the very man to serve you and myself too, so at the given hour will I be at the appointed place.”

“In Piccadilly, then, fail not.”

The Ballêt being over, we separated for the night.

It is here necessary that I should say something of my disposition. Indolent in action, but active in mind, my hand and heart seldom keep pace together. If I resolve upon a particular plan, I sit and mentally enjoy its completion, ere I have taken one step to put it in practice; consequently mine has been, in a great measure, a visionary and useless existence. The goal of success ever before my eyes, but the energy required to reach it, seldom, if ever, forthcoming. On the present occasion, I had a previous engagement to leave town on the Monday; the hours were therefore few, in which to besiege and capture a fortress so well supplied. This previous engagement I had time to postpone, yet I thought I would not do so, as after all, my introduction to the fortune *might not* lead to any serious result: finally, therefore, my determination was fixed, to make love, and in case of failure, to sleep as usual, and leave London, all in eight-and-forty hours.

For the first half hour after I had retired to bed, I dreamed with my eyes open, of a successful love-suit of six hours, of marriage, of smiling wives, mansions, horses, hounds, and game. Then, “a change came o’er the spirit

of my dream," and for the rest of the night, with my eyes shut, my soul was troubled with an image of *a* frowning wife, fourteen large and little boys and girls, fighting horses, running game cocks, limping hounds, lasting annuitants, long bills, ill health, drugs, dudgeon, debts, and deaths, without end. Nevertheless, when my servant called me in the morning, I sang for joy, that the horrors I had dreamed of were nothing but delusion, and for this Sunday, at least, I determined to be a hero; or, in other words, my toilet was made with the grace of one whose eyes are on himself, and who is mentally resolved on captivating the heart of woman.

As usual, I sat revolving conquest in my brain, till the very last moment, when, having bestowed the utmost care and attention on my dress and tempted apoplexy through the gorgon folds of my cravat, I sallied forth; but, had not proceeded far, when, crack went one of my braces, with a sound resembling a harp string in a similar predicament, and with a lopsided sensation, and an oath, I was forced to return for reparation of damage.

The delay consequent upon this accident made me late: and I strode in the direction of Piccadilly with all the haste in my power, cursing every Sunday buck who crossed my path, and pushing through rows of tradesfolks that had shaken off the week's dust to bask in a sabbath's sun, like newly awakened flies in summer.

To me, though I *am* invariably late, the idea of *being* so is disagreeable. When ladies are in the case, the horror of this apprehension is increased; and as mine is what may truly be called an active and magnifying mind, the

fact of my being a few moments behind my time was soon fostered into an age of tardiness. However, at length, I arrived in sight of the appointed place, out of breath, and deprived of that placid grace, and coolness of skin so desirable in lovers: the perturbation of my mind being still more increased from my having perceived, for nearly the full length of Piccadilly, that the carriage was waiting in the street. The very servants seemed to think me late, and though not personally known to them, each looked as if he was aware of my errand; for the fellow on the steps of the portal, having glanced at me, though still at some yards distance, fell back and opened the door, as if inviting me to enter.

I gave my name, my first liveried acquaintance gave it to another, and he sent it up stairs at the head of the butler, with so many mysterious alterations of his own, that, when I entered the drawing-room, Sir Hugh and the ladies were staring at the door, prepared to bow the mistaking stranger down again.

My appearance set all doubt at rest; and, having been introduced to my heroine, whose face and figure were as pleasant as her fortune was said to be, we descended to the carriage, and in an hour and twenty minutes came in sight of our destination.

The post-boys drove close up to the door with a sort of dash, to make the wheels rattle a sufficient summon. A parrot in the passage screamed; door, door—was shouted by the inmates, each of them well knowing that the others were already possessed of the call there was upon their attention, and hurrying to the right spot; and the yard

bell having been also rung,—innkeeper, waiter, ostler, chambermaid, dog, boots, and sundries came tumbling over each other, to assist in our introduction to the inn.

We were not shown into the main building, but into a detached house, joined to the former by a slight portico, or covered passage; in the neat little parlour of which were preparations for dinner. Having given an order to be apprized when the repast was ready, we strolled into the garden, invited by the velvet-looking turf of the bowling green; and annoyed the gardener by culling flowers, for that longest of all periods, the last ten minutes previous to the announcement of dinner.

The waiter now appeared, waving in the summer wind a white cloth, one end of which was wrapped round his thumb; and, ere his voice reached us, the prophetic eye of appetite bespoke a herald from the kitchen.

“Dinner, if you please, sir.”

We repaired to the room, and were on the point of demanding, only in heroic phrase, “Where the deuce it was?” when, at that moment, the door flew open with a swing of proud importance, and mine host entered, bearing aloft the water *souché*. The mistress followed flirting with an eel, the waiter being in reserve at the head of young potatoes, melted butter, and fish sauces.

Enough of this—the repast was excellent, all hot but the wine, the linen like snow, and the waiter said, “Yes, if you please, sir,” to every thing, whether it was wrong or not. With me every thing went well; topics of conversation chanced to be mooted with which I was intimately acquainted: all listened, and my eloquence seemed to please. Miss Manydubs twice recurred during dinner to the rose I

had plucked, and which she had placed in her bosom, and, I thought, touched it more than was absolutely necessary with her pretty lip ; when, so champagned and sunny had my mind become, that I believe if Satan himself had joined the party, I should have called him fair, and asked him to have drunk some wine. The only thing which jarred upon my ear was the *name* of my intended wife ; she was rich and lovely in all besides, but though her appellation was not pretty, still it had a latent charm for the curious, when analyzed by a sufficient test of consideration, which might make up for its poetic deficiency.

Dinner being over, and coffee ordered, Hugh and Louisa strolled forth again into the garden ; and left the fortune and myself for the promised *tête-à-tête*. I am not bold by nature, and my pride is ever annoyed at the idea of a repulse ; but, on this occasion, a sufficiency of wine, warm weather, and a gracious smile, had so braced my nerves and elevated my perceptions, that, I resolved to decide my fate, and rise or fall in a single brilliant effort.

Our conversation aptly turned on love and its effects—its sunshine and its sorrows. Miss Manydubs laughed at the idea of a broken heart ; while I, with a deep sigh asked,

“ Did she really deem it impossible ? ”

She in her turn sighed, looked down, and I proceeded :

“ They say, also, that there is no such thing as love at first sight, and that a sudden predilection of this sort is a species of temporary insanity, and ought not to be dignified with the name ; I do not agree with them. A first sensation is ever a true one ; it is spontaneous, an impulse of nature, arising from the pure fountain of the heart, and unalloyed by the cooler dictates of reason, and the sordid sensuality of the

world. For me, it has hues of loveliness beyond the power of words—dearest Miss Manydubs, that bright sensation”——
“Is mine at this moment,” I was about to add, but for the infernal opening of the door, and appearance of a man’s head with lank brown hair, and spectacles on nose, who seemed to fix his assisted vision on my great coat, lying on a chair at the further end of the room. “I beg pardon,” the owner of the head muttered, hastily advancing to seize my garment, “but I left my coat.”

“Hold, sir,” I exclaimed, “that’s mine,” and stopping short, the intruder faced about, making good his retreat with the same speed at which he had entered.

Ere I recovered from this shock, Hugh, Louisa, and coffee came in together ; when, in my heart, assigning every soul to perdition who ever wore spectacles, or sought great coats, I lamented bitterly the interruption of a moment so fraught with destiny to my future life.

Having finished our coffee, the sun being about to set, we prepared for our projected ramble ; and,—in spite of the parrot in the passage, who threw seeds on my head, and cursed the cook, as we went forth,—I began to feel as if I was really in love ; the more so, as within the last few minutes I had ascertained that my heroine’s christian name was Alicia. Hugh and Louisa walked first, while we followed at a kind and considerate distance. Arrived at the Bridge over the little river Crane, Alicia and myself stopped to throw a stone at the gudgeons as they played in the shallows. This pause placed us still more in the rear of our friends ; and when we again followed them they had rounded the bridge to the left, and were wandering by the broader water in the direction of the park pales.

The birds were warbling their evening song, the moorhens uttering their short, sharp cry, and the woodpigeon in the park seemed, with her soft, mild note, to be singing nature to sleep. There was around us a dewy, dreamy stillness, and a calm sensation of peace and rest which appeared the effect of magic, when one remembered that in the short space of an hour and twenty minutes, that scene could be exchanged for the noise and blaze of a full opera.

Our friends were now out of sight, and we paused by the edge of the stream, where grew a cluster of low alders, to look at the beautiful water lilies; when, time and situation so well suiting, I resumed my discourse on first impressions. So well did I reason, and such apt conclusions followed my mode of argument, that Alicia was apparently convinced, and I had begun to think that Orpheus was not more seducing than myself. I had just ventured to take her hand, but, at that instant, a rustling sound proceeded from the low growth of alders immediately beneath us,—a figure rose with startling effect—and as it rushed past us in the direction of the inn, I recognised, in spite of the twilight, the very same straight-haired young man in spectacles, who had previously paid a visit to my great coat. He must have heard every syllable of our conversation; and this consciousness of his participation in my secret annoyed me not a little. What could he have been doing there? He seemed like an evil genius, bent on thwarting my dearest wishes. Thus, with the thread of my discourse broken, and another opportunity lost, we walked on for some moments in silence.

It is impossible to wander in this quiet scene and not harmonize with all that surrounds you. Perhaps, from the

contrast with the adjacent city, it seems quieter than elsewhere ; there are more birds in the woods, no such shelter existing near, to draw them away ; they seem to sing more, and make more nests. In short, there is no place so favourable to the growth of love ; and had we been left *tête-à-tête* for a moment longer, my eloquence would again have been all-powerful, and I must have succeeded. But, alas ! we were joined by our friends.

Hugh told me they had entered the park gate, and had not proceeded ten yards, when they were civilly desired to walk out by a gamekeeper, lest they should disturb the hares.

"Would to heavens," I exclaimed, "you had sent the keeper to me, he should have caught the man in spectacles, who must have been stealing the fish."

We now returned towards the inn : but in vain were my attempts to loiter or converse by the way ; eloquence and champagne had alike deserted me. Alicia herself seemed to have awakened from the soft chain of ideas I had so artfully led her into ; and would not assist me to another opportunity of again exerting my influence.

"Thus," I inwardly exclaimed, "are the most beautiful passages of harmony often marred by a single false note. Yet were I to tell this story to the world, or to my friends, they would call it *nothing*."

We now regained the inn ; I was out of humour with myself, with Miss Manydubs, and with Hugh and Louisa, who, during our return, would neither walk fast enough to get out of our way, or slow enough to enable us to get out of theirs : and I began to think there was but one soul in the party, and that was mine. However, when I least expected it, the golden opportunity once more arrived, and

as it was unlooked for, so did I seize upon it with the greater avidity. We were again left in the parlour together: she stood at the open window, it was dark all but the faint light of the young moon, when, approaching her side, and encircling her waist with one arm, I whispered, "Alicia, dearest Alicia, be not offended at my calling you by that delightful name, this moment of parting after such a day of pleasure comes upon me like the white storm at sea, which overwhelms the mariner whilst slumbering in the midst of calm and sunshine. I little thought when I arose this morning, free and unshackled as the boundless wind, that eve would find me a very slave."

As I said this my lip approached hers, but—heavens—the door again flew open, and the waiter's head came in.

"If you please, sir, have you got your coat?"

I cast my eyes on the chair, it was gone.

"No," I replied, frantic with indignation at the repeated interruption.

"Then, if you please, sir, the young man in spectacles has taken it, who is just gone up by the Alligator, leaving a sadly torn one in its stead."

"Stop him," I cried, losing all patience, "stop him, stop the crocodile, or whatever you call it. Gods! that I might catch the villain, and consign him, spectacles and all, to a monster of that description!"

And rushing forth to the door of the inn, I discovered that the perpetrator of all my misery and disappointment was far out of reach of vengeance, leaving me nothing but his dust.

When I returned to the room, candles were lit, and Hugh and the ladies ready to get into the carriage. To the former

I whispered a part of my misfortunes, but all the reply I received from him was—"Try again, its *nothing*."

When we arrived in town, the ladies said they had headaches, and retired at once to their rooms; while I reached my house in a perfect fever, and dreamed all night of a lank-haired giant in spectacles, who yawned to devour me. Knowing my propensity to be late, I gave my servant orders to awaken me early, being determined to call in Piccadilly the following morning, at such an hour as should insure me an interview with Alicia.

Morning came, when, without giving myself time to fall into a reverie, I dressed and breakfasted; but, in my over anxiety to be *in* time, I got out of it altogether, for I paid my visit before any one was up; and in a sort of dogged desperation, arising from disappointment, occasioned in the last instance through my own inadvertency, I threw myself into a stage coach, and kept my appointment in the country.

Reader, canst thou call this *Nothing*?

Whether thou canst or not, I would advise thee, if thou art a man in spectacles, in charity to thy fellows, not to thrust thyself on a *tête-à-tête* with which thine own head hath nothing to do; nor let the gaiety of a stranger's garment disgust thee with the poverty of thine own. The heiress that a man in spectacles thus prevented my marrying, hath since bestowed her riches on another.

REMINISCENCES OF MY LAST MORNING IN
ROME, MAY 26TH, 1834.

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

It was in Rome, a glorious morn in May—
More glorious with its lustrous, long array
 Of changeful lights, and splendour-streaming dyes,
 And smiles of promise kindling earth and skies,
 Than is our northern summer noontide, even
 Outflashing, at its brightest, from mid Heaven !
 It was in Rome, and spring and morning shed
 Their smiles o'er that crown'd city of the dead ;
 Dark pageant of proud ruins, frowning tombs—
 Dread, haughty shadows, and unearthly glooms !
 And thoughts and feelings on the spirit press'd,
 Intensely, yet still voicelessly confess'd.
 Strange startling contrasts evermore appear'd,
 Till all one mystery seem'd, unpierced, unclear'd.
 Those mighty contraries perplex'd the mind,
 To deep reflection and dim dreams resign'd ;
 Spring, freshness, glory, dust, death, age, decay,—
 Like night encircled visibly with day !
 It was in Rome—our careful steps were bent
 Unto a proud abode magnificent.
 We enter'd a vast palace hall ; around
 Stood liveried followers ; but no whispery sound
 Broke on the stillness there, while we climb'd slow
 The marble stairs that gleam'd like Alpine snow ;
 Labouring with many thoughts, those stairs I climb'd,
 Yet not one thought irreverent or ill-timed ;

For all were with one rigid circle bound,
And chain'd in contemplation most profound.

We onwards pass'd ; at length a room we gain'd—
A chamber of some state, where canvass, stain'd
With gorgeous colours, hung around the walls,
And that rich pomp, which first attracts, then palls,
Was, but without profusion's waste, display'd—
Upon a low couch at one side was laid
An aged form—a woman—full in sight,
Propp'd up by pillows, while the laughing light
In all its morning brilliancy was shed
Upon that low, white, simple, humble bed ;
And the pale, venerable being, there
A prisoner bound by sickness, age, or care ;
The years of strength and hope long since had fled,
Wan was her cheek, and bow'd her stately head ;
Yet in her eye a fire and eloquence
Lived still, quick, flashing, glowingly intense.
When I approach'd that bed, and took my stand
Beside it, she out-stretch'd a wither'd hand,
And graciously thus welcoming her guest,
Mine with a cordial courteousness she prest,
And while more bright and fervent grew her glance,
She spoke in the light tongue of distant France,
Though still with difficulty, as disuse
All powers of free expression did refuse
To lips full long estranged, long wean'd from words
That haply jarr'd the bruised heart's feeling chords ;
And sometimes as in half forgetfulness
She gently did her listening guest address

(Who on each low-breathed word attentive hung)
In the sweet accents of the Italian tongue ;
And touching and most sad was her discourse,
While now she spoke with energetic force,
Now with a mournful plaintiveness that brought
A heavy, aching trouble to my thought,
And almost tears into mine eyes, that gazed
Now on that wan fine face to mine upraised,
And now to the imaged forms that hung around,
The forms of kings robed, scepter'd, ermined, crown'd,
And of proud women, with their stately brows
All diadem-wreath'd, those to whom this world's vows
Are paid, while in power's glorious flush and prime,
And pride's full sweep, and cancell'd in a time
Of harsh reverse, when they are fallen—undone,
Like that forsaken and forgotten One !
After a pause, she said to me, " Alas !
Strange things in mine old age have come to pass ;
Oppression hath torn harshly from my side
All those most dear to me—by blood allied ;
And childless, friendless, hopeless, lorn, and drear,
I dwell deserted and heart-broken here,
All helpless and alone." And as she spoke,
How her majestic sorrows stamp'd her look ;
And, oh ! how piercing grew her thrilling tone,
As she repeated, " I am here alone !
Yea ! I am here alone, with none to assuage
The gathering ills and griefs of suffering age,
Unsoothed, unsolaced, wrong'd, oppress'd, bereft,
With none, but one poor child, by harshness left,

(Haply o'erlook'd) mine aged eyes to close,
And see me gather'd to my long repose!
Hopes, comforts, interests, props, and blessings gone.
Yea, I am here abandon'd and alone!"

And Constance, seated on her ground-form'd throne,
Might so have look'd, and spoken even so,
Placed on the summit of this wild world's woe!
Mine ears rang strangely with that dreariest sound,
Mine eyes glanced wanderingly in wonder around.
I look'd on her, who on the verge of death,
Seem'd in a world of dreams to live beneath,
Save when the painful present stung again,
In dark recoil, her fondly-working brain
To torturing recollection, gloom, despair—
Scattering those vision'd pomps of gorgeous air,
That seem'd to float and blaze and kindle round
In glory without parallel or bound!

My thought was of a thousand, thousand things,
And still it soar'd on strong and burning wings;
Nor might the solemn and majestic spot,
Where I beheld her, be that hour forgot!
That wond'rous, awful, consecrated place,
Where she had come to close her mortal race;
That place, the encircled with eternal gloom,
The uncrown'd, the vanquish'd, Oh! the desolate Rome!
The desolate Rome—the widow of a *world*,
Unto the depths of ruin darkly hurl'd,
Before her face—the sad survivor's face,—
That world of godlike spirits—that mightiest race,
Whose likeness shall ne'er more be found on earth,
Too old and worn for such a glorious birth!

But yet whose very memory, strong and clear,
Exalts, ennobles this terrestrial sphere.
The while young nations panting strive to tread
In the bright burning footsteps of the dead !
And still the nearer they to these advance,
The nobler shine in proud predominance ;
My thought—my rushing thought was then of all
That on this earth most startling can befall,
The blight of nations and their overthrow,
The eclipse and wreck of mens' best hopes below ;
The ordained decay of princeliest Dynasties,
And of ignoble names the astounding rise ;
Unknown, unblazoned, and unechoed names,
That on man's expectations had no claims,
Yet rose at once to rouse the world from sleep,
To make all earth *one* echo, long and deep !
Of scythed war's sharp trouble and fierce stir ;
Of those great changes that at times occur,
And seem to unhinge the eternal Order then,
And bring a wilder Chaos back again ;
And with a dread officiousness to outrun
The march of Time, the progress of the Sun !
My thought was of black threatenings, dire events—
Of stern achievements, yet more stern intents—
Ambition and its aims, its deeds, and dooms ;
The myriads weltering in their steaming tombs,
And in their earth-framed clayey coffins closed
(Their mangled limbs by no kind hands composed)
Down-soldered with their own black stiffened gore ;
They who the harness of the battle bore,

And, lion-like, press'd on in stormy strength,
Helpless as weakling babes to fall at length.
Those myriads swept, like leaves, from earth's broad plain,
Scatter'd, effaced, like drops of April rain,
Because one man was reckless and was vain!
Of the fierce clash of aims and interests here,
Or wild illusions that as such appear;
For wisdom knows—despite each adverse claim,
Mankind's best interests still must prove the same!
Yet those are found who with rash zeal perverse,
From emulation's heat wring discord's curse.
What! shall high heaven in vain point out our path,
And seek to lead from blood stain'd ways of wrath?
Experience, history, ages, *vainly* teach,
The good of all must be the good of each?
My thought was of man's wild distempered moods,
Of destiny's most dire vicissitudes,
Of Pride, Power, Fortune, Victory, Glory, Fame,
Of all that risks a soul, and rears a name!
Man's littleness at even his loftiest height,
His weakness in his hour of proudest might,
His tendency to sink and fall away,
(Too much the vassal of the o'ermastering clay);
Even in the zenith of his power or zeal,
While one dire error clouds his splendid weal!
His countless falterings in his upwards flight,—
On all he claims his tenure faint and slight;
From wisdom and from truth, from good and right
His frail infirm secession, while drawn on
By many-faced Temptation—till undone!

Tw'as of disastrous chances, stern and dread,
Of all by which is gender'd, wrought, and fed,
'The awe of dizzy admiration ; fear
And wild astonishment, profound and drear,
Chiefly of that dread hand of Providence
Traced throughout all things, though in strange suspense
They seem to rest or vibrate for awhile,
Till Heaven doth vindicate itself and aisle
In its great temple of this world beneath,
Its glorious attributes—then deigns to sheathe
(While all things in regenerate order move)
Vengeance in mercy, majesty in love ;
Power infinite, in yet more infinite grace,
That can all crimes absolve, all wrongs efface !
Heaven's crown'd Omnipotencies walk abroad,
And meet us ever on our earthly road ;
But we, familiar with those glories grown,
Pass on, intent on life's poor schemes alone,
Till in some startling and o'erwhelming hour,
We quail before the outburst of its power.
When terror reigns with undivided sway,
And nations shudder with a sick dismay ;
When wild distress o'erclouds all minds with gloom,
And common things new attributes assume.

My thought was of all mysteries of our fate,
All miseries man doth for himself create ;
All terrors, and all triumphs, and all woes,
All harsh oppressions which this doom'd earth knows :

Of desperate feuds and blood-stain'd anarchies,
And ground-born tempests thund'ring up the skies
Of fortune's varying course, and freaks of change ;
Of dread catastrophes, austere and strange ;
Of wond'rous retributions—dooms of fear ;
And dark ordeals and expiations drear,—
Of judgments stern, and visitations sore,
And wild vicissitudes unknown before ;
Of earth's proud Sovereignities Imperial, made
The spoils and appanage of one array'd
In gory stole of victory's stern success,
A dreaded name, but an adored no less,
By those oft marshall'd to red conquest's field,
—The veteran heroes, long untaught to yield—
By him the Suzerain of the Sceptred ! him,
Before whose star all others there wax'd dim !
My thought was of bow'd thrones and shatter'd shrines,
Of marvels, and of mysteries, and designs,
Vasty and strange—of venturous enterprise,
And royal, proud, stupendous Pageantries,
Outgoing all of pomp that yet had been,
Yet vanishing like vapours from the scene !
Of desperate tribulations, shuddering round—
Convulsions fierce, calamities profound—
Of all things startling, and of all things strange,
Beyond imagination's wildest range !
Of greatness at its greatest foil'd, and thrust
From its starr'd pinnacle to rayless dust ;
Of proud exemptions, and resistance proud
Of those who Heaven's protecting grace avow'd,

And sought and found in sheltering Providence,
Their first, their surest, and their best defence !
Who made not forts nor armaments their boast,
Nor wholly trusted in the embattled host,
But bow'd, meek suppliants, at the Eternal's shrine,
With prayer and sacrifice—for help divine ;
Then far and free the unconquer'd flag unfurl'd,
And gave back freedom to the fetter'd worl'd !

My thought was of imperial festivals,
Of haughty revels in old regal halls,
Usurp'd from princely masters, where display'd
The spoils and trophies of the invader, made
All ancient shows of ostentation fade ;
Of all earth's grandeurs, all earth's glories blent,
In one triumphal blaze magnificent.
Of thrones, and principalities, and powers,
And dazzling splendours such as proudly showers
The day-god round him, in his brightest hours ;
Of all that mighty and mysterious Fate
Can shape or grant, of glorious and of great !—
Since still I thought on that lorn woman's son,
And *she*—was MOTHER OF NAPOLEON !

A VISIT TO MADAME LETITIA, MOTHER OF
NAPOLEON, MAY 26TH, 1834.

THE foregoing, theme, being full of interest, and the poetical sketch necessarily imperfect, I cannot resist the

temptation of rendering it more explicit in the homelier garb of humble prose.

It was on a beautiful morning in May that we drove up to the splendid palace of Madame Letitia. I was determined, if possible, before I left Rome, to look upon the mother of Napoleon. Let the supercilious and the unimaginative say what they will, and sneer as they may, I must confess to the weakness (if weakness it were) of being extremely anxious to behold that celebrated woman. Surely, surely, if in herself she was nothing interesting or remarkable, the extraordinary fortunes in which she had borne her part, the unparalleled vicissitudes and reverses which she had witnessed and endured, and that stupendous pageant which had unfolded, blazed, and faded under her very eyes, would be enough to excite some degree of interest and curiosity in even the least reflective mind concerning her: but did not Napoleon himself say, "All that I am or have been, I owe to my mother."

Still I am aware that many there are in this world, who through vulgar prejudice and stolid ignorance, cannot view things in this way, and who can see nothing in beings who have been the victims of such reverses, but individuals thrust back again to the station for which it appears to them Providence originally designed them. Have these superficial observers forgotten that *that* Providence in its infinite wisdom and intelligence must have foreseen and ordained every event and issue of the lives of persons destined to fill such important parts in the great drama? and if mighty trials and tremendous reverses awaited them, doubtless fitted their natures and their minds to meet and sustain them; does not this

make them objects of interest, aye, and of profound interest, too, to minds not stupified to the last degree by thicksighted prejudice and gross insensibility? But enough of these! It was not without great difficulty that we accomplished our object, all the answer we could elicit to our enquiries being that Madame Letitia had kept her bed for several years, and made it a rule never to see any one. At length, however, perseverance overcame all obstacles, and, chiefly through the instrumentality of Lady Dudley Stuart's name, the grand-daughter of the venerable Madame Letitia, and niece of Napoleon, with whom by marriage we were connected, we obtained admission to the palazzo, and had the pleasure of an interview with Mademoiselle Rose Meline, who in the most amiable manner promised to convey to Madame Letitia our earnest desire of admittance into her presence. Mademoiselle Rose speedily returned, and informed me Madame Letitia would see me, but was sorry she could not also receive my husband, who was with me. I immediately followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber, and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madame Letitia was at that period *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quickness and brilliancy of her large, speaking eye was most remarkable. She was laid in a small white bed in one corner of the room, to which she told me she had been confined for three years, having as long as that ago had the misfortune to break her leg. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large, full length portraits of her family, which covered

every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their kingly robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. After a few minutes conversation, she informed me that she had not seen any English person for the three years she had been confined to her room, with the exception, if I remember correctly, of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Dudley Stuart, who she afterwards confessed to me were the only English she ever liked; adding with a mournful expression of countenance, and in a deprecatory tone, that she thought I could not wonder at her thus entertaining inimical feelings towards my countrymen. I told her I was not indeed surprised at her sentiments, and added, that we should not have ventured to have attempted intruding ourselves upon her, had we not considered we had some slight claim on her indulgence, from our connexion with Lady Dudley Stuart, and I then entreated her to allow me to introduce my husband to her. After some difficulty, I succeeded in gaining my point, and obtained admission for him.

After the little preliminary formalities of an introduction, he assured her how very grateful he felt to her for having thus consented to extend to him the kind indulgence she had already shown towards me; and, as I had just before done, observed, that nothing but our connexion with Lady Dudley Stuart would have emboldened us to ask so great a favour, and that our hopes of an interview with her had been grounded entirely upon that connexion.

Upon which, in the most amiable, friendly, and flatter-

ing manner possible, she extended a hand to each of us, and said in the kindest and most cordial tone—

“Eh ! je vous reçois comme mes parens.”

She, then seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked us if we did not admire it, gazing herself at it proudly and fondly, and saying—

“Cela ressemble beaucoup a l'empereur, oui, cela lui ressemble beaucoup !”

And, then observing the very great interest I took in it, she begged me to walk into the adjoining room, where she said there was a bust of the emperor that was the very image of him, and also one of the Duke of Reichstadt, when a child, that was an excellent likeness, and the very one that was sent to Napoleon at St. Helena, which was placed at the feet of his bed in his last illness, and was only removed *after* his death. I immediately obeyed, and was struck with admiration at the beauty of both the busts ; the one of the infant King of Rome was angelic, and that of Napoleon (which you could not doubt for a moment *must* be a likeness) quite superb.

While I was examining and admiring these exquisite works of art, Madame Letitia (as Mr. Wortley afterwards told me) dwelt upon the painful topic of St. Helena, and gave vent to many expressions that showed how bitterly she felt on the distressing subject of Napoleon's captivity in that island, saying, that her son had died by inches there, and speaking in a strain of glowing indignation of Sir H— L—, whom she emphatically termed “*ce bourreau.*”

When I returned into the room I found her earnestly conversing on this subject, and I listened with intense and painful interest to her energetic and impassioned outpourings of her feelings ; and I must confess that I cordially assented mentally to much that she said. After a momentary pause, she again reverted to the magnificent pictures with which her room was literally lined, and drew my attention to the one at the head of her bed (which was quite open, in the Italian fashion, without canopy or curtains), informing me, that it was the portrait of her husband, Charles Buonaparte. She then particularized every one of those mute representations of the absent or the dead, giving me little interesting details of each ; amongst others were a smaller portrait of Josephine, and one of the ex-empress, Marie Louise ; also numerous beautiful miniatures of the different members of her family, amongst these was one of a beautiful youth, who had died, I believe, not long before ; Mademoiselle Meline pointed this out to me, and said, whispering, that it was the resemblance of one of Madame Letitia's grandsons, now dead, the delight and hope and pride of the whole family, but I cannot now remember of which of Madame Letitia's children he was the offspring.

After having attentively examined all these interesting pictures, I returned to take my place beside the bed of the venerable lady. I could not help feeling that she must exist, as it were, in a world of the past, in a world of dreams, in a world of her own, or rather of memory's creation, with all these splendid shadows around her, that silently, but eloquently, spoke of the days departed.

The limits that I have here assigned to myself are very

confined, and I must pass over much of the conversation which ensued, only repeating one or two things that struck me more than the rest. Being the day we were about to quit Rome, we were compelled, however much against our inclination, to shorten this interesting interview. Madame Letitia kindly and flatteringly pressed us to stay, until she was informed that we were actually going to start that afternoon from Rome. She then commissioned me to say a thousand affectionate things to Lady D. Stuart, and charged me to tell her that she ardently hoped she would come and pay her a visit in the ensuing winter; adding, with a tone and manner that I shall never forget, so profound and mournful was the impression it made upon me: "*Je vous en prie dites à ma chère Christine que je suis seule ici.*" Madame Letitia, whose quick and penetrating eye nothing could easily escape, detected immediately the expression of surprise that passed over my countenance, and proceeded to explain to me, that, in consequence of strong representations from very high quarters, the pope had insisted upon the withdrawal of those of her children who yet resided there with her, from Rome; and that she was thus deprived of the greatest and truest source of comfort and happiness which remained to her at her advanced period of life, the society and affectionate attentions of her beloved family.

There was something in her manner of relating this that inexpressibly touched me; a keen sense of wrong appeared to mingle with a dignified patience and a noble fortitude and resignation, and I felt, as I looked upon her and listened to her, that I indeed saw before me one who had deeply learned the painful lessons of life, who had learned

to "*suffer and be still.*" But it were in vain to attempt to describe the solemn sadness of her words and manner, when, looking round her with an expression of desolate sorrow in her fine, large, dark eyes, she concluded her recital with the pathetic exclamation of, "Et je suis seule ! Je suis seule ici !" All the circumstances that combined to impress the mind : the spot we were standing on, "Rome, the City of the Soul," the Eternal City of the Past and of the Dead ! rendered this mournful exclamation, pronounced, as it was, in a voice of the deepest emotion, more profoundly affecting than any thing I ever heard before or since ; and never will that melancholy tone, or those melancholy words, be effaced from my memory while I live. In the course of the conversation, which was begun in French, I discovered that Madame Letitia's knowledge of that language was considerably impaired, but yet she appeared to wish to continue conversing in it, though, every now and then, Mademoiselle Meline translated to her in Italian what we said, and she herself occasionally concluded a sentence in that sweet language. Most cordial, most courteous, and most kind, were Madame Letitia's adieux to us, I felt, that in all human probability I should never again behold that fine, expressive, intellectual and venerable countenance ; and that consciousness shed a redoubled and sorrowful interest over those moments.

The Mother of *Napoleon*, he,

"The *greatest*, nor the worst of men,"

is now no more.

THE NIGHT WATCH AT SEA.

BY MISS LYDIA B. SMITH.

'Tis night! he walks the silent deck with slow and measured tread,
 Moonlight is silvering the white sails which gleam above his head;
 Now gazing on the waters, now on Heaven's high, starry dome,
 But his whole soul is far away, in his own island home.
 He scarcely heeds the mighty waves, which lash the vessel's side;
 His gallant ship, which bounds along, and walks her path of pride,
 Ah! many a league she'll bear him on, to many a foreign strand,
 But *none* will seem so fair to him as his own native land.
 Brave youthful heart! how glorious in the hour of strife or storm.
 To mark thy dauntless bearing *then*—thy proud and manly form:
 But all is still and peaceful now, no foeman's step is nigh,
 And thou may'st breathe a sigh to love, to hope, and memory.
 Lone watcher on the midnight deep, what are thy musings now?
 Thine arms are folded on thy breast, thought shades thine open brow;
 Not *that*, the withering shadow by regret or sorrow cast,
 Thy solitary watch is cheer'd by visions of the past.

The scenes of festal light and song, the music and the
mirth

Which thy young ardent spirit felt, made paradise of
earth ;

The words which fell like melody from lips thy heart held
dear,

The sweet soft voices of the *loved* now haunt thy dream-
ing ear.

Thou'rt musing on thy glad return, thy mother's fond
caress—

The thronging friends who crowd around, to welcome and
to bless ;

The gentle arms which will entwine thee in affection's
clasp,

And kindred hands to seek thine own in frank and cordial
grasp.

And *if there be one* dearer still, whose changing cheek
grows pale

For thy loved sake, when tempests rave, and howls the
wintry gale,

Is it not sweet to think of *her* at this lone hour of night,
When fancy's spell has call'd her back in beauty to thy
sight ?

A thousand miles across the deep, he leans against the
mast,

And recollections fond and true are rushing on him fast ;
He thinks upon the beaming eyes which wept at his fare-
well ;

When will their joyous brightness greet him home? ah!
who can tell ?

Sailor ! thine is a busy life ; adventures strange and wild
 Waking the soul's high energies, await the ocean's child ;
 Rock'd to his slumbers by the storm, bold nursling of the
 wave,
 A plank divides him from his doom—the *sleeper* from his
 grave!

These, his lone vigils, have a charm with pensive pleasure
 fraught,
 Remembrance hovers o'er the past, and fascinates his
 thought ;
 Now may fond prayers and blessings, borne by every
 passing breeze,
 Mark thy career with hope's soft light, young wanderer on
 the seas.

Oh, England, happy England ! joyful mother of a race
 Who, 'mongst the nations first and best, assert thine
 honour'd place ;
 Long may thy noble sons thy proud supremacy maintain—
 Queen of the billows and the foam, fair empress of the
 main !

LONDON MISNOMERS.

BY JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

From Park Lane to Wapping, by day and by night,
 I've many a year been a roamer,
 And find that no lawyer can London indict,
 Each street, every lane's a misnomer.

I find Broad Street, St. Giles's a poor narrow nook,
Battle Bridge is unconscious of slaughter ;
Duke's Place cannot muster the ghost of a duke,
And Brook Street is wanting in water.

I went to Cornhill for a bushel of wheat,
And sought it in vain every shop in ;
The Hermitage offer'd a tranquil retreat
For the jolly Jack Hermits of Wapping.
Spring Gardens, all wintry, appear in the wane,
Sun Alley's an absolute blinder,
Mount Street is a level, and Bearbinder Lane
Has neither a bear nor a binder.

No football is kick'd up and down in Pall Mall,
Change Alley, alas ! never varies ;
The Serpentine River's a straighten'd canal,
Milk Street is denuded of dairies.
Knights Bridge, void of tournaments, lies calm and still,
Butcher Row cannot boast of cleaver,
And (though it abuts on his garden) Hay Hill
Wont give Devon's duke the hay fever.

The Cockpit's the focus of law, not of sport,
Water Lane is afflicted with dryness ;
And, spite of its George Street approach, Prince's Court
Is a sorry abode for his highness.
From Baker Street North all the bakers have fled,
So in verse (not quite equal to Homer)
Methinks I have proved what, at starting, I said,
That London's one mighty misnomer.

STANZAS.

THOU'RT fair, how passing fair ! but on that brow,
 Alas, alas ! dark clouds are low'ring now ;
 Its joyous brightness all is fled, and care
 Sits throned in gloom, and reigns triumphant there.

I gaze on thee ! it grieves my heart to think
 That 'neath affliction's weight that form will sink ;
 That life for thee hath lost its charm, that all
 Thy joys are crush'd beneath affliction's pall.

And who hath caused this grievous wreck ? can he
 Unmoved, thy wretchedness, thy sufferings see ?
 Look on that form, and feel that he alone
 Hath damp'd its mirth, that he's the guilty one ?

Hath he no heart, no spark of feeling left
 For thee to cherish ? is he quite bereft
 Of e'en the wish to soften to thy heart
 The poignancy of sorrows murd'rous dart ?

Oh ! could he know the hatred, the disdain,
 Lavish'd on him, the author of thy pain,
 His selfish heart, perhaps, for once might feel,
 Though deaf to honour's or to love's appeal.

I love thee for thy griefs, and oh ! may *He*,
 In joy our guide, in grief our all, teach thee
 To win the false one back, to end this strife,
 And give thee once more happiness and life.

R. H.

H E L E N.

A SKETCH.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

"Thou'rt constancy!—I'm glad I know thy name!"

THE HUNCHBACK.

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing."

MOORE.

It was a rich, warm, golden evening, early in autumn, showing that most beautiful appearance of nature, on one side of the heaven, the sun sinking down to rest in a glory of mellow light and gorgeous colour, and on the other, the pure, pearly, crescent moon, rising above the tree tops, with a single star at her side, and the sky between as cloudless and placid as if it *could* never be crossed by a storm. The cawing of a large company of returning rooks was the only sound that broke upon the ear, and that not unpleasantly—the air was fresh, without a breath of dampness or frost; it was a night, in short, to invite the three ladies of Fairmeadows to linger long upon their terrace seat, which, shaded by a thousand fragrant deciduous plants and shrubs, commanded an extensive view over the whole domain. The ladies, however, did not linger there for the sake of the bright sunset, or to watch the tender, rising moon:—and two of them at least were talking so fast and so earnestly, as to drown (as far as they were concerned) the pleasant talk of the birds coming home to their own tall elms for their night's rest.

"So like one of your father's strange, random tricks!

Had he consulted me, had he given any time to me to consider—to write an answer, instead of bringing her down upon us in this peremptory way—and none of us, too, knowing what she is like in the least, or what. . . .”

“Perhaps a fairy,” said one of the younger ladies, playfully.

“Perhaps a fool,” said the other in a hard voice, which promised a hard countenance, and a hard heart;—neither of the two, it may be said, on acquaintance, belied the promise.

“So much the better if she be,” replied her mother, scarcely less bitterly, “for a fool you *may* manage; but I suspect we shall find your aunt Lagarde’s daughter something less tractable.”

“She was very handsome, my aunt Lagarde, was she not?” asked the younger voice.

“Indeed, I can’t tell; I never saw her very often. A gentleman’s beauty, I dare say, but bold and self-willed, and fond of being flattered. O, I was not sorry, I promise you, when she made the match she did; and your father (she was his favourite sister, and he could never forgive being deceived) swore he would see her no more. No, she was *not* handsome, but eaten up with romance, and poetry, and nonsense, and all that sort of thing; and I dare say her daughter will turn out her counterpart.”

“A sentimental young lady, who writes verses, perhaps, and sits up to look at the moon,” sneered Miss Harden.

“Or a beauty, perhaps, who steals all our lovers from us, Alicia,” said her younger sister, archly.

For shame, Lucy, you are too pert to say such things; this comes of bringing you out too early.”

"O, let her go on, if it amuses her," said Miss Harden, thinking aloud in the most acid tone of twenty-seven; "I assure you, mamma, I don't mind it."

But the distant sound of swinging gates, and then of approaching wheels, put an end to this little scene, and in another moment the carriage was at the door, and the hero restored to his family (have I not said that I am speaking of events that happened in the memorable year of the battle of Waterloo?) half lifted, half bore from the vehicle the unexpected and unwelcome subject of the conversation just chronicled.

"Bless you, Helen," said the veteran, kissing her throbbing forehead; "I hope you are not much tired with your journey:—cheer up, and remember you are at home!—and now Gertrude, Alicia, Lucy, come to me, all of you—at once;" and in the embrace of the moment, the new comer was permitted to stand aside, to feel that most perplexing and desolate of all feelings—a sense that she was alone among strange kindred.

The first ecstasy of meeting was over, and candles were lighted, and the ladies then turned an eager, two of them a curious look, towards their new relation. Alicia felt her heart sicken at the first glance, for she was aware that a beauty had come in among them—that pale, and fatigued, and wretchedly invalided as she seemed to be, Helen Lagarde could not be passed over, or hidden under a bushel, for her exquisite form, and her complexion as transparently fine as the inmost leaves of certain delicate flowers,—to say nothing of large sybilline eyes, and hair as excellent in its profusion as in its rich, silky, intense blackness,—for her bonnet being laid aside, it fell round her like a heavy veil.

Lucy, too, herself but slenderly gifted with personal graces, had unconsciously taken an inventory of these things; but she was, as yet, unsoured by chasing realities and only catching shadows, and there was an expression of regret, a world of sad memories in those dark, dewy eyes, which at once made her regard the stranger with an interest as deep and compassionate as she could feel. And Helen's voice, too, though musical beyond most other voices, was so sad, and her breath came and went so rapidly, —and her colour changed as quickly as the clouds pass— Lucy loved her at once, because she felt that she had known sorrow.

Two months passed rapidly away, and Helen Lagarde was, by all parties concerned, considered as one of the family of Fairmeadows. In any other house, she would in that short space of time have won the love of every member of the family; but Lady Harden was sharp, and suspicious, and worldly; possessed of one of those warped minds, which it would almost seem *must* see everything crooked, and one of those untamed tongues which wound where they should be most earnest to comfort. The maiden estate of her eldest daughter, who was waning into premature thinness,—her hair, by the sprinkling of silver, which would not be hid, even anticipating Time,—she felt to be a reproach, and it was not to be forgiven against Helen (poor girl! innocent as the babe unborn of any designs to allure or conquer) that in the course of the two first months she had spent at Fairmeadows, she had received twice as many proposals of marriage. "She was positively magnetic," Lucy would say, playfully; "there was not a

male creature who came near Fairmeadows, who did not seem, in the first half hour, to know his fate, and to yield to it."

And so in truth it was. Helen's first conquest, however—the family physician—was not a thing to be very proud of: for that worthy, a tall, spare, neat man, with a *crying* voice, and an interminably prosy delivery, as regularly added another to his list of refusals, as he was called in to a new lady patient; and it was even said that in his precipitancy, he, the most precise of his sex, had thrice ignorantly thrown himself at the feet of married women. Her second was an old comrade of Sir George Harden's, for whom Alicia had screamed songs about "England's glory," till her throat was sore, and had strained her eyes till they ached in following the hieroglyphics clumsily scrawled upon paper for the enlightenment of the young ladies, which he was pleased to designate plans of campaigns: but Captain Wentworth was a *bon parti*. Him Helen had always avoided as much as possible:—there were things which he said that drove the blood to her heart as with the force of a thunderbolt,—names pronounced by him carelessly, which awakened all the *agonies* of memory. She shrunk from him with fear: and perhaps it was this very shrinking which was found attractive, for one day, to her unspeakable surprise—almost to her terror—he laid his hand, heart, and honours at her feet. Her answer was decisive beyond the possibility of appeal, and the Captain departed from Fairmeadows immediately, leaving Miss Harden's voice and eyes to recover themselves as they best might, and her mother to declare "that it was really *too* much to look forward to,

if Miss Lagarde was to go on playing the scarecrow, and driving all their pleasant men from Fairmeadows!" Fortunately Sir George Harden heard this malicious speech. He was an absolute man, and the comments he made upon it were such as to compel his lady thenceforth to confine her gall (all the bitterer for its imprisonment) to the silence and solitude of her own breast.

Of the other matrimonial offers which established poor Helen's reputation for magnetism, little need be said. Both of them were made in sober seriousness, by men of worth and wealth. To neither had Helen extended the least encouragement. Even in her dress she did not do herself the commonest justice; it was plain, shrouding, unstudied. She rarely spoke in general society; and she had been for six weeks an inmate of Fairmeadows, before Lucy found out that she could sing as few Englishwomen can sing, and that her command over the pencil amounted to mastery. On these discoveries, Alicia vented the sneer of "professionally educated!" No—Helen walked the world with a preoccupied mind: her thoughts were in one spot, her heart was with her memories; and it spoke well for her sweetness of temper, that thus absorbed by one great sorrow, she betrayed no impatience to the things of daily life—no resentment to the ill-veiled dislike with which she was regarded by her aunt and cousin. Sometimes, it is true, she would comfort herself with whispering, "It is but for a time."

From what has been said, then, it will be seen that Helen but *endured* her residence at Fairmeadows. There was one spot, however, in its extensive and beautiful grounds which was very dear to her—a pile of ancient

ruins at the southern extremity of the park. Here, by the side of a small mere, under the shelter of warm and wooded slopes, a religious house of some magnificence had once stood, and the Catholics residing in the neighbourhood still buried their dead in the quiet and moss-grown cemetery attached to the now wholly ruined church. The scene was not remarkably picturesque; Lady Harden, indeed, had often begged her husband to pull down "that old rubbish." But it suited the temper of the mourner's mind; she loved to listen to the grieving sound of the wind, as it swept through the long, lancet arches, and to watch the motions of the birds that had made nests in the ivy, with which much of the stone work was mantled. She loved, too, to spell out the inscriptions upon the older tombs, and she longed to sleep there also when her last hour came. She would spend many hours at a time alone, rambling and resting among these decaying remains; sometimes, by chance, and unconsciously, breaking out into some fragment of old song, such as this:—

"The rain drops heavy in the brook,
The wind goes wailing through the wood,
The sun with angry farewell look
Set in a stormy sea of blood;
The lightning flashes wide and bright,
I must away—Good night, good night!"

"Now stay, tired lady—go not yet,
Nor breast so wild a storm alone;
The fire is trimm'd, the board is set,
And we shall grieve when thou art gone:
And dreary is the moorland track,
Then tarry but till morn comes back."

She heeded not; with mournful smile
She donn'd her wanderer's cloak and shoon:
Her home was distant many a mile,
No star came out, nor guiding moon.
They watch'd her weeping from the door,
But O! they saw her face no more!

But Helen's pleasure in this sequestered haunt was brought to an end by the accidental discovery which she made one day, that she had not sung without a listener. It is true, that the gentleman whom her quick eye detected stealing among the ruins, appeared, by the pains he took to conceal his retreat, as anxious to avoid observation as she was ;—but the privacy of the place was destroyed to her, and she visited it no more.

“ I cannot make this Helen out, can you, Alicia? Four unexceptionable offers, and not one of them so much as listened to!”

“ Perhaps, mamma,” returned her amiable daughter, drily, “ she is reserving herself for Lord Calder.”

How easy and pleasant it is to assign motives for the conduct of our neighbours, when we gather them, unconsciously, from our own hearts !

That month of all months which has a right to complain of its character, “ the gloomy month of November, when Englishmen hang and drown themselves,” came, and came gaily, as far as Fairmeadows was concerned. It brought all the charm, and stir, and hurry of a contested election to the neighbouring market town, and it brought a gay party of guests to the mansion house, one of whom only need be particularized—the much-talked of, much-observed, much-desired Lord Calder.

It is amusing to see how people *will* sometimes, with desperate perseverance, insist upon making a lion of an animal too stupid to cut the commonest caper, too feeble even to make his voice heard in the crowd—upon dubbing him a hero who would die of fright at the bare thought of winning his spurs. Most persons who had seen Lord

Calder, with his unmarked features, his plain manners, his unornamented dress, would have smiled at his being made the object of a sensation; but he was so, nevertheless, at Fairmeadows. The spell of his twenty thousand a-year did more than its usual work, and he was a wit, and the handsomest—no, the most distinguished looking of his sex—a Solon *redivivus* for wisdom; and as for taste, who dared admire, when he had once uttered his simple “I don’t like it?”—Certainly neither Lady Harden nor her eldest daughter.

But though outwardly so wholly “without mark,” Lord Calder was not quite a common character. He was eminently upright and direct, without making any parade of his independence; a keen and close observer, because he rarely talked; a man of great and gentlemanly delicacy of mind, in spite of his almost abrupt manners; and many a drawing-room lounge, skilled in the art of wrapping up his *no-thoughts* in the choicest otto of Euphuism (forgive the conceit), shrunk away silenced when he entered a room, to whisper in some corner his wonder “what was it that made Calder so deuced odd a fellow.”

Well, not to linger over my tale, there was a grand ball given at Fairmeadows in honour of his lordship, within a week of his arrival—a ball for him who shared the masculine aversion to dancing and “playing the agreeable” in a more than common measure! The guests had been selected with a most rigorous attention to exclusiveness; odd men and old women had been omitted in Lady Harden’s invitations with a callousness which did her credit; the suite of rooms—and an elegant suite it was—was brilliantly lighted; the orchestra had been summoned

from London; the night, in short, was to be one of success and triumph. As for Alicia Harden, to describe the forethought she had taken about her dress, would be to fill pages most unprofitably; suffice it to say, that first her glass, and then her mother assured her that the result was all that could be desired. She looked piquant, *spirituelle*, brilliant in no ordinary degree; it was useless to attempt beauty, and she wisely forbore.

But where was Lord Calder? Alicia, as she had studied her toilette for him, and him alone, (mistaken girl!) was naturally anxious to prove its effect. Where could he be? Not in the reception room,—for he shrunk from being paraded as the great man of the party, and he was not sure of Lady Harden's forbearance;—not in the ball-room,—nor yet in the library among the sober and chess-playing few. There was a small antechamber, half boudoir, half conservatory, which formed a passage between the ball-room and the supper-room, and here, after much search, the truant was discovered, in most vexatiously close conversation with Helen Lagarde!

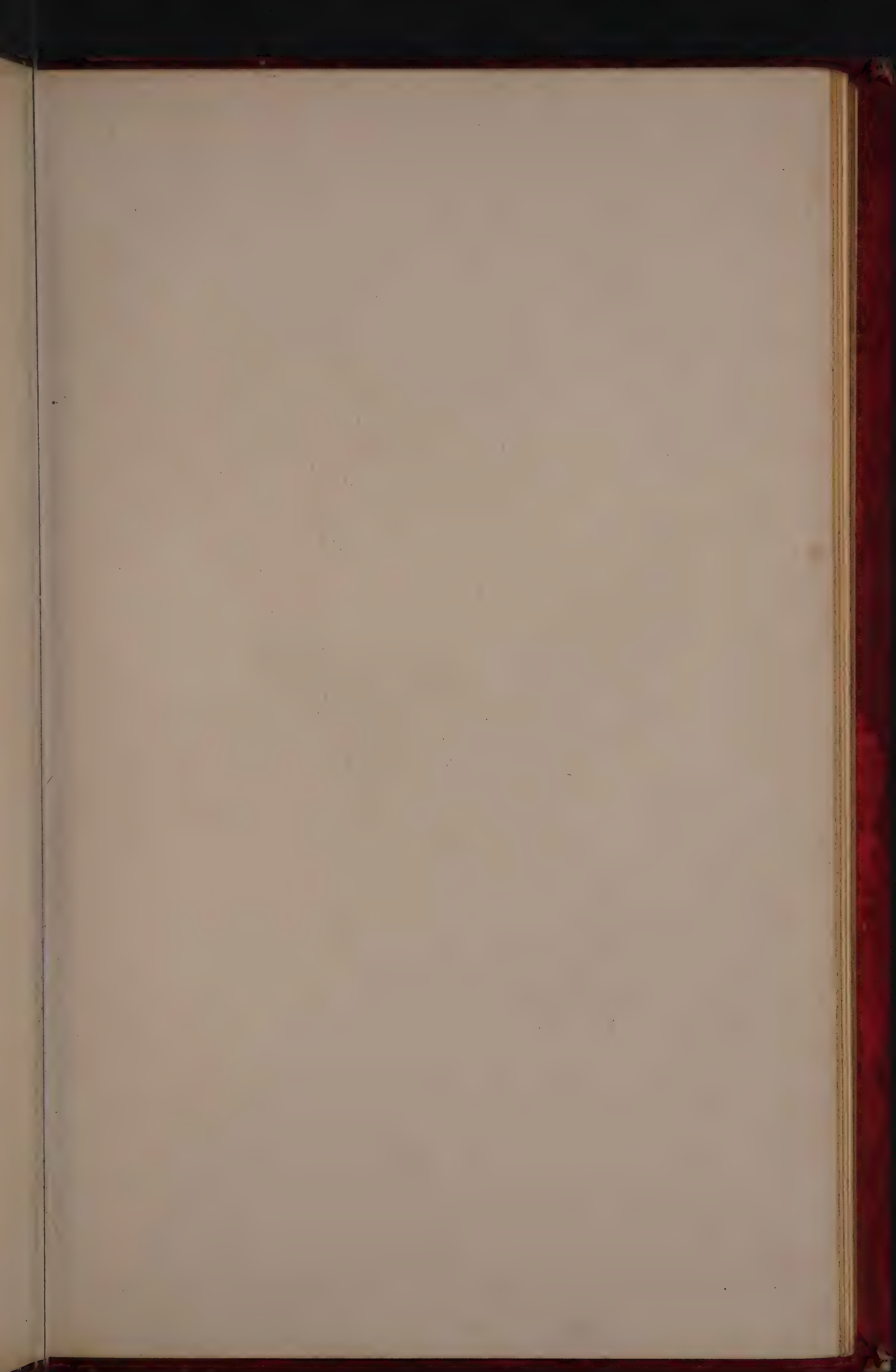
"Do not disturb them," whispered Lucy, who arrived at the same spot at the same moment; "you see they are most pleasantly engaged; do not hinder what you cannot help."

If a look could kill but Miss Harden controlled her face, and presented herself to the absorbed pair, heedless that she was interrupting a most interesting conversation.

"Lord Calder, you will dance, will you not?"

He bowed. "If this lady," slightly turning towards Helen, "will do me the honour."

Helen would have refused, but a whisper, that upon her





Portrait of a Lady

— 1840 —

compliance depended his sitting out all evening, decided her to break her resolution. She knew, though she could not help it, that she was already an object of sarcastic jealousy—a cause of extreme vexation, on account of Lord Calder.

Poor girl! how little was she understood by her severe relations. It was only the wish to give no occasion to the constant inuendo of sharpened tongues, that had induced her to do violence to her feelings, by once again appearing in a scene of gaiety; it was only to escape from that bitter word “affectation,” that she had dressed a little more than usual on the evening in question. And even then, when she had completed her toilette, by throwing a rich black lace mantilla over her neck and shoulders (the guests, I should have said, were expected to appear in costume), she had fallen into a reverie of self-reproach for allowing herself to be led back again to the portals of a world in which she had no longer any part. “This is wicked and self-tormenting,” at length she murmured, rising and laying aside the book she had never opened. “*He* knows whether or not I *can* forget!”

And if she had listened to Lord Calder with a deep and rapt attention, she was wholly guiltless of a wish to attract his love. But he had been feeding her active and almost diseased imagination with such strange and grave talk as rarely enters the precincts of a ball-room: he had been describing to her those mysterious Arabian magicians, who by their spells can call into presence the shadows of the absent and the dead, and describe their personal appearance with an almost fearful accuracy—who can com-

mand dreams by the might of their mysterious preparations, and Helen had listened,—time, and place, and speaker all forgotten,—till roused to the recollection of the *decorums* round her by the keen voice, and keener eyes of her cousin. It was with much humility and a little abstraction (for *her* vision had not wholly faded away) that she prepared to join the dancers.

“It is to be a waltz, and not a quadrille,” said Lord Calder, as they threaded their way through the crowd. In the days of my tale, it will be remembered that the waltz was an exotic in England; it would be almost worth while to vary its sombreness by a few rambling remembrances of the humours which attended the introduction of this *suspected* dance into country ball-rooms.

“O, then,” said Helen, shrinking from the idea of exhibition and comment, “I must beg you to excuse me; my cousin Alicia waltzes beautifully.”

But Lord Calder had not heard her, and scarcely allowing her the power of further remonstrance, led her to her place. Ere she could speak again, the orchestra began to play one of those joyous, floating melodies, the very essence of gaiety and elegance, and of the poetry of motion, which so far surpass all other dance music, and seem to exercise a fascination over the most untuneful ears and the lamest feet. On Helen, however, its effect was far different: she checked the wild exclamations—the *name*, which that well remembered melody called to her lip. She pressed her hand to her heart, which throbbed so high that it seemed as if another pulsation must be its last; and faint—dizzy—scarcely knowing what she did or

said, gasped out, "*I must sit down, I must go!*" From that moment she remembered nothing till she found herself alone in her own chamber—what a blessing—alone!

"I am punished—I am warned," said she, in a feeble voice; "why did I dissemble? why attempt to be as I shall never be again?" and then she stopped her ears, for some tones of that too piercing music would make their way to her chamber, and a thousand strange and confused thoughts floated across her brain. The magicians of whom Lord Calder had told, himself, and one or two of the fantastic groupings of the ball-room, mingled with old, and dear, and familiar faces; she thought that voices spoke to her from the midst of the flourishes of the harp and horn, which ever and anon came merrily upon her ear—she mistook the dull, whirling sound of feet below for well known steps on her chamber floor; and when, ten minutes later, the kind-hearted Lucy entered, all tears and sympathy, her unfortunate cousin was rapidly approaching a state of feverish delirium. * * * * *

I wish that, together with the portrait of Helen Lagarde, as she appeared on the memorable evening of the ball at Fairmeadows, I could show her as she sate in her chamber on New Year's eve, propped in a large, white, easy chair, with the fire-light, as it flickered up, faintly showing the more than beautiful sweetness of her poor, wasted features, now, alas! more colourless than the pillows which supported her head; or than the ample white dressing gown which veiled the ravages disease had wrought upon her figure. She should have been drawn at the moment when she fixed her eyes affectionately upon her faithful nurse

and comforter, Lucy, who entered in a quiet evening dress; for, according to the custom of Fairmeadows, there was always a gay revel held in the mansion on the last night of the year.

"I don't like your dress, Lucy," said Helen, with a passing gaiety of tone which had not been heard in her voice for many a day, "you want some ornaments; that simple nun-like style does not suit you—does not set you off. Come, I will be a good fairy, and you shall be my wand, and having unlocked the third drawer in my cabinet, shall bring hither to me a certain cedar box."

Lucy obeyed; and the lap of the invalid was presently glittering with brilliant jewellery.

"There, my love—stoop, that I may put it on for you myself—is a necklace, and here are bracelets, and ear-rings, and a *sevigné*: you will value them for my sake."

"But, indeed, Helen, I cannot—will not indeed"

"Nay, love, they are for you; *I* shall never wear them more. Don't cry, my Lucy; you must think of me pleasantly, not sadly, whenever you put them on. You must think of me as your odd cousin, who kept her ornaments as close hidden as her secrets. Now that I have given you the one, Lucy, I will give you the other; yes, *all!*—it is for the first and last time. Sit down—you have half an hour, have you not, before the people come?—and I will tell you my story."

Poor Lucy, though grieving rather than rejoicing in the magnificence of her cousin's gift, yet almost breathless with curiosity and interest, obeyed; and the long hoarded sorrow was unfolded to her. It is needless to make it more fragmentary, by giving it with the few interruptions

and questions caused by Lucy's intense wish to lose not a syllable of the tale.

"You think me odd, Lucy, that I should call upon you thus suddenly to listen to what I have hitherto concealed from you; and you thought me odd when I refused that excellent Lord Calder—a husband for you, my Lucy, some day or other, I would fondly hope. But it was always so. I *was* always strange, reserved, perhaps capricious, from the day when I was born. Now I feel as if I *must* speak. I should not like to pass away—nay, dearest it is so, for I *am* going, and, by God's mercy, quickly and easily—and be misunderstood by you, Lucy,—so patient as you have been with me!

"You know the story of my mother's first marriage, but you never saw her, I think; and if I speak of her character freely, it is only, Heaven knows, to show you mine clearly. My father left her a young widow, with a handsome fortune; and I was to be brought up, for vanity and display, to be shown about by her as an ornament, as soon as her own youth and beauty faded. Let me not be severe: I have said enough to explain to you on what principles they educated me. But God gave me a mind on which their system worked in vain. I never loved show and gaiety; and by being dragged into it ceaselessly, so soon as I ceased to be a school-girl, learned to hate it all the more. And, then, I was shocked by overhearing it severely commented upon in Paris, where we lived—my being *exhibited*—yes, *exhibited* so much and so long, before I was married (you know it is not their custom). Heaven knows, this was not my poor mother's fault, at least; I was

stubborn and fastidious, and refused I might have known how I was to be blessed !

“ Well, we went on in this way for a long, weary time, ill at ease with each other, I graver each year than the last ; she, gayer, fonder of society the noisiest, most heartless. At last I was given up as hopeless, allowed to stay away from crowded balls and stupid *soirées*, when I pleased ; allowed to bury myself with a book at home, when the rest of the world was out and abroad ; pronounced an “ odd girl,” in every tone of vexation and despair, till they wearied themselves into silence, and I was as happy as any creature could be who lives alone with his thoughts.

Then came a time—*the* time, Lucy !—I almost fear to speak of it—but I met, in the most common-place manner possible, at the house of a friend I could talk for ever, and never say half enough. *You* know not what it is to have a restless, aspiring, unquiet spirit, bruised and wounded daily,—and then to find a shelter, a protector ; one that understands you, and thinks of you, and thinks *for* you, and enters into all your day-dreams, and loves them for your sake, and bears with reproach, and neglect, and misunderstanding—and a *man*, too, as well as a lover—as fearless as he was gentle,—generous, beautiful, devoted

“ He was a soldier, Lucy, an Englishman ; yes, to be sure, none but my country has such sons, and it, but *one* such ;—so brave, so tender ! I can speak of him to-night without pain—with pride. There have been times when the sound of his name (do you remember when Captain Wentworth was here ?) has made me shiver ready to die. God knows that I was not ungrateful for the blessing of

such a true heart to rest upon. I am proud of having been permitted to love him; and I trust and hope, that where he is, there is a place for me at his side!

“It was long ere my mother would hear of it; and when she saw I was firm, and would not relinquish my affection—I cannot, if I would, tell you how it grew, but it was no thing of a summer’s day—it was longer before she would receive him with any decent courtesy. She had set her heart so upon seeing me a countess! But he bore with her humours as if he did not notice them—he, as keen sighted as a hawk. Well it is now all past and gone; but I cannot bear to think of those days—dear, happy days, though, some of them were—when we were left to ourselves, and he would sit and read to me for hours, as if he had not been a strong man and a soldier, and he would calm my angry spirit as if I had been a child—and talk of the future—glorious palaces in air we built! When I have seen other men since, and measured them with him O Lucy! there was never such another!

“We were to be married—we should have been married, but for the sudden change made in every thing, in France, by Buonaparte’s return from Elba. Frederick was, of course, obliged to join his regiment. O, that first parting! I *knew*, as I held him in my arms, as I leant on his shoulder, that my hopes were destroyed for ever—that we should never meet again as we had met. I bore up, however, while he was with me, but I sunk,—how I sunk!—when I lost the last glimpse of his plume, and could not catch the sound of his horse’s feet any longer. And my mother,—she had begun to love him too, and showed her anxiety, now that he was gone, by her irritability—upbraided me

with my depression. 'A fit wife for a soldier!' she would say. Alas! I had nothing of the hero in my composition.

"We met again once more, God be thanked! in Brussels, just before the battle of Waterloo. We were at the ball together, when the dreadful news came. I think I never loved him so well, never enjoyed his society so much, as in the few brief hours we then spent together. I remember every look, every word; and we danced together—*that very waltz*, Lucy:—you now know why the hearing of it nearly killed me. And this was our last, last meeting, save on the death-bed, and by the grave. How the parting went over, I forget; there was the hurry, and the excitement, and the holding up of the spirit, sick with fear, that he might not see me sad. He went—it is like a dream!—and the next days are like a dream, too. O! to listen to the firing, and to know that he was in the midst of it, and breathlessly to wait for the promised message, which came not;—and to feel as if time would never go over, and tidings never come;—and to see our daily meals brought in, and night come on, as usual,—and to gather up greedily any street-whisper,—and to go and ask the poorest, most unlikely people, for their news, in the desperate hope of finding the comfort of words,—and to cling to that comfort

"It came, at last it came!—I was sitting alone, the day but one after the battle, *sure* that the worst had happened, for that, had he been alive, he would have written to me, sent—I was sitting alone, in a darkened room, half stupified, half sleeping, I believe, for I had not closed my eyes for three nights. On a sudden I heard wheels in the street; *I knew they came to me*, and I covered my face, and tried

to pray—I was right; there was a low knock at the door, and then the dull, huddling sound of feet, below first, and then ascending the stairs, and one voice, above the rest, giving directions. I fixed my eyes on my chamber door, expecting it would open; but the *feet passed it*, and I heard a voice say, ‘he does not know where he is.’ He was alive then! alive! and under our roof! I sprung up from the bed upon which I had flung myself, and restraining myself with a force not my own, crept softly towards the chamber to which they had borne him. I grew deadly sick on the threshold; but at last I mustered up my strength; and went in!

“The sight which I saw!—Merciful Heaven! that it could be *he!*—that maimed, broken, pale, bleeding.....

“I sate beside him all the night, his hand in mine; and I wiped his brow to the last, and I moistened his lips. He once called me by my name; and I knew when those dreadful pangs seized him, for then he drew his hand away, lest he should clench it suddenly and hurt me. My mother had been carried to bed in violent hysterics.

“It was when the dawn of morning was beginning to make the watchlight look red and sickly, that I felt the hand in mine grow cold, and the dew thicken on his brow; he was asleep, I thought; for, fool that I was! I hoped to the last! He *was* asleep;—but it was the sleep of death!”

She paused for awhile, exhausted by the vehemence with which she had spoken; and the two were silent, for Lucy’s tears were flowing too fast to permit her to speak.

“You know the rest,” resumed Helen, yet more feebly than before—“how my mother chose, within a fortnight after we laid *him* cold in the grave, to marry a Russian

officer, young enough to be her son ; to accompany him to St. Petersburg, and to abandon me in Paris ; she said I might go and live *en pension*. You know, too, how by blessed chance my dear uncle found me out ; and now you may know what have been my feelings since I have been here.—*I* listen to love tales, when my heart was yearning for the dead !—Why, on that very evening when Lord Calder sat talking in the ante-room about some charm *which should command dreams*, when Alicia interrupted us, you may remember, I was thinking, in the superstition of my misery, of the possibilityfor though I have prayed and longed, and implored Heaven but to grant that *one* prayer, and let me look upon him again, if only in my sleep, I never dreamed of him till last night.—I could not have spoken of him if I had not seen him—if he had not promised me.....I could not have told you my tale. And now, dearest, dry your eyes. You must go down—nay, indeed you must, or my aunt will be displeased. I have told you all, for my own relief, and not to distress you ; and you must think of me, when I am gone, hopefully and cheerfully.—Nay, I will say no more, then ; but, indeed, I had better—I *would rather* be left for awhile ; I have wearied myself with talking. Good night, my love, Heaven bless you, and send you a happy new year !”

* * * * *

Towards midnight the faithful girl, whose heart had never left her cousin's side for a moment, stole up to her chamber, heedless of the sneers of her mother and sister, who felt reproached by her affection for their inmate, and were provoked by the sight of her splendid ornaments to insinuate that “ Lucy knew what she was about ”—“ no bad

thing to humour a hypochondriac who had a jewel box at her elbow—for those who could stoop to it”—and the like.

Helen was still seated in the easy chair, just as Lucy had left her; for her attendant was sharing in the festivities of the evening, and at her last visit had been dismissed with an injunction not to come again till after midnight. But a glance assured the trembling and apprehensive girl, that the stillness of the invalid was not the quiet of sleep.—The weary one was, indeed, at rest for ever, with a smile on her face, that told of a tranquil and joyful departure. In her hand (and she was buried thus) was found a small miniature of a young officer, the face full of life, spirit, and beauty; at the back of this miniature were two locks of hair and a faded myrtle leaf, and the words, traced in silver—

“ Frederick Ancram to Helen Lagarde,
 “ given to her on his and her
 “ twenty-first birth-day.”

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FAIR WHIG WHO ACCUSED HIM OF
 TORYISM.

BY LORD ASHTOWN.

YES! I confess myself a Tory,
 While Beauty rules by right divine;
 Submission is my pride and glory,
 Command is yours—obedience mine.
 Royal prerogatives belong
 To *all* your sex—I'll tell you why—
 The young and fair *can do no wrong*,
 The old and ugly never die!

POLISH MARTIAL HYMN.

BY LADY CHARLOTTE ST. MAUR.

THE standard's raised, the sword is drawn,
 And fix'd the Polish spear ;
 Our bands are met, our chiefs are sworn,
 And what have we to fear !

Our fiery steeds are tightly rein'd,
 And snorting, paw the ground ;
 With hoof of speed to scour the plain,
 They wait the trumpet's sound.

Ere long its thrilling blast shall blow,
 Re-echoing afar ;
 Ere long the pure and stainless snow
 Shall blush with crimson war.

Though countless hosts in proud array,
 'Gainst freedom's sons advance,
 Yet vict'ry still may crown the day,
 And gild the Polish lance !

Henceforth, united let us be,
 Though weal or woe betide ;
 For links of honour bind the free,
 Whom fate can ne'er divide.

And should the soldier's bloody tomb
 Await us marshall'd here,
 Fond, faithful hearts shall mourn our doom,
 Then what have we to fear !

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

WE miss her from these halls of mirth,
 Her home is by a calmer hearth,
 And gold and gems no longer grace
 The loveliest daughter of her race ;
 She dwells in a secluded spot,
 And her vain kindred name her not,
 Save to deplore in baffled pride,
 The fortunes of the exiled Bride.

The exquisite and tutored song,
 That once entranced this radiant throng,
 She murmurs now in woodland bowers,
 Amid the stars, and trees, and flowers :
 Yet *one* shall bless those syren lays,
 And in those dark eyes warmly gaze,
 And joyously the hours shall glide
 O'er the fond lover and his bride.

Fair girl, rest calmly in thy bliss,
 Thou wert not formed for scenes like this,
 For feverish hopes, and jealous fears,
 And heartless smiles, and hidden tears :
 Thy gay companions mourn thy doom,
 Think on their fading smiles and bloom,
 Their feelings worn, and spirits tried,
 And weep for them—young happy bride.

Far from the world's deceitful maze,
 Thine are calm nights, and peaceful days,
 And friendship's smile, and love's caress
 Hallow thy household happiness ;
 Then in thy guarded home remain,
 We would not wish thee here again,
 And ever may good angels guide
 Thy ways in safety—gentle Bride.

SONNET.

BY WM. HENRY BROOKFIELD.

WE meet at morning, while the laughing light
 Of youth is o'er us ; e'en from life's alloy
 Breeding perforce, like rock-born flowers, a joy ;
 —Making its dew of tears than mirth more bright.
 Anon we part ; but ere the gathering night
 Of years, if in the vale again we meet,
 Shall we unsmilingly each other greet,
 Whose hearts in natural tenderness are dight ?
 For me, though silver age sit on my brow,
 He shall rise up to hear in after time
 Thy well remember'd voice in music flow,
 As now it blendeth with the breezy prime ;
 Dim twilight as the purpled east shall glow,
 And curfew sad like pleasant matins chime.

THE GRECIAN WIFE.

BY MISS LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

IN the summer of 1832, an English party, consisting of a lady, her son, and daughter, prevailed on me to accompany them on a voyage to the Mediterranean, professedly to explore the beauties of its shores, but in reality to try the effect of sea air for the invalid Clara, the youthful idol of our circle, whose gently expressed wish for my society had all the power of a command; and, after a prosperous passage along the coast of Italy, their commodious yacht brought us among those themes of ancient and modern song, the Greek Isles. The novel scenery, with the luxuriant vegetation of its exquisite climate, enchanted our invalid; and Ypsarà appearing to elicit her strongest preference, we decided on reposing there after our voyage, and took a temporary residence near Ajio Sotira; from hence we daily made excursions to places inaccessible for a carriage; Clara being frequently induced by her picturesque enthusiasm to overtask her failing strength.

Having often heard of the remarkable view from Mount Mavrovouni, she was tempted, one cool, grey morning, to visit it early with Frederick and myself; and we remained sketching from different points, unmindful of the sultry glory of a southern midday sun, until turning to address Clara, I perceived she had fainted over her spirited sketch. In great alarm, Frederick bore her towards a sequestered villa we had previously remarked, while I almost flew up the path before him, to solicit assistance, until a sudden

turn brought me beneath a verandah, and in presence of a young Greek lady.

Never shall I forget the noble vision of loveliness which met my gaze, as I breathlessly explained, and apologized for, my intrusion. In all the majestic freshness of early womanhood, she was seated watching the slumber of a cherub boy, whose rounded cheek was pillowed by her arm: her costume, of the richest materials, selected with the skill of a painter, consisted of a *foustanella* of the lightest green satin, under an open *guna* robe of violet velvet, starred and embroidered in gold, and displaying her swan-like neck and bust, covered by a pearl network; the small *fessi*-cap of crimson velvet, encircled with gold zechins, was lightly placed on her profuse silken-black hair; and, as she listened, my request was already answered from the depths of her soft lustrous eyes, ere her reply, in the purest Italian, could find utterance.

Clara was soon established on the gorgeously-rayed couch, and recalled by the gentle cares so gracefully bestowed by the fair Greek, whose infant charge, now awake and gaily lisping, had nestled into my arms, and was archly misleading my efforts to pronounce his name, Polizoides, correctly. His joyous exclamation first made us aware of the arrival of an officer, of slight, elegant, and very youthful appearance, so strikingly like our lovely entertainer, that I asked, with almost certainty, "*Il vostro Fratello, Signora?*" A blush of pleasure accompanied her smiling reply: "*No; il mio Marito, Lochagos * Mavromikalis.*"

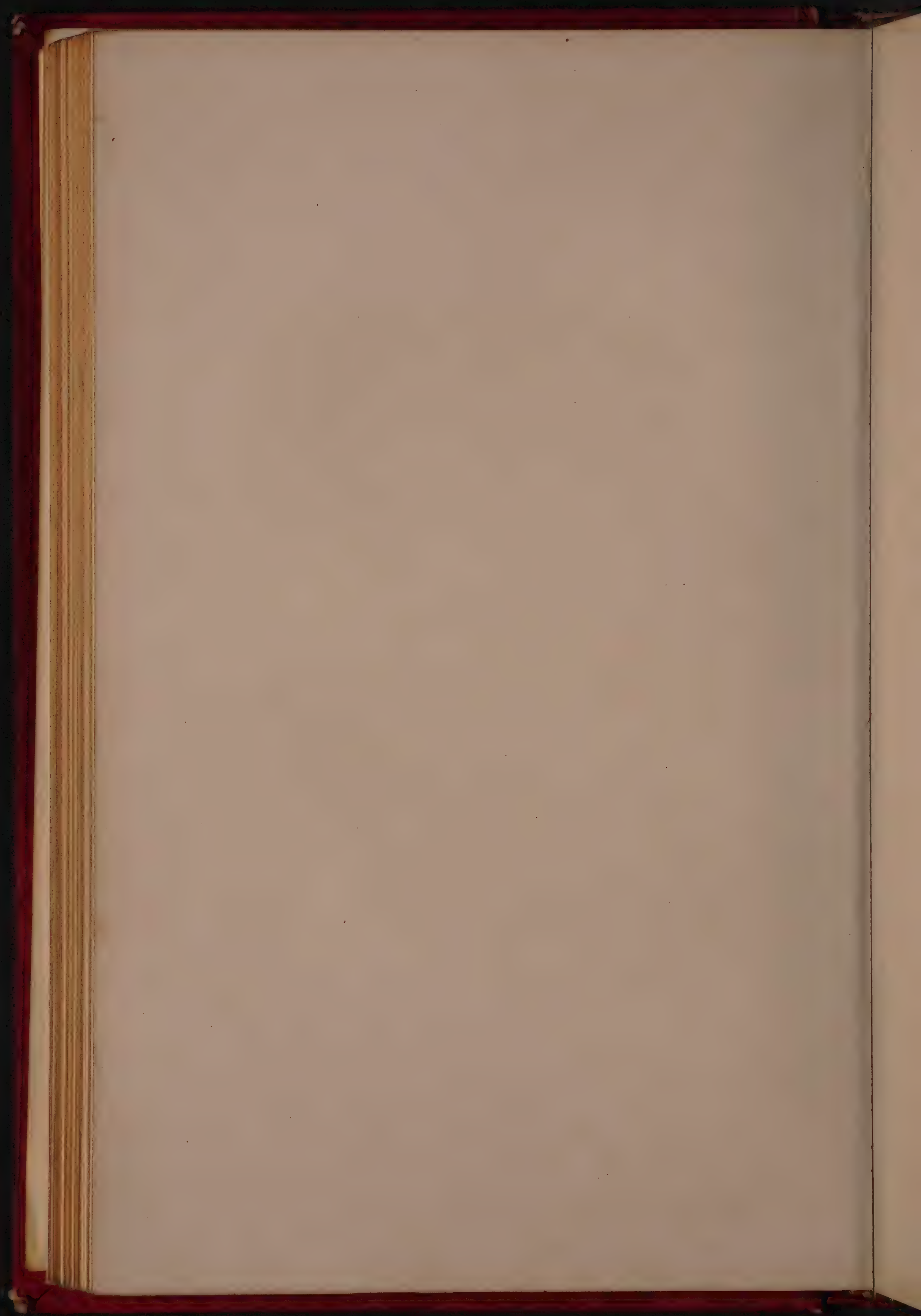
The boy was instantly in his father's arms, who wel-

* *Lochagos*, captain.









comed us with a graceful and high-bred cordiality ; and we prolonged our stay while he discoursed on the stirring themes of national interest, with all the impetuous energy natural to his youth, his country, and profession of arms ; the fond eyes of Anastásoula, no longer languid, echoing his rapid eloquence with their kindling flash, indicating the possession of woman's most beautiful and most fatal gift, intense feeling. So charmed were we with these youthful lovers (who we found were also orphan cousins), that their animated wish for increasing our intimacy was met with equal fervour. We found both were highly gifted, and exceedingly well informed ; and from that time scarcely a day passed without a visit or note between us.

About six weeks after this occurrence, Frederick Vernon came in hastily one morning, looking agitated and deadly pale ; Clara, with an invalid's perception, eagerly demanded the cause.

"The whole town is ringing with a spirited but most hapless act of Mavromikális," he replied ; "he was ordered by Ektatos* Koliopulos to march with his regiment against Ajio Steffano, which happens to be his native village, inhabited by his relations and family retainers ; he calmly requested an exchange of duty for some other not requiring a personal conflict against the actual ties of nature ; but he was coarsely ordered to march instantly, or surrender his sword as a traitor to his party. Highly excited by this unexpected alternative, he hesitated, and remained silent ; when a foreign officer advancing, laid his hand on the sword, saying, superciliously, 'Lochagos, you must renounce that of which you make no use!'

* *Ektatos*, governor.

Mavromikális felled him to the earth, drew the sword, and saying, 'it should never be stained by himself, or disgraced by another,' he snapped the blade, and threw it at the feet of the commanding officer."

"Knowing his impetuous character," said Clara, "I can scarcely blame him; but what will be the result?"

"Alas! there is no uncertainty, dearest; guilty of having rebelled against orders, and of striking his superior officer, he is taken to the Fort prison, and by the Greek military code, the sentence of *death* is inevitable!"

* * * * *

On recovering from the first shock of this overwhelming intelligence, I proceeded to the villa; here a hurried and defaced note from Anastásoula awaited me, stating, "she had gone to seek the aid of a distant friend; alone, and disguised, lest she might be intercepted." Sadly I returned home, and found Frederick had sought admission to the prisoner in the Fort; but this the foreign sentinel had refused, coarsely saying, "It would be time enough to see him three days hence, when led forth for execution!"

As a last resource we framed a petition to the stern Ektatos, signed by the English and leading Greeks; but he replied, the state of regimental insubordination was such, that he had been waiting to make a striking example of a man of rank and influence, such as Mavromikális; and therefore all interference was in vain.

* * * * *

The awful ceremonial of death was arranged in all its melancholy solemnity; the soldiers, looking pale from their distressing duty, stood silent as the grave. A movement arose among the crowding spectators, and the pri-

soner was led forth, no longer in that uniform which had proved so fatal, but habited in the flowing tunic and vest of his native place; this, however, did not conceal the hasty ravages of sorrow on his young frame, hitherto firm though slight, but now devoid of elasticity as he mournfully stepped towards the doomed square. For the first time he raised his head, and looking towards heaven, was soon lost in mental prayer; then murmurs at his extreme beauty came from the crowd, and while their anxiety was at its most painful height, a peasant girl pressed in front of the line, setting down a lovely boy, who joyously bounded towards the condemned, exclaiming, "*Mamma! my own Mamma again!*"

That sound caused an electric change in the bearing of the prisoner, whose abstracted thoughts were recalled to earth by nature's soft bonds; the long, long embrace, the hysteric maternal cry of "*my Boy! my Boy!*" proved to the spectators that the unerring perception of affection had exceeded theirs, and taught the infant boy to discover, in the disguised prisoner, his own loved mother, whose life he had thus preserved!

Having failed in all her appeals for pardon, Anastásoula had effected her entrance into the fort, disguised so that even the prisoner did not recognize her; and, professing to be an agent of his wife's, had prevailed on him to escape, and conceal himself on board Vernon's yacht, where, she added, his family would join him. He effected all she had well arranged by faithful agents; but he little thought that his heart's treasure was to be the price of his deliverance; he had even experienced a half-reproachful regret that Anastásoula had not risked a personal inter-

view, to cheer him for his perilous undertaking;—so seldom does man divine the devotion of woman, or guess the ecstasy arising from self-sacrifice for an idolized object, intense in proportion to the extent of what she has relinquished; for the woman who adores, there is but one hopeless suffering, the desolating conviction of having lost the heart which has cast its spells over her first affections.

* * * * *

Ektatos Koliopulos, on learning the exchange, and concluding the rebel was beyond his reach, withdrew from the manifestations of popular feeling; and the heroic Anastásoula was borne nearly lifeless to our house. Her alabaster skin had been stained to the deep tint of her husband's, and the resemblance made complete by the sacrifice of her luxuriant tresses, so that nothing but childhood's instinct could have discovered her. We soon after received a private intimation, from the cautious Ektatos, that he had commuted the sentence of death, for instant banishment from Ypsarà; and having no ties there, we hastily broke up our establishment, carrying away our Greek friends, whom we left to retirement and affection at Tenedos.

* * * * *

Our English party were at Corfu in 1833, when the Governor gave an entertainment to the young Otho, on his route to take possession of his new kingdom. I had the honour of waltzing with this good-natured, plain, flat-featured, Moorish-looking Prince (whom I found, like myself, much fonder of dancing than politics, and who, whatever sort of king he may be, is one of the best waltzing partners in Europe, which is much more agreeable); I

took an opportunity to relate the foregoing trait of his new nation ; and, as I felt that no waltz-loving prince could refuse a petition while dancing to "The Notre-dame," I made mine in such effective terms, that I had the pleasure, soon afterwards, of adding a bright ornament to his court in the fascinating Anastásoula, the devoted young GREEK WIFE.

ON THE MARRIAGE

OF THE LADY GWENDOLIN TALBOT WITH
THE ELDEST SON OF THE PRINCE BORGHESE.

BY MR. RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

LADY ! to decorate thy marriage morn
Rare gems and flowers and lofty songs are brought ;
Thou the plain utt'rance of a poet's thought,
Thyself at heart a poet, wilt not scorn.
The name, into whose splendor thou wert born,
Thou art about to change for that which stands
Writ on the proudest work* that mortal hands
Have raised from earth Religion to adorn ;
Take it rejoicing, take with thee thy dower,
Britain's best blood and beauty ever new,
Beauty of mind.—May the cool northern dew
Still rest upon thy leaves, transplanted flower !
Mingling thy English nature, pure and true,
With the bright growth of each Italian hour.

* St. Peter's.

Rome, May 11th, 1835.

THE INVOCATION.

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

COME to me from the Spirit-land !
 Half of my soul ! gone on before—
 Thou shouldest not leave me thus to stand
 Shivering on life's tempestuous shore !
 Part of my thoughts to me are lost,
 Part of my powers and feelings gone ;
 And I am weak and whirlwind-tossed,
 And sad, and weary, and alone !
 My soul is rent in twain—in twain,
 My thoughts are loose as shaken sand ;
 I feel a weight, I feel a pain,
 Come—lead me to the Spirit-land !

 LINES.

BY LORD JOHN MANNERS.

BLESS'D is he who ne'er repines
 'Gainst his glorious Maker's will ;
 Who through sickness, pain, and death,
 Grounds his hope on Heaven still !
 As the sun in winter's time,—
 Though he cannot shine so bright
 As in summer, still his rays
 Send a pleasing mellow light ;
 So the good man's flick'ring flame,
 Though its brightest glory's o'er,
 Still sends forth a cheering gleam,
 Which, though fainter, pleases more.

THE MODEL AND HER AVE MARIA,

THE TALE OF A ROMAN IMPROVISATORE.

TRANSLATED BY LORD A. CONYNGHAM.

GLORY be to the Virgin Mary, holy mother of the child Jesus!

With her blessing, we will this day devoutly meditate upon a story that I have read in an old book of piety, and which a very learned abbot has affirmed to me to be perfectly true.

Learn, my good friends and listeners,—each of whom for a bajocchi shall hear a most astonishing story, that will strengthen his faith,—that there are countries in the cold northern regions, where neither the olive nor the bay tree flourish, and that are barren and desolate. One of these countries is Germany, the birth-place of that herecism, which has spread far and wide; and has only spared our blessed Italy, from its being under the special protection of God's most holy Vice-Regent upon earth. Beware, therefore, of wishing to visit foreign lands, for there the Italian pines away, finding neither his wine, his songs, or his religion, and dies miserably.

Many wretched heretics from that country find their way over the Alps, and even manage to reach our Papal city, they give out that they are travelling for improvement, or for the study of the fine arts, of which our city is the cradle and the palace! these are false pretences; of what use would be their artist's skill, when returned to their own country? to that country which is so dreadfully cold, that you are forced to remain within doors; where

pictures are forbidden in the churches, and where the people are little better than beasts, without reason !

I will tell you why these people travel to our land. The fewer number come to do penance, and to abjure their heresy ; the greater number come to destroy your customs, to mock the respect due to our blessed ruler, to live here in revelry, and to seduce your wives and your daughters : nay, some of them have even ventured to raise their impious eyes to those virgins destined to a Heavenly bridegroom. And now, I have no doubt, you will ask me, how it is that our Holy Father should permit such villains to remain within the walls of this blessed city ? My answer is ready. The long-suffering of Heaven is inexhaustible ! and the sun sheds his beams alike on the just, and on the unjust !

The story I am going to relate to you, is of one of these profligate foreign painters, and it happened long since.

The painter was one of those men whom we occasionally see going about the town in odd fashioned coats, with long stinking tobacco pipes in their hands, their hair hanging over their shoulders, and but few bajocchi in their pockets.

And now, whilst I take breath, and collect my thoughts, hasten to buy, for a mere nothing, the life of the mad rebel Menotti, who was hung last week, at Modena, and which has been printed for your use and improvement ; and whilst doing so, pray for his poor soul, and also for your own, that God may preserve you from the atrocity of revolution, and that you may not become like your guilty fellow-countrymen of Bologna.

Bravo, my friends ! go on buying, every bajocchi that you spend will bear fruits a thousand fold, through the

thankful prayer that I will offer up for the poor souls in purgatory.

The name of the painter, whose story I am about to relate to you, was Theobaldo, and at the time to which I refer, there was a maiden named Paola, one of those Transtiverini, who have at all times been so faithful to our holy father.

This maiden used to bring bread for sale into the city ; and at the same time generally brought some little delicacy as a present to her brother ; who, being a mason, was then working at some palace. It was on one of these expeditions, that Paola was first seen by this foreign painter, and he became instantly enamoured with her beauty.

Our country alone is the land of beauty ! In happy Italy alone, are beautiful women to be seen ! But women, even in our own country, are inquisitive, vain, and cunning ; and, in these respects, are not a whit behind the women of other nations.

Eh, viva ! my good neighbour Lorenzo, who have just sneezed so heartily, and who have two beautiful daughters ! I have no doubt that you will confirm the truth of what I say.

Paola soon perceived that Theobaldo admired her, and that he followed her whenever he could. When once she had observed this, and was not offended at it, she had already half fallen into the snares of Satan.

Those foreigners are a terrible race ! Those who are rich, chink their money, and say to our beautiful women, " Give yourself up to me, my life, my treasure, my dearest soul ! just think that I am here only for a moment, and that I

start to-morrow for Naples, or for Genoa, and then return to my own country ; you will not see me again, and there is not a soul can possibly suspect us !”

Those that are poor, say, “ Loveliest flower that I have met with, during my pilgrimage, let me pluck thee, and place thee on my bosom, than which thou wilt not find one more faithful, or more devoted. It is true that my stay here can be but short, but the moment that my wanderings are over, I will return hither, and conduct thee, as my bride, to my own country !”

The artist again says, with diabolical cunning,—

“ Lovely creature, I admire you, but I admire you in all honor ; nature has formed master-pieces in your neck, in your shoulders, and in your arms. Nowhere else are such forms to be met with ; give me the use of these treasures for a couple of hours, that I may transfer them to the canvas, and thus perpetuate a memorial of your beauty. There can be no harm in this ; it will glorify your Creator, and it will injure neither your body nor your soul !

Alas ! I wish I might add that these diabolical temptations and snares were vain, but, my dear hearers, I am certain that each among you could say, on your own knowledge, such a woman sold herself for a foreigner’s money ! such another was ruined by a seducer, who abandoned her, never to return ! and that numbers daily run into snares set for them by the artists. Flattery produces vanity, this again produces imprudent confidence, and the result of all is—shame ! but shame never remains hidden, any more than a conspiracy against those lawful rulers, whose power comes from God. And I may as well take

this opportunity of telling you, that, that infernal Zucchi has been quartered, and that the French are at this very moment dying in crowds from the cholera.

The cholera is nought else but the arch enemy of the human race, whom the Almighty sends as his scourge in the shape of sores, that cover the rebels of all countries. Thus it is that God in his infinite wisdom makes use of the evil one, to punish and subvert the designs of the wicked upon earth. You will learn this truth more fully in the course of the instructive tale which I am relating to you.—Amulets against the cholera are to be bought cheap from the learned Doctor Spigoni, who lives close to the Colosseum—they are of certain efficacy to those of firm faith!

Paola was a good girl, she was beautiful as the day, and as pious as if angels themselves had educated her. But this did not prevent her vanity from giving ear to what the painter said: and the Devil was in raptures at the morsel of which he now felt secure, for you must know that his unsainted mouth waters for a devout soul, as much as yours, for the most delicate fritura. Fortunately for Paola, she had a special devotion for the Holy Virgin, to whom her mother had vowed her; this caused her all-powerful patroness to have compassion on her, and she commanded the devil himself to protect her from the stranger's wiles. Satan murmured, and, indeed, how could he help being annoyed, knowing, as he did, that all his trouble would be of no profit to him, for of the German heretic's soul he was already secure enough. There was however no help for him, being forced to do whatever the saints commanded him.

One day that Theobaldo met Paola, he said, "I lodge in

a retired house on the Quirinal, not a soul can see you if you come there, and thus, your good name will not run the slightest danger, if you permit me to employ a few moments in sketching your lovely hand and arm. I shall, therefore, expect you to-morrow evening: when the bell rings for vespers, you will find me waiting for you at the door of my lodging, and I feel certain you will not refuse me this request."

Paola at first made some difficulties, but soon gave her consent. You know what women are! she promised to do what the foreigner desired; and, foolish creature, she was delighted at the thought of the adventure that awaited her.

Her mother was bed ridden, and said to her, the ensuing day:—

"Why art thou thus adorning thyself, my child? What means that lace, and your god-mother's coral-necklace? I trust that thy poor mother is not to be abandoned; and that thou art not going to a dance! Remain firm to thy duties, and be not inveigled away by those thoughtless lads, who seduce young maidens by music and dancing. Thou wilt soon enter a convent—beware, therefore, of sin!"

The cunning Paola replied:—

"My dearest mother, I am only going to church, to carry into effect a vow, which I have formed for your recovery. I mean to offer a taper to the holy mother, and will return with my brother, when he comes home again from his work."

This intention pleased her mother; she blessed her pious child, and made up her mind to remain alone. But, when,

late in the evening, the brother returned, and declared that he had not seen his sister, the mother wrung her hands, and cried,

"Oh! Thomaso, my good son, some dreadful misfortune has certainly happened to Paola! Go and hunt for her everywhere, and do not return until you have found her."

Thomaso ran off like a mad-man; his alarm was, lest his lovely sister should have fallen into the hands of those accursed Freemasons, who have often been known at their secret feasts to drink the blood of a pure virgin.

Have any of you ever seen a Freemason? they go about under the human form, but are in fact horrible monsters disguised as men. It is a wicked race that descends from Babylon, and they are as black internally as charcoal-burners are externally. It is for this reason that they have, in our times, been turned into charcoal-burners, and Heaven grant that these plotters and rebels shall be thoroughly annihilated!—Against Carbonari and Calderari, "Kirie Eleison!"

Whilst Thomaso was running about, and the poor mother was praying, the painter had pounced upon his prey, and conveyed it into his lodgings. He first locked his chamber door, and then cried, whilst his eyes sparkled with delight; "Now, my life, we are alone, no one can disturb us, and we are safe as long as you choose to remain with me! How lovely you look, you are a masterpiece of the Creator, and formed not for the arts alone, but for love! Be not alarmed, my child, but seat yourself with me on this sofa—and, oh! loveliest model that artist ever possessed! I implore you to be mine, and to confide in my love, and in my discretion."

The maiden appeared surprised and frightened, as she sighed forth,

“Amiable stranger, think for a moment on what you are proposing to me. The last stroke of the Ave Maria bell is still sounding in my ears, how can I then think of crime? Purpose not my ruin, for such a sin would bring destruction upon you. You have deceived me as to your object in bringing me here, and even if I returned your love, this hour would be fatal to you.”

These words embarrassed the young profligate; and some good feeling entered his heart, for even heretics have occasional qualms of conscience, only unfortunately they do not last long. Theobaldo seated himself at his pallet, opposite the lovely Paola, and began drawing, but his pulses raged, and his senses became inflamed as he gazed at the loveliness before him. He threw aside his pencil, and rushed into the maiden's arms. But a thrill passed through him, as it were the cold stab of a sword, and his blood curdled, as he perceived, on pressing a burning kiss to her lips, that Paola was icy cold! Her features became distorted, and her eyes opened wide—they were fixed and glassy as those of the dead; he attempted to spring on his feet, but was fast held by the arms of the corpse! It was in vain that he endeavoured to set himself free; he shouted for help, but his voice died away, and no one approached the door which he had so carefully locked.

Then,—do not be too much alarmed my good friends, for this is a true story, and not a mere work of the imagination—Paola opened her mouth, and a voice like a trumpet sounded in his ear;

“Your hour is come, vile sinner! you purposed to rob

a maiden of her honor, a mother of her daughter, and the church of its bride. This attempt will have cost you your life !”

Theobaldo in his agony looked at Paola’s mouth, which opened wider and wider, and still wider. At length a head with horns and a beard issued from it. It had fiery eyes, and fire sprouted from its nostrils ! Paola’s clothes fell to dust, and Satan himself, under his most hideous form, appeared in her place ; he seized the painter by his throat, and cried :—

“Your victim is safe ! the bell sounding the ‘Ave Maria’ attracted her into a church, and the merciful Virgin cast her into a sudden slumber, and sent me here for your punishment.”

Satan then tore the painter in pieces, and scattered his limbs about the room ; traces of his brains may be seen on the walls to this day.

Thomaso, after a long search, found his sister asleep in a corner of the church, before an altar of the Madonna, just as the sacristan was going to close the doors.

Thus, ended this wonderful adventure, intended as a warning to all seducers, as well as to those light women, who are not averse from being seduced.

Paola became a nun, and they do say, that our Holy Father intends to canonize her, and as she is now in Heaven, we will pray to her, not only for ourselves, but, also for the souls of all those good catholic women who may have been led astray ! It would be of no use for us to trouble ourselves about heretical souls, for they must be damned at all events.

There, my friends, now throw another mite into my

cap, that you may send me home rejoicing, to think of another story for your benefit!

Heaven reward your charity, repaying it a thousand fold to your children, and may our Holy Father's blessing descend upon you with double efficacy!

The Improvisatore returned home to his dirty lodging near the "Monte Testaccio." His wife had a good mess ready for his supper, and set before him a pitcher of wine to moisten his throat. After he had refreshed himself, he placed himself at his ease, and said to her,

"Here, Signora Margaretta, is to the amount of three dollars, that my wit has earned me. What has your rag sale brought you in?"

"Per Bacco! my old fellow, confounded little; five Paolis at most."

"And what has little Nicolino done, begging?"

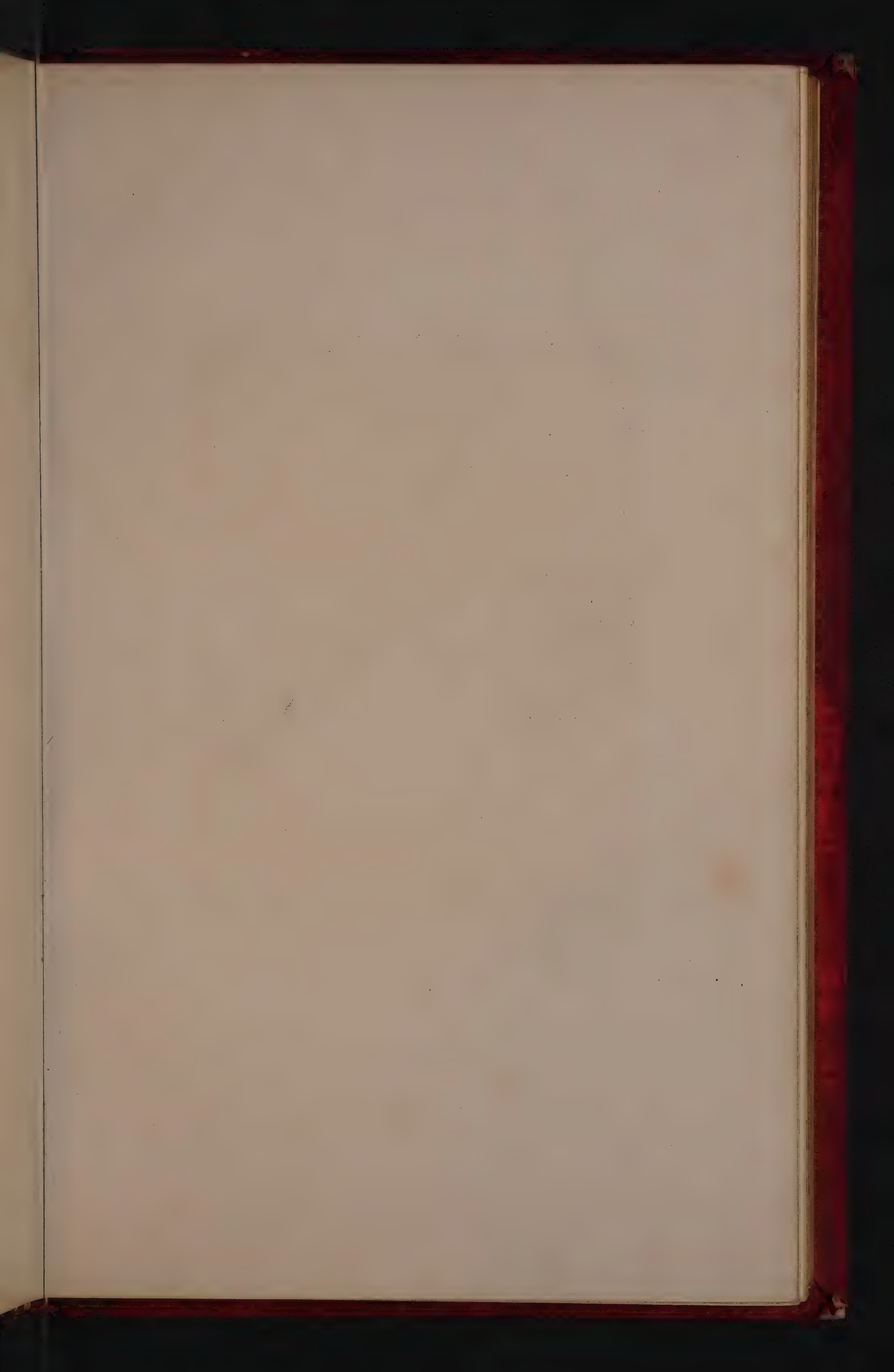
"That child is a mine, he has brought home this very day, a dollar and a half."

"Indeed! blessings on the child, he will turn out as fine a fellow as his elder brother, who is making his fortune under Giovani, on the Calabrian roads."

"And what has Teresina done?"

"Little good—the painters say that she has lost a good deal of her freshness, and it is only the poor ones who take her as a model."

"Confound them!—But after all it is natural enough! youth will not last for ever. We must think of sending out the little Claudia; with her fourteen years of age, and her beautiful eyes she will be worth money to us. We must see what can be done with Teresina,—with religion and a little management, no one need starve."





Designed by Miss G. H. H. H.

Engraved by J. G. G. G.

L A L L A.

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

RECLINED upon thy glittering cushions,
 Young radiant Beauty of the East ;
 What lovely dreams, what gentle fancies
 Come to charm thy maiden breast ?

Are they of some dark-eyed lover,
 Who breathed through blushing flowers his love ;—
 Whose passion in *thy* heart hath waken'd
 Sweet reply—pure spotless dove ?

Or say, art thou, thus bright and matchless,
 Destined for some loftier fate ;
 Shalt thou in the sultan's palace
 Reign the first in charms and state ?

Shall thy beauty win these honours—
 Shalt thou yet be named and known
 “ The harem's light, the monarch's idol,
 Mistress of his heart and throne ? ”

Ah ! beauteous being ! happier, surely,
 If some lowlier love is thine ;
 Safe from strife, and wrath, and envy,
 Thou shalt find love's breath divine.

Youth, passion, freedom, sunshine, roses,
 Are not these, of wealth, enough ?
 The prouder paths of life's brief journey,
 Oft with thorns and briars are rough !

STANZAS

TO THE LADY EMMELINE MANNERS, UPON READING A
POEM OF HERS IN 1830, ENDING, "AND STILL I EVER
LOVE IN VAIN!"

BY THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY.

'Tis said she loves each earthly thing,
While blooming as the morning spring,
She ever loves in vain!—

The worst of tortures fate can find,
Corrode her fair and spotless mind,
And force a life of pain.

Ah! 'tis an anguish too severe,
For e'en a friend to soothe or cheer,
It banishes all rest.—

Why do the fates such law ordain?
To cleave that tender heart in twain,
To agonize her breast?

Her torturing pangs, alas! are found
More poignant than the keenest wound,
That venom'd darts can send;
For fortitude can suffer pain;
But, oh! to love—and not again
Be loved—is feeling's end!

Still, let not disappointment's power
Impress with gloom each future hour,
Nor every hope destroy.

GENIUS, her child will fondly greet!
And, though delay'd, she still will meet
All that she dreams of joy!

Then memory's pencil still shall paint,
In colours neither cold nor faint,
The wishes of a friend—
That through the various change of life,
Its pleasure, sorrow, care, or strife,
Her bliss may never end!

HUNTING *versus* YACHTING.

BY F. P. DELME RADCLIFFE, ESQ.

SOME love to ride on the ocean tide,
There are charms in "the dark blue sea;"
But nerve at need, a gallant steed,
And the life of a hunter for me.

We plough the deep, or climb the steep,
With a heart and a hand as brave
As those who steer their bold career
Far o'er the foaming wave.

There is that in the sound, of horn and hound
Which leaves all care behind,
And the huntsman's cheer delights the ear,
Borne merrily on the wind.

Oh! give me a place in the stirring chace,
A dull sky and a southern breeze,
You may rove in vain o'er the mighty main,
Ere you find any joys like these.

THE ORPHAN OF PALESTINE.

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

"Let the waves sweep over them! Better the dark, silent, and fated waves of ocean, than the troubled waves of life."

FRANCESCA CARRARA.

"THE union of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy had advanced England, as a country, to a condition of force and dignity; but, as yet, the English themselves, a mixture at once of Celts, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, remained without a king capable of taking advantage of their united strength, their spirit, and their prowess. Harold, indeed, who fell in the celebrated battle of Hastings, had proved a prince of ability, while the mildness of his government had endeared him to the people. But his right of succession to the crown was defective; and though the title of William of Normandy, surnamed the Conqueror, might, in justice, be esteemed as still more so, yet success in arms overbalanced that defect; and William kept firm possession of the kingdom, supported by a fresh accession of nobility, who took care to establish their power by the depression, and in some cases, the extinction, of the native inhabitants. Nevertheless, William of Normandy must always be considered more in the light of a successful, adventurous conqueror, than as a legitimate king; and the Anglo-Saxons might have betrayed, in the event of a foreign war, the prince who had so unscrupulously placed over their heads the adventurers who had rushed to his standard from almost every quarter of Europe. His son, and successor,

William Rufus, the avaricious offspring of a tyrannical father, did little to heal the wounds occasioned by the violence and rapacity of William I. But, on the accession of Prince Henry, whose military achievements had awakened the interests and affections of his countrymen, the chivalry of the English character burst forth in its splendor."

The immediate commencement of King Henry's reign, the first of a long line of successful monarchs of the name, was hailed by the final conquest of Jerusalem, after a century of wars, the waste of millions of lives, and an expense to support which, whole provinces, if not kingdoms, were occasionally sacrificed. But the bright stream of glory flowed from afar: the more important, and more nationally illustrious transaction, was the conquest, by Henry himself, of that same Normandy which had, within sixty years, given so many masters to the English; and, after a short campaign against the united kingdoms and principalities of France, Henry's forces occupied the towns, and his nobles the castles; while his daughter, now the widowed Countess of Perche, was established in the vast baronies of Perche, in the vicinity of Brenneville.

Success, however, had aroused the valour of Lewis, the bravest and the most accomplished of the French princes; and the chivalry of France had now, at the opening of this our story, advanced towards Brenneville, in order to wrest from Henry and his valorous son, Prince William, the territory of Normandy, so lately acquired by the English. But another motive prevailed with Lewis; he was enamoured, by report, of a maid of honour, or, rather, the favourite friend and confidante of the Countess of Perche,

rescued, it was said, from the horrors and convulsions of the holy war, and simply called the Orphan of Palestine. Her real name was unknown, the quality of her birth still less understood, and her origin itself remained a mystery, which time, all powerful as it is, was not very likely to unravel. Her beauty had been reported to him; and, though in most respects an amiable and a generous prince, Lewis, agreeably to the spirit and gallantry of the age, coveted, though it might be for a mere ornament of his court, the beautiful, the surpassingly beautiful, Orphan of Palestine. But the Orphan of Palestine and her affections were already betrothed to the Count Arnulf de Arnulf, the brave and handsome companion in arms of the chivalrous Prince William.

It was on the morning of the day of the battle of Brenneville that the fair Jerusha, the Orphan of Palestine, passed, thoughtful, from the castle of Perche, towards a pavillion in the garden, her heart fixed upon the final termination of the combat. The Count Arnulf, her friend, her affianced, might be slain, might be sacrificed to the intemperate resentment of his enemies—might be torn for ever from her tenderness, her fidelity, and her care. As she breathed an inward prayer for his safety, the shouts of victory broke upon her ear. The chateau rang with the sounds of joy and triumph; and the accidental arrival of an attendant announced a victory to England, the flight of Lewis, the total overthrow of his power, and the return of Henry, William, and Arnulf to the chateau.

Affected by a succession of happy events, dazzling, as they were, yet in some manner unexpected, the beautiful Jerusha drew towards a jutting abutment of the marbled

pavilion which looked out upon the plains leading towards the field of battle. The sun had just declined after a bright noon of light and heat, a few autumnal clouds alone appeared to rest upon the verge of the horizon, as golden islets on the still surface of a far ether sea. The view embraced the distant waters of the ocean, which had now caught the last reflecting rays of the sun's departing glory; while, in another direction, the still more distant mountains threw their purple shadows over the vallies.

The tumult which had resounded through the castle was now hushed, and all nature seemed to harmonise in the placid emotions of her heart.

"And he," she murmured, "once more restored to me, and to part no more; he who holds with my heart the secret of my birth, my preservation; and now that the perils of the war are ended, that secret he has promised to confide to me. Would he were come, and that hope, all joyful though it be, were changed to certainty."

As if the open esplanade of the pavilion were too public a witness to the tenderness of her emotion, she was about to descend the trelliced steps, festooned and garlanded on either side, with the still blooming and luxuriant roses of Provence, when the tread of an armed man suddenly met her ear. She paused to listen, but the sound was not repeated. "'Twas but the echo of my fears;" she murmured to herself, "nevertheless, the perils of the times, my hopes—alas! now seldom disentangled from my sorrows—but too often awaken in my mind phantasms that take the place of more serious superstitions."

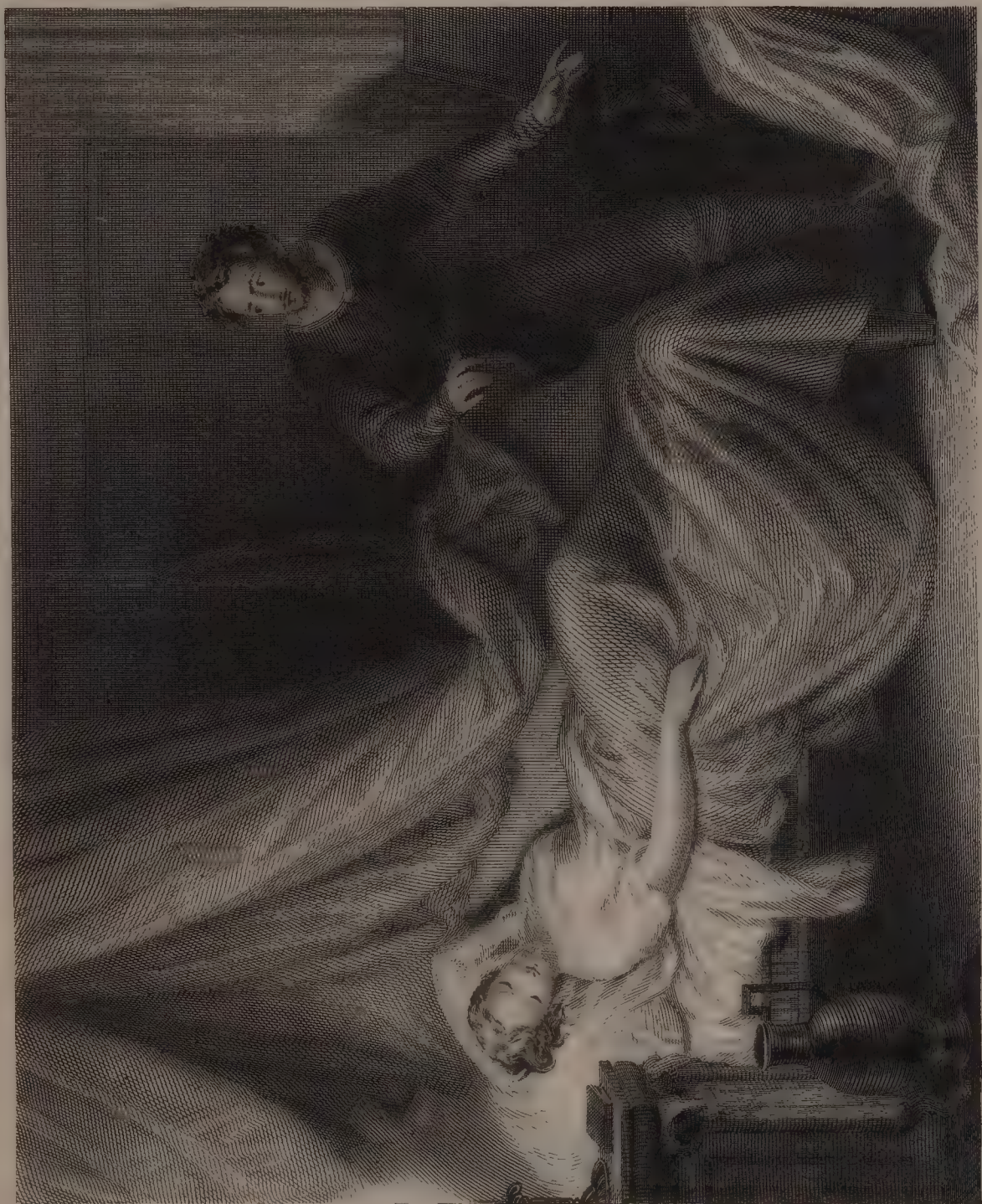
The circumstance passed from her mind, and summoning to her aid that courage which had for a moment deserted

her, she proceeded to her apartment ; where, disrobing herself of part of her attire, she threw herself upon her couch, and, oppressed with the repetition of so many anxious emotions, soon fell into a deep, though not untroubled, slumber. She dreamt, that instead of the wished-for coming of Count Arnulf, she beheld, by the solitary taper that illumined her chamber, a ruffian stealing by the foot of her bed, while his gaze seemed fixed upon her feeble and unresisting arm, which hung helpless by her side. Nor was her dream a mere flitting vision of the mind. The battle of Brenneville had already let loose many of those soldiers of fortune, who, following the good or evil success of a single campaign, afterwards relapsed into robbers and brigands : and one of these disbanded troopers, urged by the love of plunder, and encouraged by the apparent solitude, had tracked the unprotected Jerusha to her chamber. But, at the instant he approached the sleeping Orphan, a sword, sharpened in the wars of Normandy, was at his breast ; for, at his side stood a knight in complete armour, save that his visor was in part unclosed. The trembling assassin shrank appalled from his threatening look, and, dropping his poignard, sullenly awaited his fate ; but the stranger, intent upon his own urgent mission, remained gazing on the countenance of Jerusha. The ruffian gradually recovering from his fears, drew towards the still unfastened door of the chamber, and overleaping the adjoining ballustrade, was soon lost in the surrounding woods. The stranger, drawing his sword, attempted to follow, when the noise awoke the slumbering Orphan.

“ I have but dreamed ! ” she anxiously exclaimed, as the retreating figure of Arnulf caught her eye—“ ’twas but a



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phantasm, a delusion ; and yet, was it not Arnulf whom I but at this moment beheld by my side?—it must be so ! Arnulf, Arnulf !” and hastily arranging her attire, she found her lover awaiting her in the adjoining room.

“ It is you, then !” she exclaimed, and gradually recovering from the agitation which his unexpected appearance had occasioned ; “ But why this sudden coming, this soldier-like attire, when, to-morrow, the king himself, victorious and triumphant, should be with us ? Have his messengers deceived us ?” she added, with an effort, which did not, however, disguise from him the excess of her fears.

“ All is well,” returned the knight, unhelmeting, and kneeling at her feet. “ The victory of Brenneville has secured, I trust for ever, the conquest of Normandy, and the future safety of all our possessions, but——”

“ You falter, Arnulf ; be seated until you have in part recovered from the speed with which you have sought to approach me. Take rest, take repose.”

“ Alas ! my beloved Jerusha ! fortune too seldom gives repose to the soldier. Even now, when thy constancy, thy goodness, and thy beauty, had given me promise of a happy and undistracted future, thou, Jerusha, art destined to quit the happy home of thy youth, and I, still hapless Arnulf, must follow the changing fortunes of my prince.”

“ But the occasion, Arnulf ?—if, indeed, we be the victors, and that the king comes here in peace.”

“ Alas ! all is changed !” answered Arnulf, sighing. “ Growing rumours of rebellion in England, a fresh quarrel with the Primate Anselm, must tear your Arnulf

from the sunny plains of France. But, weep not, fair Jerusha, the Countess herself, whom Henry will not abandon to the hostile stratagems of our adversaries, must presently repair to Barfleur, the place appointed for our embarkation; and I have but outridden the king's messengers to steal from the troubles of the times this short interview with thee, dearest Jerusha, and thus to prepare thee still better for thy appointed journey. But why should we despond? In England, we shall find repose; and when, at last, I may call thee mine, what further happiness can await thy lover?"

"And is this, then," returned the beautiful Orphan of Palestine, thoughtfully—"is this the gay espousal, the happy joy and promised tranquillity, we had so long and so anxiously hoped for? Alas! I indulge in no ambition beyond the repose which I have hitherto enjoyed, even without thee, Arnulf; though I have often wearied for that history of my infant years so long promised by thee, my friend, and so long withheld."

"Dearest beloved," returned the Count Arnulf, tenderly, and taking her hand in his, "your wish shall, ere long, be gratified; but the time is urgent. I am absent from the prince without his sanction, he whom I would not willingly offend. But droop not, fair Jerusha, even amidst the trackless waters of the main, you will find in Arnulf a friend, in the prince, a brother, and in the king himself, a father. Adieu, dearest! until we shall meet again upon the shore, whose tides shall waft us in triumph towards the English coast. This packet give the countess: it is the petition of one Fitz Stephen, who solicits the honour

of piloting the brigantine fleet, which is destined to contain the conquerors of Normandy. 'Tis just fifty-six years since he carried over in safety the prince's namesake and grandsire, William. His petition was discussed at noon day, in the camp, and the prince has left it for his sister, the countess, to accept or refuse. And now, to mount the fleetest steed her groom at arms can furnish."

"Stay, Arnulf, stay!" exclaimed the beautiful Jerusha, anxiously, and placing her gentle hand, with an unconscious movement, upon the heavy steel-piece of his armlet, as if her feeble force had power sufficient to detain him by her side, "'Twas said in Palestine," she more faintly continued, as he bent himself attentively towards her, "'that when the sea should give a father to Jerusha, her day of earthly pilgrimage was over.' My Arnulf, I have a fear within me that combats with my hopes; and now, that the first dawn of coming joy hath been thus suddenly clouded by the king's decree, our journey, from which you augur so much happiness and joy, may prove, perchance, too fatal to our love. Tell me, then, in this our certain, though too fleeting interview, tell me, I conjure thee, all that thou knowest, all thou hast known, of thy still unhappy Jerusha, of thy betrothed bride!"

Her appeal sunk into the heart of Arnulf, who resumed with her the lonely seat, and thus began:—

"My story is a fearful one, my beloved Jerusha. It is now nearly twenty years since the final capture of the city of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem. In that dreadful massacre, in which no age, no sex, was spared, and in which the red tumult of indiscriminating slaughter left the ignorant and enraged soldiery neither reason nor remorse, a Christian

captive, a female of rank and birth, who had unfortunately been seized by the infidels on the retreat of those brave crusaders, was said to have perished by the hands of the infuriated multitude. After the first terrors of the carnage were over, a child was discovered beside the dead body of——spare me, Jerusha, you were that unhappy infant! the corpse, that of your mother. A young soldier, scarcely in his fourteenth year, who, fired with the pious enthusiasm of the times, had followed to the siege of the Holy City, was first of the Christian host who flew to your rescue. He was in time to preserve you from the mad fury of the crusaders; he bore you through the disordered and ensanguined crowd, towards the sacred temple, which now resounded with the tears, the prayers, the thanksgivings, of its too terrible deliverers; but first he had preserved for you that same bracelet which you now wear, and which he had transferred from the arm of your mother. In the temple you were received with kindness; and, on the return of the victorious army, were consigned to the care of a lady abbess of a convent founded by the Countess of Perche, and who, on the demise of her husband, sought in you a companion and a friend. Of your mother's history I could only learn that she had fallen into the hands of the infidels in a skirmish, that her husband, a leader of rank in the Christian army, possibly believing her to be dead, had suddenly retired from his command, and had since been heard of no more."

"And the youth!" exclaimed Jerusha, "whom Heaven permitted to assist in the deliverance of his child, was called——"

"Arnulf! the same whom you now behold."

The fortitude of the fair Orphan had well nigh yielded to a flood of tears. The Count Arnulf raised her hand, for an instant, to his lips, whispered a few fond words of tenderness and consolation, and, under shadow of the now deepening twilight, retired from the pavillion of the chateau, and mounting a fresh steed, was speedily on the road to Brenneville.

The morning had scarcely dawned upon the day that followed the solemn and mysterious interview between the fair Jerusha and her gallant deliverer, when the countess to whom had now been consigned the petition of Fitz Stephen, was informed, by a fresh succession of heralds, of the necessity of her immediate departure. The autumn, which in most southern climates extends far into the winter, was now drawn towards a conclusion, but the weather remained still exquisitely mild and beautiful. The 8th of November had witnessed the arrival of the heralds of victory at the chateau of the countess; and the morning of the 11th saw all parties in full career towards the coast, their immediate place of embarkation being marked out for them by the then heavy towers of Barfleur, floating, as it were, upon the calm clear azure of the morning sky. Long files of cavalry glittering in the heavy, though not inelegant, armour of the times, were just seen rapidly nearing the shore. These were followed by the knights of the cross, now the conquerors of Brenneville, bearing upon their shields and helmets, emblems and mottoes expressive of their fortune and their valour; and of which heraldic tokens not a few exist at the present day.

The king himself, wore a cuirass formed of scales and overfolding plates of polished steel, intermixed with gold;

and on his brow, a low coronet of sparkling gems, set in front of a close-fitting helmet of glass-bright silver. In one hand he held a short but weighty mace, with the other, he directed the movements and pace of his beautifully-formed, cream-coloured horse, "Amulet," encased, for the most part, in folds of mail, and adorned with a high *panache* of white and crimson feathers. By his side careered, in all the pride and grace of youth, his only son, the prince, and, inclining a little to the rear, his friend and companion, the Count Arnulf; both attired in bright and sumptuous armour, and wearing lofty plumes that bent to the breeze till they more than half concealed the high arching necks of their powerful steeds. Advancing by an opposite direction, came the open car of the countess, drawn by milk-white palfreys. Their light and fanciful harnessings and caparisons glittering with gold; within it sat the countess and the fair Jerusha, deeply and almost obscurely veiled; by their side, ambled the pages in waiting, followed by a heavy train, consisting of the long-established band of musicians, and the domestics of the household; a slender guard, in armour, concluded the cavalcade.

Approaching the shore by a route altogether different from that of either the king or the countess, a third party was now seen to advance; it consisted of a troop of three hundred men, indifferently mounted, overworn with fatigue. At a short distance followed, though in somewhat better plight, a warrior of venerable and majestic mien, attended by a few knights and esquires, and some of whom, urging their tired horses forward, had already announced him to the king's party, as the celebrated Duke of Guienne, Earl of Poitiers, whose enthusiasm in the holy wars had en-

gaged him to part with his province of Poitiers ; and who had been called to Rome to receive, at the hands of the head of the church, compensation due to his sacrifices and his valour. Interrupted on his return, by the armies of Lewis of France, he had been prevented joining the standard of Normandy until after the victory of Brenneville, but, more happily, had been able to join the forces of Henry ere they had embarked for England. The king, with all the natural impatience of his temper, had passed towards his own division of the fleet, and had set sail for England, leaving the aged Fitz Stephen to conduct the prince and princess, their attendants, and the new-come Duke of Guienne.

The splendid barge, or galley, which had been appointed for the accommodation of Prince William, the Countess of Perche, and their suites, had now nearly lost sight of the French coast. The beauty of the day, and the novelty of the scene, soon tempted the countess and the fair Jerusha from their splendid state room, to the canvas-awned deck, prepared for the Count Arnulf and the warrior duke. An hour had scarce elapsed when, as it were from the far extended horizon, a thin indistinct wreath or vapour, scarcely observed by any one, steadily took its place upon the farther borders of the surrounding sky. Across the clear atmosphere passed occasionally a half felt gust of wind, which breaking upon the as yet gentle sea breeze, rushed swiftly through the open vault of the sky. Suddenly, however, a hollow and angry noise, like that of a torrent heard afar off, resounded heavily but distinctly from out the fountains of the ocean, while, at the same time, a fresh blast of wind whistled shrilly amongst the sails and shrouds

and cordage of the galley. While all watched, all wondered, unwilling, and perhaps unable, to explain their inward sensations at a phenomenon, which for the moment disturbed the placid character of their agreeable voyage. Edwy, the countess's page, with the heedless vivacity of his years, remarked, that occasional heavy rolling waves were coming faster and faster upon them; and that one, overdriven by another, had, not very far from the vessel, leaped into the air and burst into foam.

A sensation of danger suddenly broke upon the mind of the countess, who turning in her consternation towards the quarter in which the king's galley had proceeded, looked for help and assistance from their power. But the king and his fleet, though but a few hours in advance, had got into the current of a wind that blew them directly across the channel, and was fast passing out of sight, fast passing into safety. The apprehensions of the countess were not very long confined to herself; the now rapid movements of the mariners, suddenly aroused by certain signs only known to themselves, their total disregard of questions, though preferred in a tone of anxiety and entreaty; the increasing fury of almost interminable waves; the watery-looking clouds that gathered, whence none could tell, and dispersed as suddenly, but only again to meet in conflict over their heads, announced to every one, that death, fearful, terrible, and immediate, but too surely awaited them.

In this dreadful condition of human existence, the prince lent his help to his sister, now sunk into a stupor, the mixed result of horror and surprise. The Count Arnulf sustained with his vigorous arm, the form of his

beloved Jerusha. The Duke of Guienne drew near to give his assistance to all.

"It is as I feared," murmured Jerusha of Palestine, faintly, but composedly. "We perish.—Oh, Arnulf, my preserver, my friend, but that a few short peaceful years had been granted us; but this—and the princess, my benefactress! help me, Arnulf, to disencumber myself of these useless robes, that I may be prepared to render her that assistance which she so much merits at my hands.—And now this veil, the waters of the deep will, perhaps, but too soon shroud the face, which you, Arnulf,—” she was interrupted by her tears, “which you called beautiful. And now this armlet, Arnulf, a mother’s, as you say.”—She half unloosed the ornament as she spoke, and the jewels caught the eye of the pitying Duke of Guienne. The duke sprang forward, “Whence these jewels, that armlet?” he breathlessly demanded; and, ere the half-fainting Jerusha or her lover could reply, his eyes had wandered over the features of the Orphan. “Can it be—can it be my child, my long lost Catherine de Poitiers!” he tremblingly exclaimed; “but this, and this must tell me and decide.”

As he spoke, he pressed back the loosened dress that shaded her shoulder, and a small red cross met his gaze. He touched a hidden spring of the armlet, and two miniature portraits appeared, one the picture of himself, the other of his wife, the mother of Jerusha. Bending over his child, the venerable duke hastily pronounced his blessing upon her, while Arnulf, still supporting her half-fainting form, exclaimed, “kneel with me, fair Catherine, for in the illustrious Duke of Guienne behold your father!”

But the fair Catherine heeded them not. "It is finished," she faintly murmured, "my destiny is finished, the prophecy has been fulfilled. I have found a father amid the tempests of the seas, and the earthly pilgrimage of the orphan of Palestine is over."

The duke, impressed with the increasing horrors of the scene, drew her gently towards him. "We have, indeed, met under circumstances too perilous for us not to fear, and a few words, my child, must now suffice. I lost your mother and yourself, then an infant, in a retreat from the holy wars; my soldiers informed me that both of you were dead, and I retired from the crusades, broken alike in health and happiness. But your mother, whom this, my gift, transferred to you, informs me is now no more, has left her history for me alone, perhaps, to record. I must be brief.—She was the daughter of Edgar Atteling; driven from her kingdom, she became my wife. I dared not then acknowledge her."

The long lost grandchild of Edgar Atteling bowed her head at these words in resignation to her fate; for ere the darkness of the night should fall, herself, her lover, her friend, her new found father, all must perish. Nor was the sad prophecy far from fulfilment; while she yet clung to her protecting father and her lover, a shriek of terror escaped the crew. The ship had neared a rock, and while the contending waves were now tossing her aloft upon their stormy ridges, or plunging her, streaming with their oam, into the still more fearful depths of the abyss, the man at the helm had been hurled from the wheel, and the mast of the galley had gone by the board. The aged Fitz Stephen, whose devotion for the prince seemed rather

to increase amidst the fury of the tempest, ordered the boat to be lowered, then hastily addressing the prince, said earnestly, "I carried William of Normandy, my countryman and your ancestor, in safety, and shall you;—but my shipmates are fatigued, descend with them into the boat, while the lull of the tempest now enables us. Lend your efforts to their exhausted strength to bring her under the quarter, while I bestow the princess in safety by your side. Delay not, and all will be well." The agitated prince attempted to reply, Fitz Stephen hastily interrupting him—"Descend, my prince, or the rude troopers of Guienne will soon cheat us of our last, our only help and hope."

The prince remained to question him no further, but ruffling the boisterous wind and broken sprays that deluged the deck, gained the stern, slid his feet into a short ladder of ropes, and dropped himself into the boat, and was in an instant drifted from the vessel. A loud shout of joy and triumph followed from Fitz Stephen, who, in spite of the utmost force of the gale, stood firm at the helm, now rendered useless, and waiving his hand in the air, exclaimed, "Praise be to God, the grandson of William the Conqueror is safe!"

The passionately expressed words of Fitz Stephen reached the unhappy princess, who, now left to perish amidst the horrors of shipwreck, uttered one long wild shriek, that rung the note of horror and despair afar, even upon the waving billows of the ocean. But the prince needed not this woe-struck summons; he stood erect in the boat, and grasping a dagger, called on the crew to return to the ship, and to save at least his sister and her friend. Awed by

his manner, by an almost incredible effort they in a few moments regained the ship. The princess, to whom frenzy had lent courage, was in the act of springing into the boat, followed by the Count Arnulf and the duke, bearing with them the almost lifeless Catherine of Poitiers, when the despairing soldiers of the crusades, inflamed by excess, bounded with the speed of men escaping from a conflagration, trampling, in their endeavours to gain the boat, on all before them, and rushing headlong into it, overfilled and swamped it, before half their numbers had time to enter. The prince was seen, for a moment, throwing his arms towards his sister ; but the cry of horror sent up by the disappointed soldiery, the dying sighs of the expiring Catherine, the agony of the countess, and despair of Arnulf, were quickly lost in a scene equally terrible and equally immediate. A heavy sea struck the ship, sweeping from stem to stern post, and dashing her into fragments upon the fatal rock. Arnulf sunk back with the now lifeless body of his bride into the deep gully of the receding waters, and was seen no more. Fitz Stephen, who had clung to the remnants of the wreck, determined not to survive the prince, threw himself headlong into the sea. The waters had already closed over the bodies of his companions.



Engraved and sold for the Proprietor, by Andrew Welch, Printers, No. 10, Pall Mall.

THE LOVERS.

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

THE world lies hushed around them now,
 And the last smiles of dying day
 Are streaming o'er each lifted brow—
 The sweeter that they cannot stay !

All things most mournful and most fair
 Are now above them and around ;
 The setting sun is reddening there,
 And flowers and ruins clothe the ground !

Oh, love ! o'er nature's dreariest wild
 Thou, thou canst shed a charm divine,
 And thou her loveliest scenes canst gild,
 And bid them with new brightness shine.

And, oh ! how beauteous must thou make
 A scene so exquisite as this ;
 The sky, the rock, the air, the lake,
 Steep'd in thy purple light of bliss !

The mountains and the waters wear
 Eternity's calm aspect bright,—
 But then, that setting sun is there,
 To speak of shadows, change, and night !

And ruins such as still are found
 On fair Italia's golden plains,
 Cumber the flower-enamell'd ground,
 All darken'd o'er by Time's dull stains.

But what are these, young Love, to thee?
Immortal, oh! immortal one!
Thou feel'st thine own eternity,
And smilest at yonder sinking sun!

And though Decay and Change may frown
Amid those scenes where thou dost move,
That crimson'd air is all thine own,
And thou canst light the dusk earth, Love!

Thou—thou art reigning brightly there,
Lord of that landscape's flowery round;
The angel of that passionate air—
The genius of that shadowy ground!

SONNET.

BY THE REV. CHARLES ALFORD.

FRIEND of my heart, here in my close green bower
I wait thy coming; slender clematis,
And the rank ivied vine, with late primroses,
And the classic tea-tree, with small purple flower,
Are here; and fox-glove, with its bearded bell,
Haunt of the passing bee; and thy delight,
The lily of the valley, purest white,
Rising like naked nymph from ocean shell.
Nor wanting is Canova's art divine;
On the rude trunk, native in earth below,
The god of gladness, garlanded with vine,
And Ariadne re-assured from woe;
And the full noon, by leafy screen delay'd
Has spread the pebbled floor with fickle shade.

THE OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE.

BY THE HONORABLE CHARLES STUART WORTLEY.

WHEN the English people leave their own favoured country, they little know the miseries and wretchedness endured in others. With buoyant spirit and excited hope, they order post horses from Newman's, and drive off furiously to Dover, expecting to find a paradise; but, too often, it turns out to them to be a purgatory. There are a certain number of foolish individuals who run headlong in the train of others, and never judge for themselves, but, because a particular class think it fair and wise to abuse everything in England, and praise everything abroad, conceive they must do so also. Such persons never are at rest till they find themselves half shaken to death, by the French *pavès*; and well, or rather, ill, embarked in a continental tour.

Of this class of discontenteds, was our little, silly, but, I must acknowledge, beautiful and fascinating Ellen. She was the daughter—indeed, the only child of —— Singleton, Esq., of —— Hall, in the County of ——, who was a gentleman of good fortune, and thoroughly English in his feelings and character; that is to say, a true Briton, manly, generous, frank, and high principled; devoted to his country, and equally so to his child, for whose happiness he would have sacrificed everything, even all his comforts. In his youth, he was all that a young gentleman should be; the constant servant of the fair sex, passionately fond of fox-hunting, and all manly pursuits, and loving to see himself surrounded by his friends and tenantry, both at his table, and in the field. With

this disposition, it may easily be conceived he was the idol of his neighbourhood; a friend to the poor, and a bright example to the rich. No member was he of the tribe who preserve game solely for themselves, and two or three friends, in order that they may indulge in those un-English slaughters called *battues*; by which they risk the lives of their gamekeepers, and seduce half their peasantry to become vagabonds and poachers. But he was one who preserved foxes well, and subscribed handsomely to the hounds; one who considered the pleasures of those in his county and neighbourhood, rather than his own. Such a man, therefore, could not fail to be most popular, and have little wish to leave his own country. However, his daughter would compel him; and, consequently, they started for Dover on the 16th of October.

Our heroine did not allow her father to miss this opportunity of meeting all her wishes; and, therefore, persuaded him to permit her cousin Lionel to form one of the party. As children they had been brought up together, and an attachment, or rather a friendship, existed between them.

The presence of this youth was a great pleasure to Ellen, as well as a considerable assistance to Mr. Singleton, who hated the drudgery of managing the arrangements of the journey. His disgust, therefore, was excited when he landed at Calais, by the necessity of selecting one from amongst the innumerable cards of hotels which were forced into his hand; and the recommendations of which were droned into his ear, by the host of lacquies who infest the shore, the moment a steam packet arrives. There was the Hotel de l'Europe, Hotel de *Londres* (how he wished it was!) the Hotel de France, and many others,

all equally incommodious and cold. However, the second, he chose for the sake of the name; and, after being spied and questioned at the Douane, as if they had been smugglers, they were allowed to proceed to their apartments, which were, *au premier*, gaudily furnished, but without a single comfortable seat. The old gentleman, therefore, after walking in vain from one room to the other, to find a chair somewhat similar to his arm one, at —— Hall, sat down in despair, exclaiming, “Oh! what is to become of me, if I have a fit of the gout?” His young companions, full of gaiety and good humour, tried to comfort him; and endeavoured to direct his attention to all the passing objects in the street.

But, in order to avoid the description of a hacknied tour, we must suppose our party to have arrived safely at Paris. During the route, however, many were the animadversions of old Mr. Singleton; who, appreciating the rapid strides made in his own country towards perfecting all communication and traffick, could not help feeling contempt for a nation, which, though so closely bordering on his own, and so often boasting of its liberal institutions and good government acquired by its many revolutions, should, to the present day, allow those huge masses of malconstructions to clamber along execrable roads, dragged by half-cleaned post horses harnessed with ropes, and ridden by postilions six feet high, in pigtails, and boots as heavy as, and of thicker material than, any of his smaller portmanteaus.

However, at Paris they arrived. The cracking of the whips through the streets amused the party, and enlivened the scene, and they drove to the Hotel de l'Europe, Rue

de Rivoli. The weather was fine, the coffee good ; and Mr. Singleton felt himself revived again. After staying a fortnight in this charming capital, where, it must be acknowledged, everything is gay and agreeable, they departed for the south, and arrived at Lyons. Ellen did not fail to remind her father that the town was celebrated for its manufactures in silks, and other portions of female dress. Mr. Singleton's wish, therefore, was to make a present to his lovely daughter ; and immediately sent to the first shop to desire that specimens of its most beautiful productions should be brought to him.

The smart shopkeeper soon arrived, and entered the apartment with a profusion of all sorts of dresses, when Ellen's eyes sparkled with delight at so pleasing an exhibition. But the old gentleman indulged in very different feelings ; for though he was most anxious to make his daughter a present, he could not tolerate the impertinent, off-hand manner of the shop-boy, who was not only dressed in the most extravagant style of dandyism, but indulged in the barbarous practice of spitting on the floor, after every sentence. Now, Mr. Singleton had possessed no previous knowledge of the existence of this disgusting habit, which, on the Continent, is permitted among even the highest classes ; and having been himself born and bred among the best society of our more fastidious island, and utterly unaccustomed to witness practices so offensive, even in the lowest chimney-sweep of London, he could not restrain his indignation. Deliberately, therefore, taking the fellow by the collar, he kicked him out of the room, desiring him, in bad French, to take care whenever he presumed to enter the presence of an Englishman, to behave at least like a

civilized creature, and not in a way of which the very beasts, in England, would be ashamed.

That evening closed with a lecture upon manners. On the following morning, still in a sulky and discontented mood, Mr. Singleton resumed his journey, and at last reached Nice, when they entered unhappy and degenerated, but beautiful Italia. The sun was oppressively hot, the wind, coming from the snowy Alps, cuttingly cold. Neither the heat nor cold endured at each side of their hotel was objectionable to our youthful travellers, glowing with good health; but, to poor Mr. Singleton, both were a sad punishment. On the southern side of the house, he was broiled and scorched by the sun; and when he ventured to expose himself to the cooler atmosphere of the northern side, all the horrors of his gout and rheumatism flashed upon his recollection.

He rose early the following morning, before his lovely Ellen was awake, in order that he might walk out and judge for himself of the pleasures and luxuries of the far-famed Nice; but on leaving his own apartment he saw, with no ordinary degree of disgust and indignation, a dirty, half dressed man issuing from his daughter's bed-room. At first, it was with difficulty he could believe his eyes; but when he became convinced that a filthy fellow had actually ventured to enter his beloved child's chamber, he rushed at him like a tiger, and attempted to dash him to the ground. The *frotteur*, not having the remotest idea of the sensitive delicacy which influences an Englishman in all that appertains to women, could not account for Mr. Singleton's attack upon him; and, though frightened and irresolute, made a considerable resistance.

At last, the courier hearing the scuffle rushed between them ; and, gathering from Mr. Singleton's incoherent exclamations the cause of his wrath, explained to him that it was the common practice of Italy for the men who were appointed to clean the bed-rooms, also to light the fires in them. This explanation appeased the old gentleman for the time ; but, being of that refined nature, which makes a man sensible of the true value of the delicacy of the English female character, he threatened that if ever any Italian scoundrel again presumed to enter his daughter's chamber, he would pulverize him.

At the end of a few days, Mr. Singleton insisted on resuming his journey. His young companions cheerfully consented ; and off they started by the celebrated Corniche, the beauties of which, one and all most fully felt and appreciated. Indeed the only discomfort to mar the pleasures of the journey were the inns ; which were generally so infamous, that our worthy old traveller narrowly escaped renewing all the horrors of his complaints. One night, on suddenly awaking from his first sleep, by being nearly blown from his bed, he discovered, to his utter consternation, that he had been put into a room where several panes of glass had been knocked out of the window ; but the loss of which the crafty and knavish owner of the hotel had previously concealed from his view, by the wretched gauze curtains. All the rascals and scoundrels in the world he called them next morning ; and sighed deeply for his comfortable country house, with air-tight windows, and agreeable fireside, all of which he had sacrificed for his spoiled and idolized daughter.

We must not venture to pursue our friends along the

whole length of their tiresome and disagreeable journey. In Mr. Singleton's estimation, as well as in that of all those who have sense enough to see things in their real light, the slow travelling, and the annoyances constantly arising from the incessant custom-houses,—which are ridiculously placed at the division of every little insignificant state, as if merely to extort money from travellers, or to remind them of the existence of the paltry governments that have so frivolously and vexatiously instituted these ridiculous obstructions,—are alone sufficient to more than nullify any gratification to be derived from change of scene, and occasional beauty of prospect. But, add to these vexations, the perfect impossibility of ever being able to satisfy those hardened cormorants, the postilions,—who, whatever may be given them, invariably persecute the luckless traveller for an additional donation, and frequently, in case of refusal, assail him with insults,—and any rational man will confess that the per contra side of the account is terribly unfavourable. All these annoyances must make an Englishman, who can appreciate the merits of his own country and government, sigh for the miserable state of theirs, and glory in reflecting on his own.

Mr. Singleton's thoughts were, however, for a time diverted from his troubles, by finding himself approaching the once great city. Being an experienced agriculturist, the desolate plains of the Campagna, surrounding Rome, made him fancy he was entering a desert. But, on arriving within its walls, he felt more agreeably surprised; and being tolerably well lodged in one of the best hotels, he determined to see and admire all the wondrous remains of this once capital of the world.

The following morning, they all started, in a hired carriage, for St. Peters, the Vatican, and the Colloseum ; and, after remaining a sufficient length of time to see all that the ruined city offers for the admiration of a reflecting mind, the party left for Naples. But even Mr. Singleton had been pleased and amused with his *sejour* at Rome ; for the weather had been beautiful, the inn tolerably good, and everything much better than he had expected. Naples was, notwithstanding, held out to him by all Ellen's seducing friends, as the most decided paradise he was to find abroad. During the route, therefore, he supported his hopes and spirits by the thought of being comfortable again ; the place itself was to be exquisitely beautiful, the people intelligent and civil, the hotels the best in Europe, and, in short, everything was to be perfection. His journey from Rome, consequently, was easily accomplished, and in better spirits. He had certainly heard of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, as well as other travellers, having been murdered on that road ; but all these accounts made little impression upon him. He could not bring himself to believe that, in a civilized country, such atrocities could really be perpetrated ; and, on his arrival at Naples, he laughed at the credulity of his companions, and imagined because he was afraid of nothing, that nobody could hurt, or dare to attack him. Little, however, as he believed in these reports, they had made some impression on his feelings ; but they were more of disgust for the government, and for the people generally, than any apprehension for his own safety.

Whilst, therefore, our young friends were basking in the sun, admiring the magnificent situation of the town,

and remarking nothing except what was glowing and gay, their old protector and companion examined it with a more reflecting mind, and lamented over all the miseries and wretchedness which it and the population presented.

The loads of beggars surrounding his carriage whenever he stopped at the door, idle, deplorable, half naked men and women lying asleep at every corner of the streets, and by their habits showing they were more nearly allied to the brute creation than mankind, all contributed to excite and annoy the poor old sensitive gentleman. But his indignation attained its climax, when he saw the continued cruelties and barbarities practised by the peasantry of Naples towards their horses, oxen, and asses. These they invariably overloaded; then, having added their own lazy carcasses to the burden, by most unmercifully flogging and beating them at every ascent in the streets, they forced them to reach the summit; though frequently the exhausted animals fell and cruelly mangled their knees on the hard and slippery lava with which the whole town is paved. All these atrocious cruelties he had repeatedly witnessed, till at last his English blood boiled over; and (though our old friend was considerably corpulent) to the horror of our lovely Ellen, and against the entreaties of her cousin, he rushed out of his carriage, seized one of these villains, who was ill-treating his wretched animal, and with one effort of his muscular arm dashed the wretched Neapolitan to the ground. The dastardly knave rose immediately, and looking at Mr. Singleton with the eyes of an assassin but not of a man, sneaked off, exclaiming, "*Questo Inglese, e un vero originale.*"

Another scene, of even a darker character, which he

witnessed, completed his antipathy to this city. An unfortunate man had been set upon by three or four others, on the Strado, and was left half dead in the middle of the road. Several people continued to pass, but not one venturing to assist him, Mr. Singleton stopped his carriage, and raising him from the ground, called a soldier, who carried him away. He then appealed to his young companions, whether these scenes were not sufficient reasons for his leaving so disgusting a place?

But Ellen replied,

"No, dearest papa, pray don't take us away yet. Look at the glowing sun, and the beauties of this enchanting bay."

"Oh, hang the sun!" he replied, "I am half scorched to death by it, for there is not a tree within six miles of the place. Oh, that I could import one of my noble oaks from —— Park to shelter myself! and that I could once again enjoy the freshness of our British sea breeze! instead of the unwholesome stench that comes from this tideless water, which is not half so sweet as my horse-pond. No, no, give me dear Old England for my abode, where a man can live like a gentleman, and be governed like a Christian. Come, children, let us quit this vile town, and return to our country; and we'll go back any way you like, if you will only, my dearest girl, consent to leave it. You, Ellen, have lost all your freshness—and as to you, my boy," turning to her cousin, "you are grown quite into a whipper-snapper, and look starved to death. One of my two year olds could carry you a hunting now; and no wonder, for neither you, nor I, or any of us have tasted aught fit for a Briton to eat, since we came

into these rascally countries. Why, there is no such thing as a piece of beef, or decent mutton, to be had in it. Everything is starved to death ; and for a very obvious reason, as there is nothing but dust and fleas for either man or beast to feed upon. Come," continued Mr. Singleton, "let us get home as soon as we can. We will immediately have our things packed up, and start for dear England again to-morrow."

No sooner had he uttered this sentence, and ordered the coachman to pursue his route, than he perceived an old, withered, parched looking, ragged man, with a bundle of sticks on his back, deliberately lie down close to their hotel, which the carriage was just reaching. This wretched object he immediately recognised as one that had excited his pity a few days before ; when he saw him extended nearly in the same place, groaning, and with a most melancholy and dejected countenance so fervently supplicating assistance, that Mr. Singleton had been induced to stop his carriage, order his servant to get off the box, raise the pretended wretch, and give him a five franc piece. The rage and indignation, therefore, of Mr. Singleton may well be believed, when he saw the same old villain preparing himself for the performance of the same farce, and casting another pitiful look at him, as if he was worn down with the fatigue of his burden, and nearly starved to death. The latter Mr. Singleton conceived not to be impossible, recollecting how ill he himself had fared at Naples, in spite of all his wealth. But this act of imposition was too vile to be borne by him, and still more so, as it was perpetrated within twenty yards of a police station. Bursting consequently, with

indignation, Mr. Singleton uttered two or three incoherent sentences of abuse against the old impostor, half English and half Italian, accompanying suitable actions to the words; and, at last became so violent, that the beggar sneaked away, like a mangy cur which had been just attacked by a British bull dog, leaving the old gentleman muttering, "Villains, scoundrels, brutes, to think I should be so imposed on! I, who thought I could read any body's countenance."

This last attack upon the old gentleman's nerves and disposition was the *coup de grace* to his sojourn at Naples; and having seen Pompeii, Herculaneum, &c., nothing remained to tempt him to stay. Rushing, therefore, into his hotel, he summoned his servants, and desired them to pack up immediately, for he should start for England on the following morning. Having come to this determination, he had to decide by which road he should return. Poor Ellen was much too miserable at the idea of leaving Naples to take any interest in this deliberation; and her cousin did not care which road he went, or whither he went, so that she was pleased. Mr. Singleton, therefore, having nobody with him whom he could call to a council of war, summoned his courier, who was a Neapolitan, and an arrant coward, and asked him which way he should return; for he was determined never again to expose his olfactory nerves to the stench of the Pontine marshes. Some other route, therefore, to Rome must be found, and the courier was desired to name it. He shrugged up his shoulders, gave a Neapolitan squeak, more like a monkey than a man, and declared it was impossible to go by the other, for it was "*Molto pericoloso*."

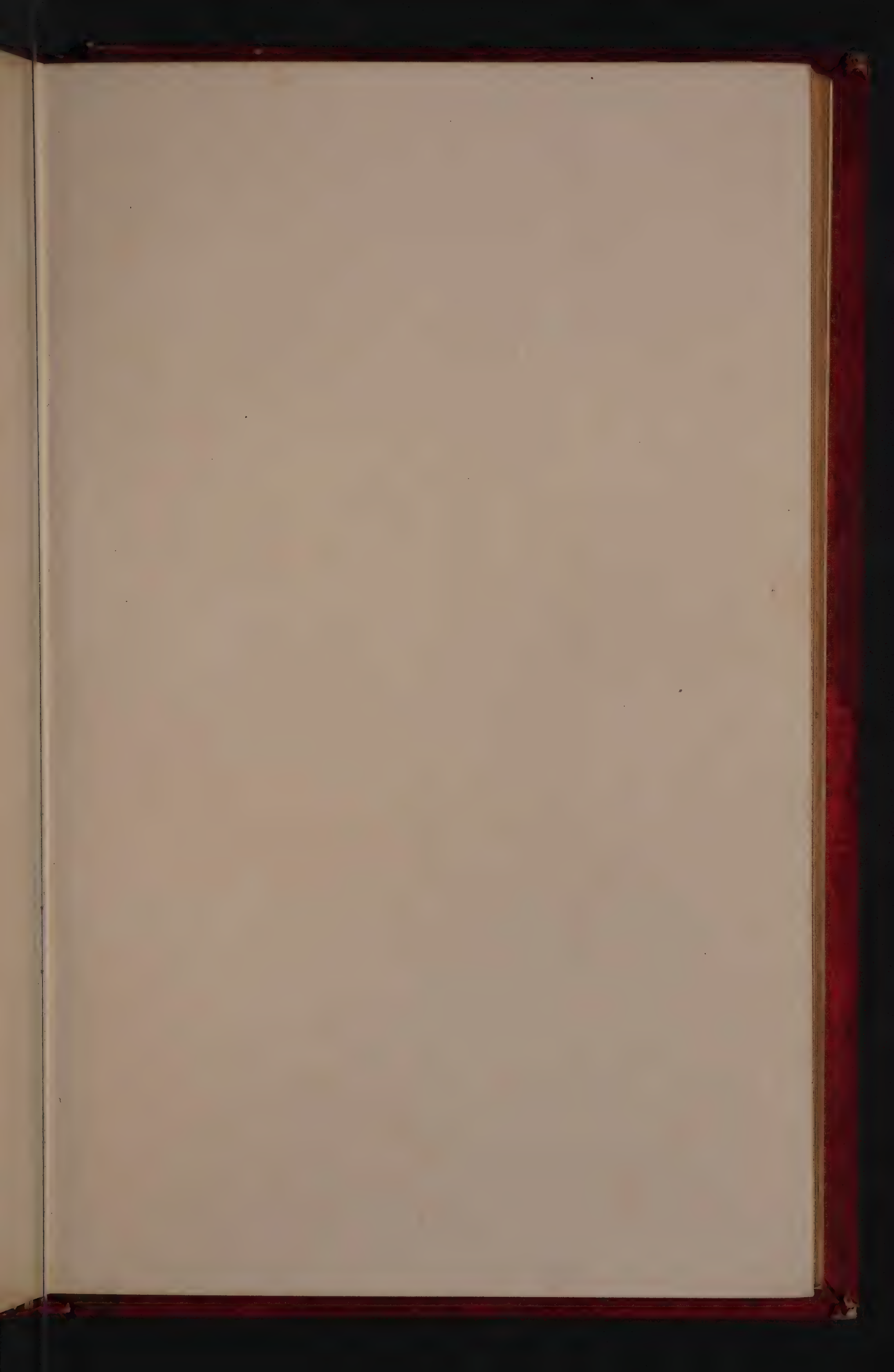
Mr. Singleton's indignation was considerably raised at this remark of the courier's, and his first impulse was to kick him out of the room ; but after a few moments' reflection, to the great surprise of the frightened Italian, he desired him to get ready, for he should start next morning, and go by the "*pericoloso*" road. Nothing could alter Mr. Singleton's determination : for, from his bold nature he hardly understood the meaning of the word fear, and therefore treated the representations of his courier as contemptible, and the entreaties of his daughter, as silly and superfluous. But, at the same time, like an affectionate parent, he did all he could to sooth her fears ; and by explanation and argument at last succeeded in persuading her not only to be reconciled to the dangerous route, but even talked her into looking forward with pleasure to a departure from (her once loved) Naples, and to a return to the garden, and all her other amusements, at —— Hall.

Very early the following morning, the old gentleman was awaked out of his comfortable sleep, to prepare for his departure. As they were not to go above forty or fifty miles that day, he was at a loss to know why he was to be disturbed at such an unseasonable hour. The only answer or explanation he could get from his servant was, that the courier had charged him to call his master before break of day ; for the roads and horses were very bad, the postillions slow and sulky, and the country infested with robbers, by whom they would be sure to be attacked, if they did not reach before dark, the place at which they were to sleep. Mr. Singleton did not consider these as any reasons why a gentleman should be aroused from a profound sleep ; however, he yielded to necessity, and got into his

carriage shortly after seven o'clock, and drove off with his youthful companions. The morning was glowing and brilliant; and the dirty inhabitants of the town had but just thronged the streets with their noisome bodies, and breaths sufficient to contaminate an even purer and more freshening breeze. On clattered their carriage up the Strado Toledo; but the postilions stopped every five hundred yards, to adjust their ill arranged harness, which considerably increased the annoyance of the Squire. The route which was selected for their return was by the Via Latina, which passes over one of the highest summits of the Appenines; and, though beautiful, in point of scenery, was ill provided with inns, and was, also, hardly passable for carriages.

At the end of the second day, when they had reached the neighbourhood of Frosinone, not far from the celebrated Pelasgic fortress of Alatrium, the ascent became very steep, and slippery, and almost impassable, on account of the bad pavement, which obliged them to continue at a foot's pace. Poor Ellen was worn out by fatigue, her cousin's long legs ached from their confined position; and Mr. Singleton was restlessly anxious to arrive at the end of the promised fifty miles, where they were to sleep. Having sat patiently for a considerable time, he resolved, at last, to alight; and, on getting out of his carriage, declared that he could travel on foot faster than the Italian horses could draw him.

Perceiving that at a little distance before him the road bore to the left, he ascended the mountain by a narrow footpath, hoping to find a shorter cut. In a state of ill-humour and disgust, he was pursuing his walk on an





eminence that commanded a view of his carriage, when, to his horror, he saw several armed men rush from a thicket below the hill, and one of them fire his musket at the postilion, demanding him to stop. He could, at the same time, easily distinguish another of the men dart to the carriage window with a pistol in his hand; and the soft but trembling voice of his beloved Ellen scream with horror and fear. At the very moment that the old gentleman witnessed the danger to which his lovely child was exposed, and found himself prevented from rushing to her assistance, by the steep and impassable descent below him, he was seized by a rude and violent arm, and the muzzle of a pistol thrust into his face. His true English courage, however, did not desert him; and turning suddenly upon the villain who had attacked him, (a tall, dark, athletic man) he attempted to hurl him down the precipice. But, the poor old father soon found himself overcome by his opponent, and reduced to despair at his own helpless situation, and the frightful scene below him. He had, however, no fears for himself, but his anxiety for Ellen's safety absorbed all his feelings. The brigand, having a firm hold of Mr. Singleton's collar, advanced his pistol still more closely to his face, and demanded his money. Thinking that every Italian south of Rome belonged to Naples, the only reply Mr. Singleton condescended to give him was, "I'll see you d—d first, you Neapolitan rascal,"

The old gentleman then firmly added in broken Italian, that he would not give half a brass farthing to such a cowardly scoundrel; and that he might murder, but could never frighten, him. The robber, finding that the old squire was an Englishman, and not to be intimidated into

the relinquishment of his money, looked anxiously at his companions, to see what success they had had with the rest of the party. Young Lionel, who was of a nature as brave and generous as that of his uncle, was at first disposed to resist the attack ; but, when he looked upon his tender cousin, who had just fainted and fallen down into the bottom of the carriage, his only object was to save her, and restore her to animation. He, therefore, drew from his pocket ten sovereigns and his watch, and gave them to the man who was threatening them with destruction. This fellow then shrilly whistled ; when his companions, hearing the signal, all rushed, like magic, from the carriage down the craggy rock below. At the same instant, the man who had seized Mr. Singleton, hearing it also, quitted him in the same precipitous manner. The squire's first impulse was to rush to his fainting daughter, but the descent being much too steep and rocky to allow him, he was compelled to make a considerable detour ; during which he had ample time for the indulgence of his own disagreeable reflections.

Finding, however, on rejoining Ellen, that she had recovered from her fears and fainting, and that her countenance once more lighted up with joy at seeing her father safely at her side, all his apprehensions vanished. At the same moment, the young couple could not help smiling at each other, in their consciousness of the way in which the old gentleman would now lavish his contempt and abuse upon the country in which he had been exposed to such insults and violence. Equally assured were they, too, that he would lay a considerable portion of the blame upon them, for persuading him to visit it ; and forget all the

prophecies and fears of his frightened courier at the idea of returning by so dangerous a road, and the indignant contempt with which he had received them.

Scarcely had they thus mutually intimated their knowledge of what would next occur, when the old squire broke out in the following strain :—

“ There, Ellen, I told you how it would be, coming to these villainous countries. Why such a thing has not happened in England these fifty years—nearly a century behind us in civilization—nothing to eat—starved to death—and robbed and insulted into the bargain. But, to think that any Italian scoundrel should presume to touch me ! Thank heaven, he soon found I was not to be frightened ; if he had staid much longer he would have had the worst of it, after all. All your fault, Ellen, all your fault ; I came here to please you, and these are the consequences—never shall you catch me abroad again.”

“ Oh, dearest papa,” replied Ellen, “ never mind, we are all safe, no harm is done, so pray forgive and forget ; and let us proceed.”

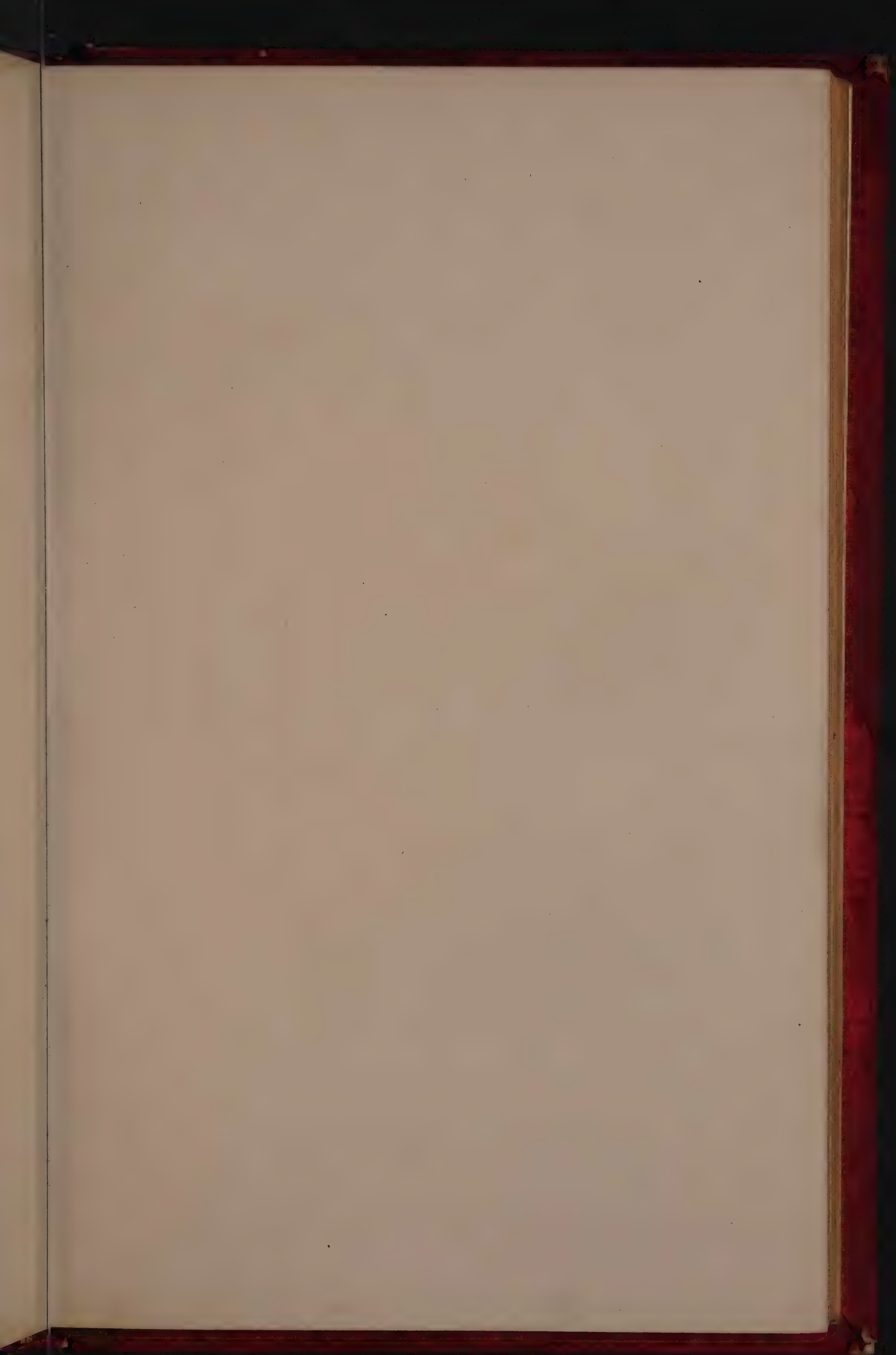
“ Oh yes, come along then, children,” (for the idea of advancing, even a step, towards his own country, put him in good humour) “ get into the carriage ;” and in a moment, the servants closed the door, and the party proceeded, though not before Mr. Singleton had wasted his reproaches and execrations against the postilions, for not having assisted in defending the carriage. From this instant he resolved to get out of the country as soon as it was possible, by the shortest route. In order, therefore, to avoid any further annoyance from robbers, impudent postilions, insolent officers at the Douanes, and, though last not least, the necessity of dining on little else but fried

blackbirds and thrushes, or something equally repugnant to a palate which had been accustomed to the wholesome fare of Britain, he determined to embark by the first steam boat which should be destined for England.

In this intention he proceeded to Leghorn; where the inn was rather inferior even to what Mr. Singleton had hitherto found at other large towns; and therefore not calculated to sooth his ruffled temper. His dinner consisted, as usual, of bad broth, inferior fish, abominable cutlets swimming in grease, and that fundamental feature of an Italian repast, the eternal entrée of miserable small birds. As may be supposed, Mr. Singleton eat little or nothing, but contented himself with selecting the least objectionable portion of this detestable fare for his daughter; while he allowed his thoughts to wander from his past and present sufferings, to the pleasing prospect of soon reaching England.

Before, however, the dinner had concluded, he could not refrain from remarking that it was the day of the Derby in England; "where," added he, "instead of being here, eating this wretched trash in this rascally hole, I should have been witnessing that noble British scene, and now enjoying, (having won my thousand), iced champagne, capital pigeon pie, cold roast beef and cucumber, &c. &c., and then bound back to London in my barouche and four—to the great city of the world."

These were Mr. Singleton's feelings the whole of that evening; nor did his mind get a moment's peace from that time till the moment when he landed safely on the pier of Dover; when he instantly hurled his hat into the air, and thanked Heaven for his safe return to Old England, and all its blessings.





THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, 21 OCTOBER 1805.

We must not forget to add, that cousin Lionel, by his great and devoted attention and cheerfulness during the whole of this adventurous and disastrous tour, won the old gentleman's heart; and obtained his consent to his marriage with the beautiful Ellen.

A SEA FIGHT—IN THE DISTANCE.

BY J. H. LOWTHER, M. P.

ALL nature smiles—the heaven serene,
Sheds a soft light around the scene.
The sun declining in the west,
Proclaims the coming hour of rest,
While lingering still, the beams of day
Sport on the ocean's rippled way.
No sounds are heard—no murmurs, save
The breaking of the sluggish wave,
Or, by the gales of evening blown,
Faint echos from the distant town.
With eager step, I haste to reach
The limits of the sandy beach,
And hail with rapturous delight
The beauties of the radiant sight.
Light skiffs in countless number reign
O'er the bright surface of the main:
The brawny fishers cease their toil,
And homeward bear the weighty spoil.
Afar, two cruisers boldly ride,
Whose daring acts had long defied
The British flag; yet they no more
Are doomed to reach their native shore.

In swift pursuit, a hostile sail
Is borne upon the rising gale :
Aloft, fair Albion's ensign flows,
As now she gains upon her foes.
Prompt are the signals—quick the fire—
Glad cheers the British hearts inspire !
Thro' heaven's wide vault the guns resound,
Dense clouds of smoke extend around :
The groups press forward to the shore,
Where a calm stillness reign'd before ;
And in a wild suspense, await
The issue of their champion's fate.
Hush'd are the sounds, the breezes bear
The murky clouds that fill'd the air :
With shatter'd masts and captive crew,
The foes, dismantled, rise to view,
While the brave victors bear away
The long-sought trophies of the day.
High stream the banners from the fort,
And welcomes ring throughout the port.

Long may each loyal bosom feel
A fervent pride in England's weal !
Long may the British flag retain
Her empire o'er the boundless main,
Oppression's tyrant rule oppose,
And spread dismay amongst her foes !
Peace to the spirits of the dead,
Who bravely fought and nobly bled ;
In honour's sacred cause they sleep,
Entombed within the mighty deep.

FRAGMENTS OF LETTERS
FROM THE SEAT OF WAR IN SPAIN.
BY VISCOUNT RANELAGH.

LETTER I.

Tolosa, Dec. 1835.

I hope you received my letter from Irun, giving an account of how I passed the Bidassoa, and having the good fortune to fall in with my countryman, Mr. Burke Honan.

Hernani was the first place at which I saw the Carlists in any force. Here, one of our party met an officer of his acquaintance, who offered to introduce us to General Gomez, the commander of the 3rd division, and whose headquarters were in the centre of the town. The general received us most kindly, and begged us to partake of a soldier's dinner with him. I found him a gentleman-like, agreeable, intelligent man, and willing to afford me every information respecting the state of military affairs in the Provinces. Our party at dinner, consisted of twelve or thirteen officers, amongst whom were four generals. Of these, perhaps, the most remarkable was Montenegro, of the artillery; a person small in stature, with a clear and intelligent eye, but a slyish, furtive look, which caused him to be called the Old Fox. When he quitted the queen's service, the Carlists thought it augured well for them; knowing him to be a shrewd, calculating man, who would not have joined them, unless he was most sanguine as to the ultimate success of their cause.

Having expressed a wish, at dinner, to see the Fort of St. Sebastian, it was immediately granted, with an offer, on the part of the officers, to accompany us, which we readily accepted. On our way, we passed over the ground, where Evans and his men first came in contact with the Carlists. While we examined the positions, nothing could be more gentlemanlike and fair than the way in which General Gomez described that affair. He stated, that, in August last, the garrison of St. Sebastian, composed of the English, the regiments of Oviedo, Asturias, and Red Caps, in all not less than 6,000, having Generals Evans, Janugui, Alava, and Chichester, at their head, took their route towards Hernani; when, after carrying the Venta di Oriomendi, they marched towards Santa Barbara, and were only repulsed under the walls of the Convent of the Nuns, which is the entrance to the town. After this success, the Carlists became the assailants; and, had it not been for the excessive good conduct of one of the English battalions, they would have destroyed the Spanish division under El Pastor. In speaking thus much in praise of the English soldiers, he laughed, and added,

“ But I cannot compliment you on the military talent of General Evans; for, he must either have injudiciously despised my troops, or committed a great error in bringing out young soldiers, who certainly had not had arms in their hands more than six weeks, and in all probability never fired off a musket before. How could he expect these men to do much against one of the strongest positions in the provinces? But, subsequently, not content with being fairly defeated, he publishes a bulletin, declaring his sortie to have been only a reconnoissance. It must have been a

new way of making a reconnoissance, when he comes and attacks a strong position and looses some 300 men. The fact is, I believe, he first intended it as only a promenade, to exercise his young soldiers, but finding my out posts gave way, he was so elated, that he turned it into a regular attack, and sent back to St. Sebastian for four days' rations for his troops, as he asserted that he intended to sleep in Hernani, that night."

On nearing St. Sebastian, I was much astonished to find the Carlists had possession of some houses on the Height of Arambara, from which they could command the town. I could not help putting up my hands with astonishment, having no idea they held such a position; and accordingly, impressed most strongly on the general the great moral advantage the Carlist cause would derive from erecting a battery, and threatening the city; by which means the Christinos might, perhaps, be glad to ransom themselves, or concede to him the small fort of the bridge of Behobia. I added that I did not presume to offer this as military advice, but merely to point out the excellent effect such a proceeding would have in Europe; for, owing to the decided part the press in most countries had taken against the Carlists, it was universally believed, that they only dared to show themselves at the tops of the mountains, in small bands, and that Don Carlos was so hard pressed he knew not where to lay his head at night. I concluded by stating that even myself, their well-wisher, came into the country, with some of these foolish impressions, believing the state of their king and army to be in a desperate situation.

These were really my opinions; but I now find Don Carlos is entire master of the provinces, except two large

fortresses; one of which he has closely invested, and the other, that is now before us, they have the means of destroying, and this without any danger of Cordova coming to its relief. It seems, however, the general thought the hint a good one, as two days afterwards, he erected a battery against the town, which, when I first went with him, he had no intention of doing.

It was during my visit here, I was first struck with the extraordinary apathy of the Spaniards; for, although they had had possession of this important position for more than ten days, and that there was a strong Christino garrison in the Convent of St. Bartelmeo, within sixty yards of them, who were keeping up a brisk fire of musketry upon them, and might at any moment have made a sortie, they had been too indolent to throw up a parapet or breast-work of any description, or even a loophole in the walls of the burnt houses. During the time, I was examining this post, the glasses of the Christino officers in the citadel were not idle; for, owing, it appears, to my red sash, which in Spain is called a faja, and only worn by generals, they did me the honor of firing some of their long guns at me.

We were much amused while we remained in this place, at the polite conversation, which occurred between the Christinos and Carlists, the former calling the latter *poca ropa faccioza*, (ragged rebels; or literally, factious with little linen :) whilst the latter was shouting to the Christinos, to send them more bullets, and attack them if they dared, and abusing the queen by that epithet which, according to Fielding, is least amiable in the female ear.

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As you know one of my travelling companions, I ought

to say I can give him, and his friend, a good military certificate. Although both profess to be of the civil department, yet they rather like the smell of powder.

The further I go, the more I am astonished and surprised to find this country and people in so different a condition to what a portion of our press endeavours to represent. Among us, it is constantly asserted that the country is drained and fatigued by the civil war; that it is deserted; that Don Carlos is every day flying from place to place for safety; and many other such falsities. Now, so far from this being the case, I can assure you, I find the country perhaps better cultivated than in France: in fact, the greater part of the provinces is a beautiful picture of cultivation, and the land a perfect garden, the young wheat being two inches above the ground. Who, out of England, has seen large turnip fields in the month of December ready for winter provender, for cattle? Yet here, you will find field after field thus extended over the hills; and, where cultivation has not reached, numerous flocks of sheep, are to be seen, notwithstanding the drain of a civil war, for more than two years.

LETTER II.

Oñate, Dec. 1835.

I arrived here a few days ago. On entering, we advanced to a small square, in the centre of the town, on one side of which was the house occupied by Don Carlos. The square was crowded; a military band was playing; and in fact, all the town assembled for the evening promenade. One of our party dismounted and announced our arrival to Cruz Mayor, the minister of foreign affairs.

During his absence we remained on horseback ; and never shall I forget the scene that presented itself. The band was performing some of the best pieces of the Italian operas ; the ladies in black with mantillis, in odd contrast with the numerous officers, dressed in different uniforms, but all wearing the red cap : the soldiers, some in the common jacket of the country, and others, attired as French infantry, in grey great coats and maroon trowsers ; and the peasantry in garments of various colours, formed in a circle round us, as objects of their curiosity and conjecture. Add to all these sources of interest, the uncertainty of our own situation and the reception we might meet, and it will be acknowledged that the scene to us, must have been a most exciting one. However, we were not long left in suspense, for our friend returned with a staff officer, who was desired to secure for us the best apartments in the town, and to afford us every possible attention. Nothing could be more hospitable and kind than our host and hostess, who, in the true Spanish style, placed their house at our disposal. However, we did not trespass beyond our lodgings, as we dined at the café, the hostess of which was a beautiful woman ; and, although the wife of an innkeeper, and never out of the village of Onate, in every respect, more lady-like, and, certainly in her manners and style, better calculated for the drawing-room, than not a few of my acquaintance. We made a parlour of her kitchen, where we discussed the occurrences of the day, and often formed a merry little club.

The day following my arrival at Onate, I had an interview with Cruz Mayor, whose bureau was in the house which the king occupied. I found him very fair and candid

in answering my enquiries respecting the affairs of the provinces. He told me there would be no difficulty in my travelling through the country ; and concluded by asking, whether I wished to be presented to his majesty. I answered in the affirmative ; at the same time observing, I regretted very much being an officer on full pay in my own service, as, considering the part our government had taken, I could not put on my uniform, and acknowledge him as king, although a real and sincere well-wisher of his. Cruz Mayor replied that his majesty did not expect this compliment, for he himself would be in an undress, and would receive me without ceremony.

The following morning, therefore, according to appointment, I waited on the minister again, who having announced me, returned in a few minutes, saying the king would receive me. I was then conducted by the gentleman in waiting, through two very comfortable looking rooms, into a third, where his majesty was. Advancing to the centre of the apartment, he greeted me most kindly. I was directly won by his manner ; and believe the first thing I said was, to congratulate him upon his arrival thus far into his rightful kingdom. Then I made known to him that I was an English officer on full pay, who, without letters to any person in the provinces, had come as a well-wisher to his cause, not so much from curiosity, as to show to the world, that by his reception of me, his party was not that which the liberals in most countries wished to make it appear. I concluded by saying, I should feel much obliged, if he would allow me to travel over the provinces, and afterwards, with the expedition then preparing to move into Catalonia. He replied in the most amiable manner

that I should have all possible facility to go where I pleased, and if I did not speak Spanish, any officer I chose should accompany me. But with regard to my going into Catalonia, he thought it would be rather hazardous; still, however, I had his permission.

Such was the nature of my first interview; since which I have had several others. One day, the king begged I would converse freely with him, and candidly repeat the opinions respecting him, in England. I told him, that, in my humble judgment, his cause would have been much more favourably viewed by my countrymen, had he not committed two errors: the first, in not acknowledging the Cortes bonds; observing, had he done so, he might have had any money from us. That the Stock Exchange had put Don Pedro on the throne of Portugal; and that they were doing all they could to prevent his arriving at Madrid; as they had already furnished the Christinos with the means of carrying on the war, and might eventually prevent his coming to his throne. That in England, he need never have paid those bonds, provided he had always borrowed money to pay the interest; for in that country, if you only acknowledge your debts, you will always raise a new loan to pay off an old one.

His answer was,

“I know it, but how can I act? as I have laid down as a principle to do all my brother Ferdinand did. The debts which he acknowledged, I will also acknowledge. But those of the present government, I never will acknowledge.”

The second observation I made was, that I considered he had done himself harm in England, by issuing the

Durango decree ; for, had it not been for that decree, several English officers would have joined him, but as it was, a great number had taken arms against him.

Don Carlos' answer was, " I was forced to sign it."

On another occasion, stating that I had observed he had no positions in the provinces fortified ; that in all the towns he had taken from the Christinos, the works had been destroyed ; and that, consequently, in case of reverse, he had no positions to retire upon ; he answered me, " Such was the system of Zumalacaregui."

On my taking leave of Don Carlos, he begged, as I was going through the provinces, I would continue my inquiries, and that on my return to England I would give a true and candid report of all I had seen. He added—
" Do not pass over the weak points of my cause, or conceal any you may observe. You see the confidence that reigns among all my followers ; I want nothing but money, and a few more cavalry. I feel confident of ultimate success : but, *it is an affair of time.*"

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Don Carlos is generally dressed in a plain blue surtout, and in winter, when he walks out, a blue cloak, with the collar and lining red, which is now the fashion among all the Carlists. He seldom or ever appears in uniform ; is short in stature, not handsome, nor the reverse, as his enemies are so fond of stating ; expressive eye, and most agreeable and mild voice, and in manner, a perfect gentleman. In Madrid, he was the only one of the royal family that paid his debts every week ; even his enemies admit him to be an honest, conscientious man, but they call him a bigot. And yet, they can give you no facts to

support this assertion ; for, since his entry into the provinces, he has issued no decree to prove it, nor has he once called upon the clergy to join his cause.

From what I have seen of him I should say, he views the affairs of the nation as his own, and will not promise to pay that which he knows he has not the means to do. He is certainly a religious man, but not a bigot ; his religion offends no one, it is in his own room he carries on his devotions ; he has neither monks nor priests in his train ; of the former I have seen none, of the latter not twenty, since my entry into the provinces. It is a mistake to suppose that he is in the hands of the clergy. I really believe he has received but little aid from them, and the little they have sent was extorted by their fears, after the murders and burnings of Madrid, Barcelona, Saragossa, &c. &c., which showed them what they had to expect from the hands of the queen's government, the Liberals.—Despotism and the church have had their time, but neither will prevail again in Spain.—Don Carlos spends the greater part of the day in writing, his correspondence is much more extensive than could be supposed ; he manages all the interior arrangements of the provinces himself ; and the harmony that reigns among his followers, shows great conduct and firmness on his part. Intrigues have not divided his strength ; discord does not prevail among his generals ; nor discontent among his men. In fact, it is but justice to say, that no jealousy has been as yet shown in Don Carlos' little court.

One night at Oñate, in making a round of visits with some Carlist officers, I was taken to see a general, as they

said, of some celebrity ; but finding, as I was going up the staircase, and about to pull the bell which communicated with his apartment, that it was General Moreno to whom I was to be presented, I withdrew, determined, as an Englishman, not to call on the man who ordered Mr. Boyd to be shot. It is a good proof of the kindly feelings of the Carlists towards me, that no notice of this matter was ever taken at Onate, though known to every body the next day.

Before leaving this place, I had several interviews with Cruz Mayor. He talked freely on the state of Spain, and the nature of their resources for sustaining the war. He appeared much attached to Don Carlos, whom he stated to be equally amiable in prosperity, and in adversity. Cruz Mayor is a young, slight, active looking man, and, like most Spaniards, has a clear dark eye. He is not, however, certainly a person of first-rate talent, but invincibly hard working, at least if I might judge from the numerous papers on his table, from his haggard looks, and from the fact, that, though he commences his day's labour, at nine in the morning, he seldom concludes it before three, or four in the following morning. Perhaps, his greatest fault is his over confidence in the ultimate success of their cause. Cruz Mayor may be of service now, but as affairs become more intricate, Don Carlos must get a more able man.

LETTER III.

Durango, December.

On looking over the English newspapers to-day, I find they assert that this place is in the hands of the Christinos. Such is not the case, nor has it been for several months, and in all probability will not be so again. Since my last

letter to you I have been round the whole of the Carlist's outposts, within a few hundred yards of Vittoria. Afterwards I paid a visit to General Villa Real; and then proceeded, by the famous pass of Salinas, to Mon Dragon; where I found General Eguia, the commander-in-chief; to whom I presented a letter of introduction from Cruz Mayor, which commenced thus—

“The bearer, Lord Ranelagh, who belongs to one of the first families in England, is much attached to our cause, and has come to these provinces as a benevolent observer, whose report cannot fail to be favourable to us. His majesty has given him that good reception which he merits, as much from these considerations as for those by which he is personally recommended; and I hope he will obtain from you that which is due to his character and remarkable urbanity. Lord Ranelagh proposes to pass into Catalonia, and thence to England.

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“*Onate, Dec. 8, 1835.*

CARLOS CRUZ MAYOR.”

The general was very unwell, but finding three Englishmen wished to see him, admitted us. He is a man about sixty, suffers much from ill health, and is a cripple in both hands, in consequence of some miscreant having sent him a detonating letter. He talked in the highest praises of the Duke of Wellington, under whom he had served during the Peninsula war, and entertains a cordial antipathy to the French. He had that day arrived with twelve battalions from Estella. On my mentioning to him that, in consequence of his concentrating his forces,

I came in all haste, inferring from his movement he expected some attack on the part of Cordova, he replied in the negative, saying,—“This manœuvre was only executed in the hope of enticing Cordova to make some corresponding operation which should afford me an opportunity of attacking him ; for I am ready to meet him any where within two leagues of my position, but for want of cavalry I cannot go and attack him.”

When I asked him what his force of cavalry was, he replied 1000, but out of these not more than 500 were fit for service. This assertion I knew to be the truth,—in fact, on all occasions I have found them most correct in their statements. Eguia served as second in command under Zumalacaregui, but his tactics are quite different: the latter used to entice the enemy into different parts of the provinces where he had his ground, and would fall upon them in overwhelming numbers when they least expected it. Eguia pursues an opposite course ; he never separates his force, but having always a large body of men at command, may at any moment put eighteen or twenty battalions in motion against the enemy at any point. His system is entirely defensive ; which, for the present, may be judicious, as by this means he may have the power of completely organizing the Carlist army.

Before leaving Mon Dragon, we inspected several battalions. I never saw finer men ; their costume in marching order is a great loose coat, red trowsers, and sandals ; a musket, a catouch-box strapped round the waist, which contains sixty rounds, a sack with three day's rations, and their necessaries, or any clothing they may possess. On their march, they generally sling the great coat across

their back. Certainly no soldiers in Europe can march like the Spaniards.

LETTER IV.

Irun, January, 1836.

Whilst I paid my second visit to Onate, I was witness to a false alarm. During the night, news came that Cordova was on the move. In less than an hour, everything was ready for their departure; the ammunition packed in boxes, papers of state of Don Carlos, his furniture, &c. all prepared. His mules are always held in readiness, in case of an unexpected attack.

My tour of inspection of the cannon and gun manufactories, at Ellorio, Eybar, and Plassencia was most interesting. At the former place, they were casting large twenty-four pound shot at the rate of sixty a day. The coal used there is all English, and is hid in different parts of Biscay. This little foundery is under the orders of two Frenchmen, who told me they hoped to have ready a battery of eight-pounders in another month: the carriages are ready, for I saw them at Onate. Eybar was at full work during the time I visited it. They were making about 1200 good muskets a month; with a little money, they could make three times that number in the same time: this town has always been as celebrated for its manufacture of arms, as Toledo was for its swords.

When riding through Mondragon a few days ago, an Irishman addressed us, begging we would give him some money, saying he was a deserter from the legion. On asking him how soon after his arrival in Spain he had left General Evans, he answered within two days. On which I demanded why he had taken service with the legion?

he replied, that he had been a cabinet-maker in Dublin, and had joined in hopes of getting the 2*l*. bounty money, and then desert before the expedition left England. Equally disgusted and exasperated by this shameless avowal, I called him an infernal rascal; and quitted him, saying, the sooner he was shot, the better for the credit of himself and his country.

What extraordinary people these Spaniards are! In talking to some field officers, they complained to me that the Christino cavalry were too strong for them. On my then asking them, why they did not exercise their battalions in the ordinary movements of columns and squares, by which means they might repulse the enemy's cavalry, and inspire much confidence to their men? they all answered, it was no use bothering their heads about military tactics, for they were not regular soldiers; they had only come to serve their king, and as soon as they had placed him at Madrid, they intended to quit the service and retire to their homes. I explained to them, that if they would only give up an hour a day for a short time, their men would be in good order. But all my remonstrances were to no purpose; they still insisted that they were not regular officers, and therefore could not be expected to puzzle their heads with tactics.

In passing through the towns of Ascoytia and Aspeytia, remarkable for possessing the handsomest women in the north of Spain, I paid a visit to the monastery of St. Ignacio de Loyola, the head quarters of the order of the Jesuits, the most celebrated residence of the clergy in Spain. The founder of this establishment was also the founder of the order of the Jesuits. However, how

changed are times, for, at this moment, there is only *one* old Jesuit in this immense building.

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I was much pleased with my second visit to St. Sebastian. The Carlists had made great progress; having taken the convent of St. Bartholomew; dug trenches, and raised parapets before the town, as low as the village of St. Martin. The garrison keep up a fire against the works, but do little or no harm. It is now in the power of the Carlists to so completely blockade the town, that no moderate number of troops can force their way out; an object which is most important, for, according to my opinion, when Cordova gets his reinforcements, and makes his grand effort to re-enter the provinces, he will send 10,000 men to St. Sebastian. However, this is only my opinion, or rather conjecture. The Carlists themselves, instead of taking the hint, only laugh at the idea. The Spaniards are strange people, and never follow advice until too late. You asked me if I think the Carlists can take St. Sebastian by a regular siege? I say, certainly not, nor, in fact, any other fortified town. My counsel to them would be to leave all sieges alone; for they must only cause them delay, expense, and discouragement, from not having at command the necessary stores and artillery. Besides, it is of greater advantage to them to keep large Christino garrisons locked up in the different towns.

In conclusion, I will give you a conversation I had with the president of the junta for Guipuscoa. In talking of the state of all the four provinces, he said, "He did not think there was a man in any one of them that complained *now*. On the contrary, all the inhabitants were using their

utmost endeavours to assist Don Carlos. At first, however, when we were called to the direction of affairs, we had no example to guide us, no routine to follow, but a disorganized machine to set in movement, and regulate under the most complicated difficulties. The army was destitute of every thing; and our resources were pillaged and exhausted. One day, came the Carlist general, and we were called upon to raise a loan, and provide a certain number of rations; on the following day, appeared the Christino general, who imposed on us a fine, as a punishment for the aid which we had given to the Carlists. In addition to all these calamities, our lives were in constant danger: but since last June the war has completely changed its character. The queen's troops have been driven from these provinces, and the Carlists have now complete command. Before that period, double contributions were levied by both parties; but now the supplies are rendered according to a fixed scale, and having but one master to provide for, all goes on well. The army gets good quarters and rations, which are served out to them every day with the utmost regularity; and as we possess plenty of cattle and draught animals, we have the means of forwarding the ammunition and baggage of the army, at a moment's notice. Justice is administered throughout the provinces as formerly, and the country is as well cultivated as it was four years ago; therefore, manfully bearing up against adversity, we trust that by our constancy we shall in time succeed in placing Don Carlos at Madrid."

Such was the purport of his conversation. I can add a strong proof of the perfect order and tranquillity of the country. My servant, a Maltese, who does not speak one

word of Spanish or French, journeyed all over the provinces, with my baggage, accompanied only by one muleteer, never remaining more than twenty-four hours in one place, and yet was neither robbed nor ill-treated. Now in no other quarter of Spain, could he have travelled under similar circumstances, without being plundered, and most likely murdered.

As for myself, during the time I have been in these parts, I have hardly ever slept out of a good bed, or failed to find abundance of everything. Regularly, I have had a good dinner put on the table within half an hour after my arrival, and *never one day* been without fish from the sea. These may be trifling facts, but are most important in proving that the country is not in that state which Lord Palmerston wishes us to believe. When the Queen's troops were in the provinces, severities were practised towards the inhabitants, excessive contributions were enforced with rigour, and inability to pay made the pretext for unlimited plunder; but now it is different. The juntas (of which there are one to each province, chosen by the people) are temperate, and the administration of the country is carried on with the customary forms. The roads are good, and kept in constant repair—all, in fact, going on as if there was no intestine war. The people are honest and civil; I never pass an officer, soldier, or peasant, that they do not take off their hats: and as for the priests, if I were put on *my oath*, I could say I have not seen *twenty*!

With regard to the military operations, I really have not time to enter as much into them as I should like; nor can I give you details or reports of scientific combinations and dispositions. All I can say of the past is, that the

numerous victories reported to have taken place over the Carlists, are not true. In the statements of this faction, there may be some little exaggeration ; that is to say, with regard to the number of killed and wounded, but not in the number of *muskets* taken from the Christinos. As I mentioned before, the war has assumed a new aspect since June last. In that month, the Christinos were driven from the provinces ; since then, the Carlists have begun to organize and clothe their troops, who are now no longer Guerillas, but a large united mass of men, with all the inconveniences of regular troops, yet without their good qualities : however, time and the energy of their officers may make them as good soldiers as any in Europe. It therefore remains to be seen how these generals will act, now that vigour and decision are required ; and whether they understand the new character the war has taken. My only fear is, that by under-rating the importance of military organization, their Guerilla troops may wither, and become a *bad* species of regular force under the influence of too many advisers. However, taking the faults committed on *both sides*, I am certain the Carlists will succeed, provided they do not fall into an *over confidence*. What I should wish to see them do at the present moment, would be to send two or three expeditions into other parts of Spain, and so secure the assistance of those who are inclined to join their cause. In fact, to attempt some bold measure, to show more activity and enterprise ; for, finding themselves unequal to meet the enemy on the plains, without more cavalry, they should turn their endeavours to other means of annoyance. The Christinos *dare* not move for the next three months ; during which

time, you will find, that instead of attempting any enterprise, or devoting the most unremitting attention to the discipline and organization of the army, preparatory to renewed exertion, the Carlists will merely satisfy themselves by clothing all their troops, with the hopes of making the Christinos desert, and then trust all the rest to providence. However, luckily, both sides are Spaniards, men who never distrust their own powers. This weakness, with the procrastination general in these people, and the habit of permitting the most trifling difficulties to have weight in regulating their most important affairs, are their grand faults.

With regard to the military position the Carlists now hold, nothing can be better. It has always been said, that one of the most hazardous undertakings in war, is that of defending passes through a range of mountains; as it obliges a separation of force to be made, which gives an enemy the choice of directing his principal strength against any particular corps, and of selecting the point most eligible for that purpose. Success of the assailants at any single pass, compromises the safety of all the defensive corps, which are consequently less firm in proportion to the number of passes. The surest plan, therefore, is to concentrate in rear of the passes to be defended; this the Carlists, from having the inner circle, can do seven or eight hours after any movement of the Christino columns. However, let us first look at the Christino side of the question, and see what chance they have of recovering the four provinces; which, after evacuating *only six months ago*, they now assert that they will retake with an inferior force! This is mere braggadocia.

I should like very much to know what means the Christinos have of putting their threat into execution ; for, from what I hear, Cordova has not a disposable force of 22,000. All his large army is locked up in the different garrisons, such as Pampeluna, Puerte de la Reina, St. Sebastian, Bilboa. The Carlists can bring as many men to oppose him ; and, most certainly, with the exception of the cavalry, better troops.

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For the sake of argument, let us fancy Cordova taking the field, and suppose him in possession of the provinces again. What will happen ? Why, he will find that the Guerilla system has taken such root during the last two years of civil strife, that it has attained its greatest perfection ; a mode of warfare best adapted to the force and habits of the people, commanded by men of talent for that species of operations, who in a moment are separated, and again collected at any assigned rendezvous ; and their chiefs being assured of the inviolable faith of these men, would remain concealed for days together at the very gates of a town occupied by the enemy, and carry off the object of their search the moment it appeared. Nothing would be secure from their activity and address. The Christinos generals last year feared to sleep absent from the main body of their army, and every station and village, occupied by them, was more or less entrenched. Then, again, acting independently and in small bodies, they would be a constant source of inquietude to the Christinos, doubling their duty, and giving perpetual employment to whole brigades, in fruitless endeavours to annihilate them. - Believe me, the Christinos will never subdue these provinces with less than 100,000 men. With

the force they now have, it would be impossible to occupy all the towns and roads, to block up the passes of the mountains, and intersect the country, so that they might stop the communications among the Carlists, and then with strong columns pursue their different bands.

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With regard to Catalonia I know very little for certain ; in another month I shall be there. My opinion is, that if the Carlists get to Madrid, it will be from this quarter, or from Valencia : *certainly not from the provinces.*

LETTER V.

Barcelona, Feb. 1, 1836.

Though most unwilling to pay any compliment to *Mina*, I was obliged by circumstances to call on him, as captain-general of Catalonia, during my short stay in the city. His wife was with him, a pleasing person, good looking, and amiable. I asked her if we should not have any masked balls, as it was the season of the carnival ; but she said, no, as in consequence of the late massacre of the Carlist prisoners in the citadel, it would not be a proper time to make any kind of public rejoicing. I agreed with her ; but at the moment *Mina* interrupted the conversation to ask me, whether I had seen *Alvarez*, and his men, who were intended to attack the *Fort de la Hort*, march out that morning. Then this liberal and humane general of the queen added,—“ I am sure to take it in a few days, and I am determined to put to death every Carlist I find in it.”

I then asked him, how many Carlists he thought there were in the fort ? he replied, 300, and that he would not let one of them escape.

Mina has kept his word—the blood of 300 prisoners stains the ruins of La Hort.

The tender feeling of Madame Mina, and the cruelty of her husband, form an admirable contrast.

LETTER VI.

Madrid, May 1st. 1836.

Having ridden through the greater part of Spain, I for the first time entered a diligence at Seville for Madrid. Our party consisted of some fifteen or sixteen persons; among whom, were three officers going to join the army in the north. These worthies had cut off their moustaches, and called themselves *paisanos* in their passports; a subterfuge which, you will say, did not augur well for their fighting propensities.

At Val de Penas, we arrived later than usual, and instead of remaining five or six hours to sleep, as is customary in Spain, we had only enjoyed a halt of about three hours, and therefore had not been at the trouble of undressing, when we were summoned to the diligence. The night was bitter cold and a drizzling rain was falling; however I soon adjusted myself in a corner, and had made all the knowing and comfortable arrangements of an experienced traveller, when off we started. I speedily yielded to the drowsiness occasioned by two sleepless nights; and think I must have been asleep about an hour, when I was awaked by hearing two shots fired near me. The first thing I saw was one of our escort jump from his seat and escape among the trees; and at the same moment, I discovered that the mules had been drawn across the road and were in confusion. I had hardly time to observe these circumstances when three more shots were fired into the diligence.

Instantly seizing my pistols in one hand, with the other I endeavoured to open the door; but failing, I laid my weapons upon the seat, and put my body out of the window, to enable me to use both hands in making this attempt; when one of the robbers seeing me, with an oath, levelled his musket at my head, and I drew back expecting to receive his fire.

During this disagreeable suspense, I heard the angry voices of several men, beating, as I thought, some of the passengers. Then again I ventured to look out, and could just distinguish two persons flat on their faces, with four or five men barbarously striking them about their heads, with the butt end of their muskets. Unfortunately, however, from the window I could not take aim with any certainty; for the spot where this outrage was occurring, was at the back part of the diligence; and there were two or three men standing at the heads of the mules, within a few yards of me. It being so very dark that I could not discover whether these individuals were friends or foes, I proposed to a Spanish colonel, who was in the coupé with me, that he should take one of my pistols, and rush out with me. But he refused, and entreated, and begged of me not to act in this manner, as I should only be sacrificing the lives of all the passengers in the diligence, although I might escape myself. I remonstrated with him, but in vain; he prayed me, at all events, to wait a few minutes, and see what their numbers were. I endeavoured to ascertain this fact; and told him I thought they were not more than four or five; but still he implored me to remain quiet. On looking out again, I observed the robbers still beating the two unfortunate men on the ground; at that moment, two of their party advanced and

opened the door of the interior of the diligence; when one of them presented his musket, whilst the other demanded their money of the passengers.

Thinking this a good opportunity, I put one pistol in the colonel's hand, and told him I could observe only four robbers, and that when they came and demanded our money I should fire and jump out, if he would follow me; but he again refused. I repeated to him I could only see four in number, that I was an officer and an Englishman; but all to no effect. The sole reply I could obtain from him was, that he had been robbed before, and that he begged I would wait and see whether they would be content with our money. He then, however, added, that should they not be satisfied with this concession, but attempt to maltreat us, he pledged me his word, as an officer, a gentleman, and a Spaniard, that he would act with me in any manner I thought best. Convinced that there was some reason in this proposal, I took off my chain and watch, and placed it in the window, quietly awaiting the issue. At this moment, two of the robbers came up to the door, presented their muskets, and demanded our money, which I gave with one hand, while in the other I held my pistol. They then left us; in fact, in less than ten minutes after the first shot was fired by these polite visitors, they had moved off with their booty, and two mules which they had taken from the diligence.

The instant they had departed, I thought the only thing that remained with me to do, to sustain my credit as an Englishman, was to be the first out; and I can assure you, this feat was something, for not a person moved until full five minutes after I had alighted. The door of the interior stood open as it had been left; and those

within spoke not a word, not even in answer to some questions which I put to them. It was with much difficulty I persuaded two of the passengers to help me in examining the men on the ground. I first asked the conductor, who was a personal friend of one of them, to assist me in this task, when his reply was, "It will be of no use, *they are dead!*" Such was the brutal apathy of this fellow, before he had even given himself the trouble to look at these unfortunate beings! On lifting up one of them, I found him so disfigured with bruises and blows, that any recognition would have been impossible. His head was so dreadfully fractured that his recovery was doubtful. The other man was wounded in three places. Having placed these individuals in a careful position by the road side, we quietly seated ourselves in the diligence waiting for the civil authorities to take our depositions, which detained us nearly four hours.

* * * * *

I was much amused when we changed horses at the stage before we arrived at Madrid, by observing some of the male passengers make their appearance covered with gold chains, rings, smart waistcoats, &c., which, on leaving Seville, it appeared they had bribed the conductor to conceal in the cushions of the diligence.

* * * * *

Nothing can be more painful than to behold this district abandoned to the caprice of Nature. Madrid has no environs, no country seats, not a village or solitary house to be seen; and even within fifty yards of the gates, the land is uncultivated.

* * * * *



TO A LADY IN A REVERIE.

OH ! let me gaze on that still brow, fair dame,
 And read the secrets of that pensive eye !
 What are thy thoughts ?—all tranquil as the scene,
 Or does yon cloud that shades the summer moon,
 Rest on thy face and fortunes ? Is it love,
 Brooding o'er cherish'd cares with delicate wing,
 That holds thee so entranced ? or can sharp sorrow
 Touch with its envious tooth that form superb ?
 Perchance it is not love—perchance not woe,
 But memory's spell that binds thee, o'er the past
 Pondering with deep emotion ; deep yet still ;
 The gentle musing of some life serene,
 As yet that knows no grief, but through the world
 As in a garden of delight hath roamed,
 Perfumed with bright prosperity !

Sweet lady !

Thy face I see not, yet methinks that form
 Is one that I should know, an altar, surely,
 Whereon my faith is pledged with holiest creed,
 No doubt can e'er disturb. A beauty thine,
 To make full many sigh, yet rarer gifts
 Than beauty to thy lot ; a soul most pure,
 A generous spirit, and a heart most true,
 And all the charms of fancy like the spring,
 Tender, and sweet, and gay.

I will not wake

Thy gentle spirit from its reverie,

Nor dare to dream thy thoughts may cluster round
One nearer than thy hopes: but to the air,
The summer air that fans thy radiant cheek,
I breathe my blessing, grateful if it light
Upon thy cherished head, and bring thee bliss.

THE DEPARTED FRIEND.

WHEN life was young, when all the hopes we wove
Seemed bright as buds of some unopen'd flower,
My friend and I did vow, for very love,
Never to be apart in Sorrow's hour.
How bear I then my sorrow singly now?
Why hear I not thy welcome footstep fall?
Hast thou forgot that sweet and pleasant vow,
Or learn'd to slight my melancholy call?
Oh! thou, whose kindness never failed at need—
Thou, whose true word was never passed in vain—
What stays thy coming, or delays thy speed?
DEATH! By the hollow tomb where I complain,
Stands Echo! fiend, whose voice hath no reply;
For ever answering Grief with Grief's own bitter cry!
C. E. N.

THE PARVENUE.

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

WHY do I write my melancholy story? Is it as a lesson, to prevent any other from wishing to rise to rank superior to that in which they are born? No! miserable as I am, others might have been happy, I doubt not, in my position: the chalice has been poisoned for me alone! Am I evil-minded—am I wicked? What have been my errors, that I am now an outcast and a wretch? I will tell my story—let others judge me; my mind is bewildered, I cannot judge myself.

My father was a land steward to a wealthy nobleman. He married young, and had several children. He then lost his wife, and remained fifteen years a widower, when he married again a young girl, the daughter of a clergyman, who died, leaving a numerous offspring in extreme poverty. My maternal grandfather had been a man of sensibility and genius; my mother inherited many of his endowments. She was an earthly angel; all her works were charity, all her thoughts were love.

Within a year after her marriage, she gave birth to twins—I and my sister; soon after she fell into ill health, and from that time was always weakly. She could endure no fatigue, and seldom moved from her chair. I see her now; her white, delicate hands employed in needlework, her soft, love-lighted eyes fixed on me. I was still a child when my father fell into trouble, and we removed from the part of the country where we had hitherto lived, and went to a distant village, where we rented a cottage, with a little

land adjoining. We were poor, and all the family assisted each other. My elder half sisters were strong, industrious, rustic young women, and submitted to a life of labour with great cheerfulness. My father held the plough, my half brothers worked in the barns; all was toil, yet all seemed enjoyment.

How happy my childhood was! Hand in hand with my dear twin sister, I plucked the spring flowers in the hedges, turned the hay in the summer meadows, shook the apples from the trees in the autumn, and at all seasons, gambolled in delicious liberty beneath the free air of Heaven; or at my mother's feet, caressed by her, I was taught the sweetest lessons of charity and love. My elder sisters were kind; we were all linked by strong affection. The delicate, fragile existence of my mother gave an interest to our monotony, while her virtues and her refinement threw a grace over our homely household.

I and my sister did not seem twins, we were so unlike. She was robust, chubby, full of life and spirits; I, tall, slim, fair, and even pale. I loved to play with her, but soon grew tired, and then I crept to my mother's side, and she sang me to sleep, and nursed me in her bosom, and looked on me with her own angelic smile. She took pains to instruct me, not in accomplishments, but in all real knowledge. She unfolded to me the wonders of the visible creation, and to each tale of bird and beast, of fiery mountain or vast river, was appended some moral, derived from her warm heart and ardent imagination. Above all, she impressed upon me the precepts of the gospel, charity to every fellow creature, the brotherhood of mankind, the rights that every sentient creature pos-

sesses to our services alone. I was her almoner ; for, poor as she was, she was the benefactress of those who were poorer. Being delicate, I helped her in her task of needle-work, while my sister aided the rest in their household or rustic labours.

When I was seventeen, a miserable accident happened. A hayrick caught fire ; it communicated to our outhouses, and at last to the cottage. We were roused from our beds at midnight, and escaped barely with our lives. My father bore out my mother in his arms, and then tried to save a portion of his property. The roof of the cottage fell in on him. He was dug out after an hour, scorched, maimed, crippled for life.

We were all saved, but by a miracle only was I preserved. I and my sister were awoke by cries of fire. The cottage was already enveloped in flames. Susan, with her accustomed intrepidity, rushed through the flames, and escaped ; I thought only of my mother, and hurried to her room. The fire raged around me ; it encircled—hemmed me in. I believed that I must die, when suddenly I felt myself seized upon and borne away. I looked on my preserver—it was Lord Reginald Desborough.

For many Sundays past, when at church, I knew that Lord Reginald's eyes were fixed on me. He had met me and Susan in our walks ; he had called at our cottage. There was fascination in his eye, in his soft voice and earnest gaze, and my heart throbbed with gladness, as I thought that he surely loved me. To have been saved by him, was to make the boon of life doubly precious.

There is to me much obscurity in this part of my story. Lord Reginald loved me, it is true ; why he loved me, so

far as to forget pride of rank and ambition for my sake, he who afterwards showed no tendency to disregard the prejudices and habits of rank and wealth, I cannot tell; it seems strange. He had loved me before, but from the hour that he saved my life, love grew into an overpowering passion. He offered us a lodge on his estate to take refuge in; and while there, he sent us presents of game, and still more kindly, fruits and flowers to my mother, and came himself, especially when all were out except my mother and myself, and sat by us and conversed. Soon I learnt to expect the soft asking look of his eyes, and almost dared answer it. My mother once perceived these glances, and took an opportunity to appeal to Lord Reginald's good feelings, not to make me miserable for life, by implanting an attachment that could only be productive of unhappiness. His answer was to ask me in marriage.

I need not say that my mother gratefully consented—that my father, confined to his bed since the fire, thanked God with rapture; that my sisters were transported by delight: I was the least surprised then, though the most happy. Now, I wonder much, what could he see in me? So many girls of rank and fortune were prettier. I was an untaught, low-born, portionless girl. It was very strange.

Then I only thought of the happiness of marrying him, of being loved, of passing my life with him. My wedding day was fixed. Lord Reginald had neither father nor mother to interfere with his arrangements. He told no relation; he became one of our family during the interval. He saw no deficiencies in our mode of life—in my dress; he was satisfied with all; he was tender, assiduous, and kind, even to my elder sisters; he seemed to adore

my mother, and became a brother to my sister Susan. She was in love, and asked him to intercede to gain her parents' consent for her choice. He did so; and though before, Lawrence Cooper, the carpenter of the place, had been disdained, supported by him, he was accepted. Lawrence Cooper was young, well-looking, well disposed, and fondly attached to Susan.

My wedding day came. My mother kissed me fondly, my father blessed me with pride and joy, my sisters stood round, radiant with delight. There was but one drawback to the universal happiness—that immediately on my marriage, I was to go abroad.

From the church door I stepped into the carriage. Having once and again been folded in my dear mother's embrace, the wheels were in motion, and we were away. I looked out from the window; there was the dear groupe; my old father, white headed and aged, in his large chair, my mother, smiling through her tears, with folded hands and upraised looks of gratitude, anticipating long years of happiness for her grateful Fanny; Susan and Lawrence standing side by side, unenvious of my greatness, happy in themselves; my sisters conning over with pride and joy the presents made to them, and the prosperity that flowed in from my husband's generosity. All looked happy, and it seemed as if I were the cause of all this happiness. We had been indeed saved from dreadful evils; ruin had ensued from the fire, and we had been sunk in adversity through that very event from which our good fortune took its rise. I felt proud and glad. I loved them all. I thought, I make them happy—they are pros-

perous through me! And my heart warmed with gratitude towards my husband at the idea.

We spent two years abroad. It was rather lonely for me, who had always been surrounded, as it were, by a populous world of my own, to find myself cast upon foreigners and strangers; the habits of the different sexes in the higher ranks so separate them from each other, that after a few months, I spent much of my time in solitude. I did not repine; I had been brought up to look upon the hard visage of life, if not unflinchingly, at least with resignation. I did not expect perfect happiness. Marriages in humble life are attended with as much care. I had none of this: my husband loved me; and though I often longed to see the dear familiar faces that thronged my childhood's home, and above all I pined for my mother's caresses and her wise maternal lessons, yet for a time I was content to think of them, and hope for a reunion, and to acquiesce in the present separation.

Still many things pained me: I had, poor myself, been brought up among the poor, and nothing, since I can remember forming an idea, so much astonished and jarred with my feelings, as the thought of how the rich could spend so much on themselves, while any one of their fellow-creatures were in destitution. I had none of the patrician charity (though such is praiseworthy), which consists in distributing thin soup and coarse flannel petticoats—a sort of instinct or sentiment of justice, the offspring of my lowly paternal hearth, and my mother's enlightened piety was deeply implanted in my mind, that all had as good a right to the comforts of life as myself, or even as my husband.

My charities, they were called—they seemed to me the payment of my debts to my fellow-creatures—were abundant. Lord Reginald peremptorily checked them; but as I had a large allowance for my own expenses, I denied myself a thousand luxuries to which it appeared to me I had no right, for the sake of feeding the hungry. Nor was it only that charity impelled me, but that I could not acquire a taste for spending money on myself—I disliked the apparatus of wealth. My husband called my ideas sordid, and reproved me severely, when, instead of outshining all competitors at a fête, I appeared dowdily dressed, and declared warmly that I could not, I would not, spend twenty guineas on a gown, while I could dress so many sad faces in smiles, and bring so much joy to so many drooping hearts, by the same sum.

Was I right? I firmly believe that there is not one among the rich who will not affirm that I did wrong; that to please my husband and do honour to his rank, was my first duty. Yet, shall I confess it? even now, rendered miserable by this fault—I cannot give it that name—I can call it a misfortune—it is such to be consumed at the stake a martyr for one's faith. Do not think me presumptuous in this simile; for many years I have wasted at the slow fire of knowing that I lost my husband's affections because I performed what I believed to be a duty.

But I am not come to that yet. It was not till my return to England that the full disaster crushed me. We had often been applied to for money by my family, and Lord Reginald had acceded to nearly all their requests. When we reached London after two years' absence, my first wish was to see my dear mother. She was at Margate for her

health. It was agreed that I should go there alone, and pay a short visit. Before I went, Lord Reginald told me what I did not know before, that my family had often made exorbitant demands on him, with which he was resolved not to comply. He told me that he had no wish to raise my relatives from their station in society; and that, indeed, there were only two among them whom he conceived had any claims upon me—my mother and my twin sister: that the former was incapable of any improper request, and the latter, by marrying Cooper, had fixed her own position, and could in no way be raised from the rank of her chosen husband. I agreed to much that he said. I replied that he well knew that my own taste led me to consider mediocrity the best and happiest situation; that I had no wish, and would never consent, to supply any extravagant demands on the part of persons, however dear to me, whose circumstances he had rendered easy.

Satisfied with my reply, we parted most affectionately, and I went on my way to Margate with a light and glad heart; and the cordial reception I received from my whole family collected together to receive me, was calculated to add to my satisfaction. The only drawback to my content was my mother's state; she was wasted to a shadow. They all talked and laughed around her, but it was evident to me that she had not long to live.

There was no room for me in the small furnished house in which they were all crowded, so I remained at the hotel. Early in the morning before I was up, my father visited me. He begged me to intercede with my husband; that on the strength of his support he had embarked in a speculation which required a large capital; that many families



would be ruined, and himself dishonoured, if a few hundreds were not advanced. I promised to do what I could, resolving to ask my mother's advice, and make her my guide. My father kissed me with an effusion of gratitude, and left me.

I cannot enter into the whole of these sad details; all my half brothers and sisters had married, and trusted to their success in life to Lord Reginald's assistance. Each evidently thought that they asked little in not demanding an equal share of my luxuries and fortune; but they were all in difficulty—all needed large assistance—all depended on me.

Lastly, my own sister Susan appealed to me—but hers was the most moderate request of all—she only wished for twenty pounds. I gave it her at once from my own purse.

As soon as I saw my mother I explained to her my difficulties. She told me that she expected this, and that it broke her heart: I must summon courage and resist these demands. That my father's imprudence had ruined him, and that he must encounter the evil he had brought on himself; that my numerous relatives were absolutely mad with the notion of what I ought to do for them. I listened with grief—I saw the torments in store for me—I felt my own weakness, and knew that I could not meet the rapacity of those about me with any courage or firmness. That same night my mother fell into convulsions; her life was saved with difficulty. From Susan I learned the cause of her attack. She had had a violent altercation with my father: she insisted that I should not be appealed to; while he reproached her for rendering me undutiful, and bringing ruin and disgrace on his grey hairs. When

I saw my pale mother trembling, fainting, dying—when I was again and again assured that she must be my father's victim unless I yielded, what wonder that, in the agony of my distress, I wrote to my husband to implore his assistance.

O! what thick clouds now obscured my destiny! how do I remember, with a sort of thrilling horror, the boundless sea, white cliffs, and wide sands of Margate. The summer day that had welcomed my arrival changed to bleak wintry weather during this interval—while I waited with anguish for my husband's answer. Well do I remember the evening on which it came: the waves of the sea showed their white crests, no vessel ventured to meet the gale with any canvas except a topsail, the sky was bared clear by the wind, the sun was going down fiery red. I looked upon the troubled waters—I longed to be borne away upon them, away from care and misery. At this moment a servant followed me to the sands with my husband's answer, it contained a refusal. I dared not communicate it. The menaces of bankruptcy; the knowledge that he had instilled false hopes into so many; the fears of disgrace, rendered my father, always rough, absolutely ferocious. Life flickered in my dear mother's frame, it seemed on the point of expiring when she heard my father's step; if he came in with a smooth brow, her pale lips wreathed into her own sweet smile, and a delicate pink tinged her fallen cheeks; if he scowled, and his voice was high, every limb shivered, she turned her face to her pillow, while convulsive tears shook her frame, and threatened instant dissolution. My father sought me alone one day, as I was walking in melancholy guise upon the sands,

he swore that he would not survive his disgrace ; “ And do you think, Fanny,” he added, “ that your mother will survive the knowledge of my miserable end ? ” I saw the resolution of despair in his face as he spoke.—I asked the sum needed, the time when it must be given.—A thousand pounds in two days was all that was asked. I set off to London to implore my husband to give this sum.

No ! no ! I cannot step by step record my wretchedness—the money was given—I extorted it from Lord Reginald, though I saw his very heart closed on me as he wrote the cheque. Worse had happened since I had left him. Susan had used the twenty pounds I gave her to reach town, to throw herself at my husband’s feet, and implore his compassion. Rendered absolutely insane by the idea of having a lord for a brother-in-law, Cooper had launched into a system of extravagance, incredible as it was wicked. He was many thousand pounds in debt, and when at last Lord Reginald wrote to refuse all further supply, the miserable man committed forgery. Two hundred pounds prevented exposure, and preserved him from an ignominious end. Five hundred more were advanced to send him and his wife to America, to settle there, out of the way of temptation. I parted from my dear sister, I loved her fondly ; she had no part in her husband’s guilt, yet she was still attached to him, and her child bound them together ; they went into solitary, miserable exile. “ Ah ! had we remained in virtuous poverty,” cried my broken-hearted sister, “ I had not been forced to leave my dying mother.”

The thousand pounds given to my father was but a drop of water in the ocean. Again I was appealed to ;

again I felt the slender thread of my mother's life depended on my getting a supply. Again, trembling and miserable, I implored the charity of my husband.

"I am content," he said, "to do what you ask, to do more than you ask; but remember the price you pay—either give up your parents and your family, whose rapacity and crimes deserve no mercy, or we part for ever. You shall have a proper allowance; you can maintain all your family on it if you please; but their names must never be mentioned to me again. Choose between us, Fanny—you never see them more, or we part for ever."

Did I do right—I cannot tell—misery is the result—misery frightful, endless, unredeemed. My mother was dearer to me than all the world—my heart revolted from my husband's selfishness. I did not reply—I rushed to my room, and that night in a sort of delirium of grief and horror, at my being asked never again to see my mother, I set out for Margate—such was my reply to my husband.

Three years have passed since then; for these three I preserved my mother, and during all this time I was grateful to heaven for being permitted to do my duty by her, and though I wept over the alienation of my cruel husband, I did not repent. But she, my angelic support, is no more. My father survived my mother but two months; remorse for all he had done, and made me suffer, cut short his life. His family by his first wife are gathered round me, they importune, they rob, they destroy me. Last week I wrote to Lord Reginald. I communicated the death of my parents; I represented that my position was altered; that my duties did not now clash; and that if he still cared for his unhappy wife all

might be well. Yesterday his answer came.—It was too late, he said;—I had myself torn asunder the ties that united us, they never could be knit together again.

By the same post came a letter from Susan. She is happy. Cooper, profiting by the frightful lesson he incurred, awakened to a manly sense of the duties of life, is thoroughly reformed. He is industrious, prosperous, and respectable. Susan asks me to join her. I am resolved to go. O! my native village, and recollections of my youth, to which I sacrificed so much, where are ye now? tainted by pestilence, envenomed by serpents' stings, I long to close my eyes on every scene I have ever viewed. Let me seek a strange land, a land where a grave will soon be opened for me. I feel that I cannot live long—I desire to die. I am told that Lord Reginald loves another, a highborn girl; that he openly curses our union as the obstacle to his happiness. The memory of this will poison the oblivion I go to seek in a distant land.—He will be free. Soon will the hand he once so fondly took in his and made his own, which, now flung away, trembles with misery as it traces these lines, moulder in its last decay.

A RIDDLE.

BY THEODORE HOOK, ESQ.

ON flutt'ring wings I early rose
In no exalted flight ;
The lily in the shade that blows,
Not purer or more white.

At eve or morn 'twas pleasant sport,
Adown the stream to glide ;
I helped my mother to support,
And never left her side.

A reckless man, who sealed my doom,
Resolved a prize to win,
Dragged me remorseless from my home,
And stripped me to the skin.

He cropped my hair, that skin he flayed,
And then, his ends to seek,
He slit my tongue, because he said,
He thus could make me speak.

'Twas done—my name and nature changed,
For love of hateful gold,
With many victims bound and ranged,
To slavery I was sold.

I'm slave to any man, or all,
Yet do not toil for pelf,
And, though I'm ready at the call,
I cannot work myself.

Still, I in ev'ry language write
To ev'ry foreign land ;
But yet, which may surprise you quite,
Not one I understand.

Your tears and smiles I can excite,
Your inmost thoughts revealing,
Can give you sorrow or delight ;
And yet, I have no feeling.

I can dispense the royal grace,
Can make a man, or mar ;
Confer a pension or a place—
A halter, or a star.

The poet's verse, the doctor's draught,
Without my aid were failing ;
Th' historian's page, the lawyer's craft,
Would all be unavailing.

Indeed, had man not changed my lot,
And claimed me for his own,
Shakspeare and Milton, Pope and Scott,
Perhaps had died unknown.

Wide spread abroad you'll find my fame,
In ev'ry shape and manner ;
America respects my name,
'Tis blazoned on her banner.

On silver beds with lords I rest,
On wood with poor and wise men ;
I clasp the tax-collector's breast,
And walk with the exciseman.

The dapper clerk, with office pay,
 Who deaf to claims can be,
 Although he drives me half the day,
 Still lends his ear to *me*.

I'm growing old, and fate doth frown,
 And altered is my station ;
 I'm cut by friends, who wear me down
 By many an operation.

My mouth grows black, my lips are furred,
 I never can get better ;
 I scarcely can express a word,
 And hardly make a letter.

Long persecutions I have seen,
 But *this* I must avow ;
 I think I never yet have been
 So badly used as now.

SONG.

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

OH ! but there is a pain too supremely surpassing
 All dreams we have formed, and all ills we have feared ;
 When suspicion still after suspicion amassing,
 At length the dread truth to our sad eyes shines cleared !

When we cry in the burst of our anguish and sorrow,
 " All my joy was a dream, and the dream now is o'er ;"
 We shun yesterday's mem'ry, yet shrink from to-morrow,
 And past, present, future, lie wrecked on one shore !

Oh ! and there is a pleasure divinely excelling
All visions of bliss and all fictions of joy,
In the deep heart of love it is brooding and dwelling,
When free is that passion from earth's vile alloy.

When the dear costly secret hath just been discover'd,
When we're blessing and bless'd by the avowal divine ;
When the shadows of doubt that around us had hover'd,
Have just been dispersed, and hope's sweet lights out-
shine !

There's a pain, there's a pleasure, profoundly transcending
All else that life knows or the quick brain can dream,
Which together too wildly entwining and blending,
All fearfully tempest life's dark rolling stream !

'Tis that pain—'tis that pleasure—the bosom is feeling,
When love, mutual love, is acknowledged and felt ;
But when Fate's ruthless hand is remorselessly dealing
Such sorrows as *but* to the impassioned are dealt !

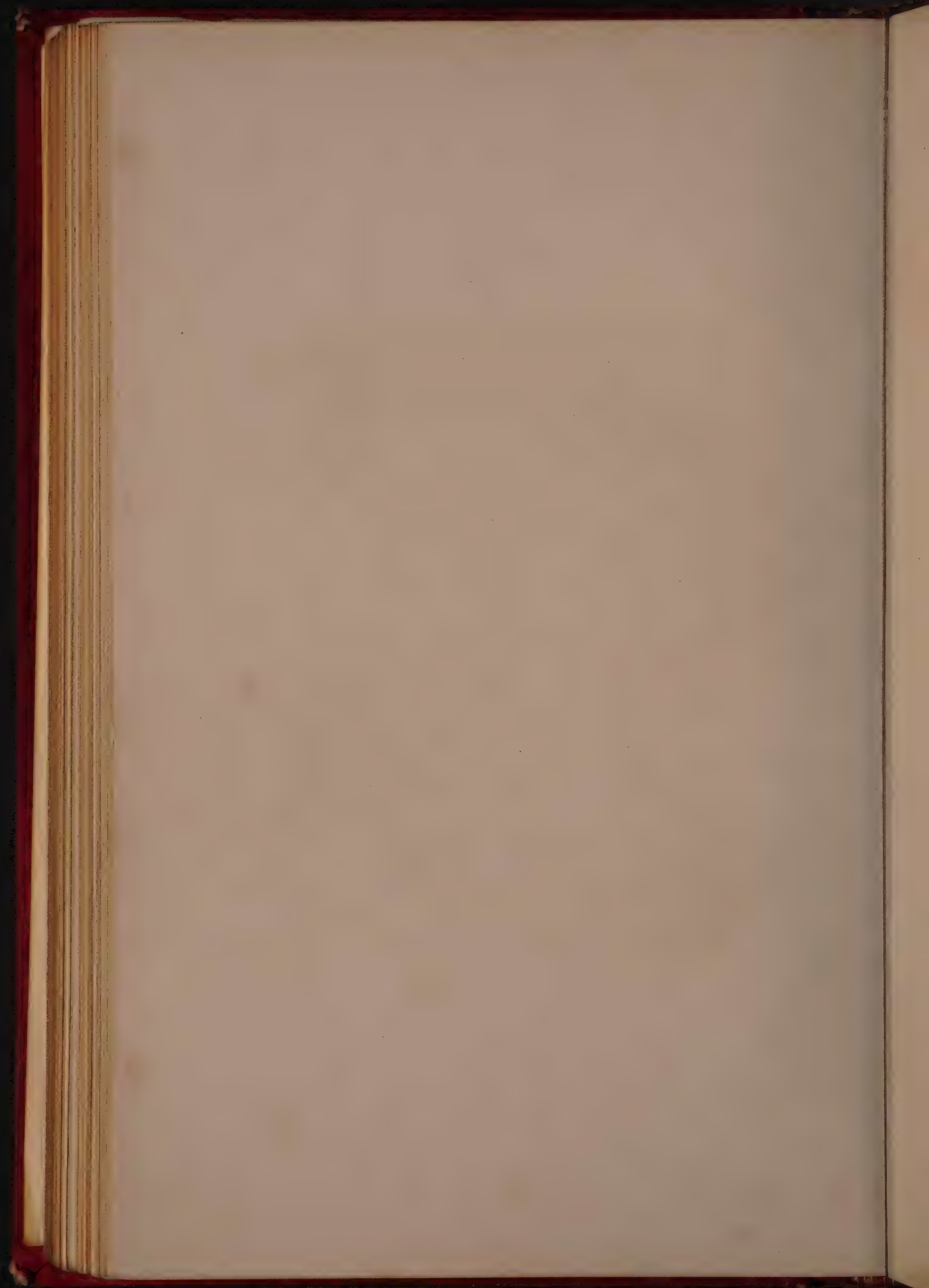
When fortune forbids what that love is commanding,
And joy looks like sorrow—and sorrow like joy !
When distraction the brow of enchantment is branding,
While love builds his sweet shrines for grief to destroy !

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.

BY MARY LOUISA BOYLE.

NEVER! while life and power are mine,
By thought, by word, and deed,
Comfort and peace I would resign,
That union to impede;
Never, while ocean can divide,
Or distance can estrange,
Or lapse of time recall thy pride,
Or absence work its change;
No, never! while yon castled tower
Still owns thy father's sway,
And bolts and bars retain their power,
To bid the truant stay;
No, never! though thy deep-laid art,
My fondness once beguiled,
And bade a mother's outraged heart,
Mistrust her only child.
From thee I'll learn a cruel joy,
A charm in other's pain;
For thou, and yon ignoble boy,
Shall never meet again.
A landless, nameless, soldier, he,
Fortune and fame unknown,
To wed with one of thy degree,
And claim thee for his own!
Oh! no, I'll watch with wakeful eye,
And never quit thy side,
For gladly would I see thee die,
Ere thou wert called his bride!





THE REPLY.

Say on—it is a daughter's part,
Those harsh reproofs to hear ;
But in the struggle of my heart,
There is no room for fear.
Then let thine anger fall on me,
On me be all the blame,
I could not bear one word from thee,
Should cloud my Philip's name ;
For he is rich, and noble too,
In wealth of heart and mind,
Brave, upright, generous, and true,
Yet courteous, tender, kind.
And, lo, upon his eagle eye,
His broad and arching brow,
The stamp of aristocracy,
That nature can bestow.
The proudest peer throughout the land
In vain my love may sue—
How could the heart that pledged this hand,
To Philip prove untrue ?
Though filial duty bid me bow
To thy all stern decree,
None other shall receive my vow,
Or shake my constancy !—
Oh ! mother, let the love that smiled
Upon thy early years,
Return to bid thee save thy child
From misery and tears.

THE CASTLE OF LAWERS.

BY LORD WILLIAM GRAHAM.

THE feast was high in the ancient hall of Lawers; the chief of the Campbells had that day entered his fiftieth year, and his kinsmen and retainers from every part of the country were gathered together to celebrate Breadalbane's birth-day. Around the hall were hung the trophies of the chase and the triumphs of war. The noble antlers of the stag were crossed with the broad sword and the targe; while the casque and spear, and burnished breast-plate, showed, that though in profound peace the chieftain was ever ready for the fight. In the middle, hung the broad banner of the Breadalbanes; and beneath, the escutcheon of their arms, with the proud and chivalric motto, "Follow me!" The table in the centre of the hall groaned beneath the burden of the feast: at the upper end, on a seat of dais, sat the noble chieftain, with high features and commanding look; but, ever and anon, a dark scowl from his shaggy eyebrows seemed to tell that Breadalbane never forgave an offence. However, generous in peace, and fortunate in war, his vassals followed willingly whithersoever he led. About him sat the ladies of his house, with fair hair and glancing eyes, bedecked with rich robes and precious stones, that glittered and shone in the flickering light of the blazing pine torches with which the hall was illuminated. But, one there was of surpassing beauty; her long sunny ringlets clustered on her graceful neck, which rivalled in whiteness the plumage of the ptarmigan, when the ground is covered with snow. Her blue eyes, as she gazed vacantly on the scene

before her, poured forth a kind of dreamy light ; but if aught said or done touched the latent feelings of her heart, the orbs suddenly expanded, and were lighted up with all the glow of enthusiasm, or of passionate indignation. This was the Lady Alice, a cousin of the house of Breadalbane, and one who cared not to mingle too much in the gaieties and follies of the rest. For, most of all, did she delight to wander alone on the heathery mountains when the summer suns were setting in the west, and to linger and watch each departing ray, as it silently disappeared, like the vanishing hopes of glory. Sometimes, would she go forth when the spirit of the storm brooded on the hills ; and, wrapping her mantle around her, listen to the groaning of the tempest and the rushing of the winds, till she returned with her hair and her dress all dripping with the out-pourings of its fury. Often, would the Lord of Breadalbane chide her for these her wanderings, unbecoming, as he would say, in a noble lady. With that, would her eye glisten, her lips part as if to give utterance to the workings within ; but anon, remembering the respect due to the head of her house, she would smother her rising feelings, and lower her head in token of feudal obedience. In the evening, she again won back the chieftain's smile, by pouring forth her mellow voice in the songs of her native country, some spirit-stirring ballad of love and war ; or almost melt even his iron nature to tears, by lingering, with melancholy strains, over some touching lament for the dead.

Such was the Lady Alice : but at the present moment she gazed upon the rude and boisterous scene with a vacant air, as if her thoughts were wandering far away from the festal board. Albeit, now did the feast become more joy-

ous; rude and riotous grew the revelry at the lower end; toast upon toast was proposed and drunk, nor were the healths of the female part of the audience, and especially of the Lady Alice, forgotten. Many hearts throbbed at the mention of that name; for many were assembled in the hall that day who had been suitors for her hand. Nobles of high degree, barons, and chieftains, had wooed, but wooed in vain; to all, did she return a firm but dignified refusal, till her kinsfolk began to surmise she had made some vow of eternal chastity. But they knew not her heart; her spirit was made for loving deeply, passionately, madly; yet, she could not devote her affections to beings who had no feelings in common with hers, who had no ideas beyond the best way of killing a stag or a man: and such were the only suitors that had as yet addressed her.

In one of the pauses which occurred preparatory to the announcement of a new toast, a knock was heard at the door. The guests looked surprised, for none could come at such an hour, who intended to do honour either to the feast or the giver. Moreover, it was not the knock of one secure of admission of the haughty chieftain or impatient noble, but that of some humbler person, who hesitated as to the reception that might be awarded him. Breadalbane, however, motioned that they should see who was at the gate: the seneschal obeyed, and, soon returning, announced that there was without a young Irish harper, who craved admittance, that he might tell, in other lands, of Scottish halls and Scottish hospitality. His arrival could not have been more opportune; the feast was at its height, and all were ready to listen to the songs of the bard.

Breadalbane ordered him instantly to be admitted; the

doors were thrown open, and all eyes were bent upon the stranger as he advanced slowly up the hall. He was partly wrapped in a large mantle, which disclosed a vest of green beneath ; and a green cap, with a single feather, was placed upon his head. He appeared tall and handsome, and, casting around him a look of conscious mental superiority, he displayed more of the bearing of the noble knight than the humble harper. Such is, indeed, always the feeling of the true and loyal bard ; he is proudly sensible of the dignity of his profession, and feels that, in the mental commonwealth, genius is the only legitimate sovereign.

The stranger strode to the upper end of the hall, where, doffing his cap and making an humble salute to the ladies and to the chieftain, he seemed to await their pleasure. Many were the fair eyes that were cast upon him, and none apparently with dislike or displeasure : his form and his face, his garb and his mien, were variously noted ; and many were the guests that envied his lot when they saw the Lady Alice bend her large blue eyes upon him.

After a short pause he addressed himself to Breadalbane, and said that he was on his return to his native country ; that he had visited many castles in his wanderings through Scotland, where he had been nobly entertained, but wherever he went the beauty of the Lady Alice was the universal theme ; he had therefore bent his steps to the Castle of Lawers, in the hope that he might be able to carry back to his countrymen a true account of the fame of her beauty, and the hospitality of Breadalbane.

A slight blush was seen by some to steal over the countenance of the Lady Alice during the harper's address.

" You are welcome, worthy harper," said the chieftain, " you are right welcome : you shall have the best entertain-

ment my poor castle can afford, so shall we stand well in the eyes of other countries. As for my cousin Alice, Heaven has indeed been kind to her as to outward appearance, but whether her beauty shall prove a blessing or a curse, must be seen hereafter. However, you shall pledge me in this goblet, and anon we will have a trial of your skill in minstrelsy."

The harper quaffed off the goblet of wine, bowed to the ladies, and struck a few wild notes upon his harp.

"So please you, noble chieftain, shall it be a song of battle, or a lay of love?"

"In sooth," replied Breadalbane, "if I was to consult my own feelings and that of my knights, I should call for a song of battle, but as we have ladies present, we must allow them the choice; and if I interpret their looks aright, they incline to a lay of love."

The objects of his appeal all gave token of assent; the Lady Alice adding, "We are ourselves skilled in most of the minstrelsies of our own land. Perchance the noble harper has something from a far countree."

"In sooth," replied the harper, "I have a ballad that tells of distant lands; but, methinks, that bard would be unworthy of his art, whose tongue would not flow with unstudied lays, beneath the bright eyes that I see around me."

The Lady Alice was again observed to blush at these words, while the harper busied himself in arranging his chords, and recalling, as it were, by a few touches, the air and the words of his ballad. At last, the full tide of song broke upon him, and a deep silence being made, he commenced his theme.

When it was concluded, a general murmur of applause

was heard throughout the hall. The Lady Alice was not slow in expressing her approbation, and it was generally agreed that the harper fully deserved to be rewarded with the poet's crown; the Lady Alice herself being appointed to place it on his brow. A wreath of evergreens was accordingly brought, and the harper was ordered to draw near, that he might receive the intended honour. As he came forward and knelt at the foot of the dais, with bended head and downcast eyes, while the Lady Alice advanced, and the other damsels clustered around to witness the ceremony, the whole group would have made a subject worthy of the pencil of our own unrivalled Wilkie. But, alas! Scotland had then no such artists to illustrate her history, or immortalize the beauty of her children. None present observed that the hand of the Lady Alice trembled as she placed the wreath upon the harper's head; he alone felt it, and suddenly raising his eyes, he encountered those of the Lady Alice, which immediately fell, while a deep blush overspread her lovely face. Strange thoughts passed through the brain of the young harper; strange feelings rose in his breast; his blood beat rapidly in his veins; and hopes he did not dare to cherish, came and went, like misty stars through the stormy sky.

He was awakened from his trance by the voice of Breadalbane calling to him to rise, to pledge him in another goblet, and to drink a parting toast, "Good night to the ladies." This was the signal for their retirement; and when he had caught the last glimpse of the Lady Alice, as she vanished through the lofty doorway; the harper also craved permission to withdraw. This was granted, and Breadalbane directed the seneschal to marshal him to his chamber, and to offer him the best entertainment the castle

could afford. The rest of the company remained at the board. The revelry waxed louder and more fierce, and many a dirk was drawn over the foaming goblet, which returned slowly and unwillingly to its sheath without its accustomed satisfaction of blood. The iron bell of the castle had tolled many a chime beyond the hour of midnight, ere the wassail broke up and the guests wandered to their respective apartments.

Strange and unaccustomed dreams haunted the pillow of the Lady Alice that night; slumber only sank upon her eyelids at intervals, ever and anon the image of the youthful harper flitted across her imagination, and new and indistinct feelings laboured in her bosom.

After this fashion passed the night; but with the early dawn she arose, feverish and unrefreshed, and having hastily donned her garments, she hurried into the garden to enjoy the cooling freshness of the morning air. She wandered along the broad walks, between the antique hedges of clipped yew, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, bewildered with the various thoughts which crowded on her brain, and with the new sensations which had suddenly arisen in her bosom. All at once she was awakened from her trance by hearing a few wild notes struck carelessly on a harp; she stopped, for she had not deemed that any one would be abroad at this early hour except herself. In a few moments she recognized the voice of the harper, as he slowly chaunted the following verses.

SONG.

Oh! I would wend with thee, love,
Though all were night and sorrow,
And I would die for thee, love,
Though fate should say to-morrow.

My cloak shall be thy couch, love,
My arm shall be thy pillow,
My sword shall be thy guard, love,
O'er desert, mount, and billow.

Then trust my heart and sword, love,
My sword was ever true,
And can you think my heart, love,
Would e'er be false to you.

As soon as the song was finished, she turned round to retrace her footsteps to the castle; she took, however, a path which led more directly to the house, than the one in which she had hitherto wandered. But in hastily turning the corner of one of the yew-tree hedges, she suddenly found herself in the presence of the minstrel. His harp hung negligently on his arm, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground; hearing footsteps he raised them, but on becoming aware of the presence of the Lady Alice, the colour mounted to his very temples. He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and advancing towards her, he craved pardon for having thus intruded on the privacy of her matin walks.

"I did not conceive," he continued, "that any one, much less the Lady Alice, would be abroad at such an hour; for myself, I must confess, that I love to greet the rising sun; there is something so delightful in the feeling and belief, that you are looking on a day that has, perhaps, not as yet been polluted by earthly sin, that I never feel myself so near to nature, and to nature's God, as at that early and untainted hour."

"That is indeed a sentiment," answered the Lady Alice, "worthy the art and its master. But was the burthen of your early song, in sooth, a morning hymn?"

"A hymn, lady, to her I can never cease to worship, though I can never hope to approach her."

It was now the turn of the Lady Alice to look down and blush, as she encountered the ardent, though humble gaze of the youthful harper.

"Such was not the fate of the hero of your yesternight's ballad."

"No, lady, no; but oh! how different are these things in fiction from actual life; but gladly, gladly would I undergo a thousand perils, to kneel but one hour at the feet of the angel I worship."

As he concluded these words, he struck passionately the chords of his harp, and then burst into the following strain:—

I do not ask thee for thy love,
A passing sigh is all
That I can hope for, just to drop
Within my cup of gall.

And even that is more than I
Can ask for as my due,
I only ask in charity,
And not for justice sue.

I am not worthy of thy love,
Nor can'st thou hope to find,
Within the troubled mirror here,
An image of thy mind.

For how can innocence and guilt
Together dwell below,
Or how the nightshade and the rose
Together bloom and blow.

Farewell, farewell—I still must love,
But will not cross thine eye,
Forbear to curse me while I live,
Forget me when I die.

As he concluded these words he rushed hurriedly from her presence, and the Lady Alice, surprised, gratified, and yet, perhaps, slightly offended, returned slowly and ruminatingly to the gate of the castle. It is needless to say, that the resolution of the harper, as indicated by his song, was not kept; he still lingered about the castle, for Breadalbane still pressed him to stay, and offered him all the hospitality of the Scottish chieftain. It is, perhaps, as needless to relate that interviews again occurred between the harper and the Lady Alice. She had at last found, what she long had sought in vain among the uncultured barons of the neighbourhood, a mind that corresponded with her own, in thought, word, and sentiment. She felt that their inward natures harmonized, though the outward forms and fashions of life had instituted an almost impassable barrier. Then began the struggle of conflicting passions; the self-sacrificing fervor of love, and the self-regarding principle of pride. It was after one of these struggles with her contending emotions, struggles which had totally altered her nature, and changed the high and haughty, and apparently cold Lady Alice, into a being full of passionate ardour; it was, as I have stated, after one of these struggles, when the memory of her kinsman's proud castles, her ancient name and noble descent, had gradually yielded to the soft visions of mutual love, in some distant land, where the pride and the prejudice, the sin and the sorrow of the world should be alike forgotten, that she went forth one calm and beautiful evening to the

accustomed tryste. The harper had prayed for one last interview, to bid an eternal farewell; for whether Breadalbane had observed anything which had excited his suspicions, or whether some envious spy had profaned the sanctity of their solitary meetings, however that might be, the Irish harper was no longer a welcome guest at the castle of Lawers.

The minstrel was true to his appointment. His face was pale, and his eye had a wild look of phrensy, as, taking the hand of the Lady Alice, and suddenly casting himself at her feet, he poured forth, with all the madness of despair, the utter hopelessness of his passion.

"Never," said he, "should the secret of my love have escaped from my lips, as long as I lingered here; but now, what is life to me—the star of my hope has fallen from the heavens, and the darkness of the idiot or the maniac will settle on my soul. Oh, that you were in my native land, amid the green hills and sequestered vallies of my own lovely country!—oh, that I could lead you to the hall of my fathers, and point out to you the tombs of all the noble bards of our race, bards who have won the crown of gold, and have received the worship of centuries!—oh, Carolan, Carolan, would that my harp could rival thy magic numbers, and win but one heart, where thou didst win a thousand! But how can I hope to persuade you, lady, here within sight of Breadalbane's towers, and surrounded by all the power and the grandeur of a Highland chieftain; how can I hope to persuade you, that I, apparently an humble harper, am revered in mine own land. Yet so it is, lady, and I would not change the sympathising hearts that throng around the bard, for all the glory and the grandeur of the proudest earl in the land."

As he uttered these words his eyes flashed fire, and his whole face beamed with the light of enthusiasm ; but soon again was his brow overcast, and again returned the look of despairing despondency.

“ But what are the sympathising hearts to me ? what the glory of my race, what the crown of gold ? Why should I strive for honour or fame, when you, lady, cannot, or will not, share it with me ?—No, better that I seek out some desolate and lonely spot, where my grief shall be unheard, and my tears unseen ; or if perchance some wandering shepherd shall catch the echo of my lamentations, he shall deem it but the murmur of the winds, or the wailing of some distant spirit.”

He paused, for the sighs of the Lady Alice had now become quite audible ; the tears coursed each other slowly down her cheeks, and her whole frame trembled with emotion, as if some mighty struggle was going on within. But no words escaped from her lips ; a faint murmur now and then struggled forth, but her tongue refused to give utterance to the feelings of her breast. Suddenly, a death-like paleness overspread her countenance, her limbs tottered, and she would have fallen had not the harper caught her in his arms, and gently placed her on a grassy bank. How long she remained in this state she knew not ; when she recovered her senses, the shades of night had closed around ; lights glimmered in the distant windows of the castle, but all around the lovers was solitude and peace. Let us not disturb their last moments—let us not withdraw the pitying veil that night threw around them—let us not violate the sanctity of their parting interview.

The bell of the castle tolled at the usual hour the next morning, to summon the inmates to their early but sub-

stantial meal in the ancient hall. In a short time all had taken their seats in accustomed order at the well-filled board ; but no sooner had Breadalbane entered, than he at once perceived that the Lady Alice was not in her usual place.

“Where is the Lady Alice?” he exclaimed, “let some one seek her in her chamber ; perchance she still lingereth at her toilette, though it beseemeth not young maidens to be too much addicted to their mirror. Eh, my fair ladies ? methinks, if they were all as faithful to their liege lords, as they are to their looking-glasses, we should hear of fewer broken vows.”

The attendant returned and brought word, that the Lady Alice was not in her chamber ; at the same time entered a groom, with the news that the palfrey of the Lady Alice was missing from its stall, although the night before it was fastened in the accustomed manner, and the stable door closed. The grim smile upon Breadalbane’s face rapidly darkened into an ominous frown ; he knit his shaggy eyebrows, and bit his nether lip till the blood started through the skin. “Where is the harper ?” he at last exclaimed, as he darted his fiery eyes around the room. No one replied, and each person looked upon his neighbour, as it became evident that the harper had vanished also.

“Now, by the Holy Cross !” exclaimed Breadalbane, “’tis as I suspected ; and the cousin of our house has fled with this accursed harper ! Truly, truly hath her beauty proved a curse instead of a blessing ; but, by the light of heaven ! this insult shall not go unpunished ! This accursed harper shall pay dearly for his presumption, and the vengeance I will take shall resound even unto his own

land, and shall become a token and a warning to after ages. To horse, to horse, gentlemen; spare not the spur, rest not by day, sleep not by night, till ye have discovered the track of this accursed knave; and I will give my best charger, and broad lands upon the 'Tay, to him who first brings tidings of the traitor, dead or alive."

The castle was instantly all in commotion. Zeal inspired some, envy others, and vengeance for slighted vows quickened the ardour of not a few. The knights belted on their swords, the squires buckled on their spurs, and the grooms saddled their steeds. It was a gallant sight to behold, as they all mustered in the castle-yard, their spears glancing, their plumes waving, and their chargers neighing. In the midst of all, appeared Breadalbane on a coal-black steed, with a crimson feather dancing on his crest; giving his steed the spur, and crying out, "forward, gentlemen," with a scowling brow and glaring eye, he dashed out of the court-yard. Each knight followed in succession, as waving his hand in adieu to the ladies, he vanished under the ponderous archway.

The sun was setting behind the lovely hills of Morven, as two travellers appeared upon the brow of one of the Argyleshire hills, which led down to the sea-coast, and which formed, as it were, the cape of that vast range of mountains, over which towered the shattered fork of Bencruachan, now lighted up by the dying rays of the declining sun. The landscape which spread around, was indeed worthy of being celebrated as the scene of Ossian's heroes; for seldom has pen or pencil pictured a more splendid assemblage of hill, and rock, and sea, and island, all blended and harmonized together by the glowing halo

of a summer evening. In the distance, stood the hills of Morven, with their lofty peaks, while at their base many a long and shadowy promontory jutted out into the golden sea. In the midground, on a projecting cape, rose the lofty towers of Dunstafriage, mellowed into a rich purple colour, and which flung their softened shadows into the transparent waters below. On the right, jutted out the bold fronts of many a rocky headland, in the warm relief of sunset; while, in the foreground, the gentle undulations of the sea broke in murmuring idleness on the gravelly beach. The travellers, however, lingered not on the mountain's top, although their horses, apparently quite exhausted, tottered and stumbled adown the rugged path, while their haggard looks and disorderd dress betokened that they had journeyed far, and tarried not for rest. One indeed, who from her dress was apparently a woman, seemed scarcely able to support herself in her saddle; for her companion, who was wrapt in a cloak, and displayed a green cap and feather on his head, rode close by her side, and seemed to support her with his arm, and encourage her with his words.

"Cheerily, cheerily, my beloved; see you not yonder, the bright waves dancing in the sun? Our task is almost over; we have reached the western coast; and once across the blue sea, the power, and the threats, and the rage of Breadalbane will be alike in vain. Look up, then, my beloved; let not your courage sink when within sight of the goal."

The object of his address did look up, but with such a pale and melancholy look, that the heart of the harper died within him.

"Alas, alas! our efforts will be in vain; the hand of Fate is upon me, and its dark shadow has encompassed my soul. See you not those two ravens? they have followed us the whole way, over moor and moss, over hill and vale, by day and by night; even now they are whirling over our heads, and hoarsely croaking for their prey: they come not here for nothing. Again, last night, as we crossed over the brae of the mountain, the owl peered into our eyes as he flitted past, and I heard the wailing cry of the banshee as we hurried by the solitary cairn."

"Pri'thee cheer up, my beloved, and let not these melancholy thoughts oppress thee; let us think of the future, not of the past; the ravens are but gathered together for such chance relics as the sea may cast upon the shore, and it was but the wailing of the wind that thou didst hear in our midnight ride. The cool breeze of the evening hath chilled thy gentle form; let me wrap my cloak around thee, and shield thee from the falling dew."

He undid his mantle, and proceeded to wrap it around her trembling frame; while he was busied in this operation, he suddenly felt all her body cower together, as if with some violent convulsion, while a sharp scream burst from her lips.

"Ah! see there, see there! on the top of that hill a spear glanced in the setting sun."

He looked up, and beheld indeed what his worst fears had foreboded; on the brow of the hill he saw a horseman stand in dark relief against the sky; he appeared to be scanning the horizon round and round. For a moment the harper indulged the hope that he might escape the

ken of his searching eye; but suddenly the horseman appeared to gaze stedfastly into the valley below, then making a sign, as if to some one behind, he dashed down the side of the mountain, and was presently lost to sight. With a vain hope, the harper dashed the spurs into his steed, and seizing his companion's by the bridle, urged the horses to one more effort. The faithful creatures responded to his call; they seemed as if they almost knew that life or death depended on their speed, and for some few paces they appeared to have recovered all their pristine vigour. But this preternatural exertion could not last: in galloping along the rugged path, a loose stone rolled from beneath the foot of the lady's palfrey; the poor animal stumbled, made a vain effort to recover his footing, and failing, fell with his exhausted burden to the ground. In the agony of his despair, the harper jumped from his horse, threw his arms around the Lady Alice, for such she was, and entreated her by all the endearing names that a lover could devise, to make but one more effort. The Lady Alice slowly opened her eyes; she was but slightly stunned by the fall, and the harper taking her in his arms, and folding her to his breast, hurried with all the speed and strength he could exert, towards the sea-shore. He saw a solitary fishing-boat lying on the sand, and if he could but reach that, all might yet be well. But, alas! his enemies were now closing upon him: other horsemen had appeared upon the hill, and the one who had first dashed down the mountain's side, now emerged upon the heath, and was but a short distance in their rear. The red plume streaming in the wind, told but too plainly that their bitterest foe was foremost

in the chase. Escape appeared impossible ; every moment brought his enemy nearer, and with a look of despair, the harper placed his lovely burthen on the ground, and drawing his sword, prepared to defend his charge to the last moment of his existence.

In a few moments the foremost horseman reached the fugitives ; he dismounted, cast his steed loose, drew his sword, and crying out " Ha, traitor ! have I caught thee ? " rushed upon the unfortunate harper. The tall, slender, and graceful form of the latter was but ill-fitted to contend in mortal strife with the strong, stern, iron-armed, and iron-hearted chief of Breadalbane. But at the first clash of their swords, the Lady Alice started from her trance, and seeing her lover engaged in deadly fight, without a moment's thought or hesitation rushed between the combatants. For a moment the strife was stayed, for even the iron heart of Breadalbane was softened, as he saw his beautiful kinswoman throw herself across the body of the harper, exclaiming " Now, then, strike ! " But his fury soon returned, and seizing her by the waist, with the assistance of his attendants, who were now come up, he tore her from the arms of her despairing lover.

The rest may be quickly told : the harper soon fell beneath the blows of his assailants, and in the fury of the moment, his body was literally cut to pieces. In the agony of her despair, the Lady Alice had fainted ; but when the pulse of life again returned, and she saw the miserable remnants of what had once been her lover, the light of her mind fled for ever, and she sank into a state of hopeless idiotcy.

In this state, she was carried back to the castle. Breadal-

bane, when the fury of his passion was over, and his vengeance satisfied, lamented the wreck he had made; for with all his sternness and fierceness, he had really loved the Lady Alice. Every means were tried to restore her to health; every indulgence granted, every fancy gratified; but the only thing in which she appeared to take any delight, was to wander about alone in the garden of the castle, to linger in those spots where she first met the harper, and to sit, as the sun set and the moon rose, under that fatal bower where the first avowal of love burst from his burning lips.

In this condition, she lingered a few months, gradually wasting away, like a perishing flower, till one evening, as the attendants of the castle were seeking for her in order to lead her home, the hour growing late, they found her lying cold and lifeless in her favourite spot.

The fate of the harper was not forgotten by his countrymen. Many years afterwards, when the Irish auxiliaries came over to Scotland to assist Montrose in his chivalrous but unfortunate enterprise, a small band detached themselves from his standard during one of his irruptions through Perthshire. They marched under a chief of their own, and making for Breadalbane's country, they arrived at nightfall before the Castle of Lawers. Not expecting any attack, the chieftain was absent; the small garrison was taken by surprise, and every soul put to the sword. The castle itself was fired, and its walls razed to the ground; and the desolate ruins remain to this day a lasting memorial of Breadalbane's fury and of Irish revenge.

ST. AGNES.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

DEEP on the convent roofs the snows
Are sparkling to the moon,
My breath to Heaven like vapour goes,
May my soul follow soon.
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours,
That lead me to my Lord.
Make thou my spirit pure and clear,
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year,
That on my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark
To yonder shining ground,
As this pale taper's earthly spark
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the Heavens, O Lord ! and far
Through all yon starlight keen
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors,
 The flashes come and go ;
 All Heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strews her lights below,
 And deepens on and up : the gates
 Roll back, and far within
 For me the heavenly bridegroom waits,
 To wash me pure from sin.
 The Sabbaths of eternity—
 One Sabbath deep and wide ;
 A light upon the shining sea—
 The bridegroom with his bride !

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY ABROAD.

BY RALPH BERNAL, JUNIOR.

What phantasy has charmed my sense ?
 Youth's first wild passions gone,
 I never knew that love intense,
 Which bids us live on *one*.

Away with thought, 'mid pleasure's throng,
 I'll mingle, and be free !
 Yet vain the power of Beauty's song,
 My heart leaps back to *Thee* !

Why is it that those silvery tones
Still linger on my ear ?
And that my thrilling bosom owns
No care, if thou art near ?

I've gazed on eyes as bright as thine,
But never sought their beams,
Nor ever wished to call them mine,
In truant fancy's dreams.

But *now*, I feel my gaze is weak,
And trembles 'neath thine eye,
And still my bosom burns to speak
Thoughts, it can only sigh.

I ask not if 'tis morn or eve,
So I am by thy side,
Alas ! those silken tresses weave
Strong links for captive pride.

Day after day I proudly vow
To break the witching spell,
Yet *daily* gaze upon thy brow,
And cannot say, farewell !

The sun may shine on forms as fair,
The earth hold hearts as true,
But tell me not what *others* are,
I know the *world* in *you* !

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

I WAS born the possessor of wealth, rank, and beauty. My father's name was among the highest, and proudest, in his native land. Though the favourite of his sovereign, he was beloved by the people ; and each successive action of his life only served to extend the esteem of the one, and the reverential affection of the other. Every worldly circumstance that could unite to endow an individual with the prospect of continued happiness, surrounded me in my infancy, and earliest youth.

Oh, God ! how shall I retrace the paths of sin, and shame, which led to the desolation of this fair promise ? how reveal the stubborn career of wilful, premeditated guilt, which converted the buoyant and prosperous girl into the degraded, and prostrated wretch ? Wide is the world ; and much, and vast, the iniquity it contains ; but, throughout all the countless millions of my fellow-mortals, I could not point my finger to any one, and say, " There stands my equal in crime."

My father's love for me was unbounded, and his indulgence kept pace with it. Perhaps, had his affection been less devoid of judgment, I might have walked in a very different path. But why vainly and unnaturally attempt to diminish my guilt, by inculcating the fondest and best of parents ? The very thought but adds to my offences, and proves that I formed no erring self-estimation, when I avowed that I was alone in sin.

The real and sole source of my ruin lay in the wilfulness and imperiousness of my nature ; and only an almost

miraculous combination of favourable qualities in my instructor, could have preserved me. The rarest union of wisdom and strength, of kindness, severity, and energy might ultimately have obtained the mastery of me. But, I was never subdued; I received advice, remonstrances, rebukes; but, my spirit was unbroken, and I contracted no habits of discipline. Yet, the insubordination of my nature was not apparent: my temper was good, my affections strong, and my disposition buoyant; and rarely occurred any cause sufficiently important, to incite me to manifest opposition to the wishes of those entitled to demand from me submission.

Thus passed my life, until I attained the age of twenty years, when the moment arrived which was destined to reveal the volcano that had hitherto slumbered within me.

At the court of our sovereign resided a man whom nature had singularly and dangerously gifted. Mind and body were equally endowed; he was not less distinguished by the surprising beauty of his person, than by his vivacity, his energy, and the irresistible fervour of his eloquence. His expenditure was great, yet nobody believed him to be rich; and with the habits and manners of the most illustrious of the land, the word "adventurer" was not unfrequently associated with his name. In brief, he was a stranger and a foreigner at our court, employed in no ostensive capacity, and existing upon resources with which his associates were but imperfectly acquainted. In these disadvantages were temptations to detraction, which the little world of triflers that surrounded him could not have resisted, had he really been the best and most faultless of his kind.

But, of all the many adverse rumours respecting him, none, at that period, reached my ear. I found him gay, gallant, chivalrous, impassioned, and untiringly assiduous in his efforts to please me. That he did not fail, the few brief words I have said regarding my wilful, headstrong character, will have enabled even the least discerning to infer. Yet, there exist no terms by which I can express the unbounded extent in which he obtained my affection.

Vainly should I attempt to describe the progress of my love, or the modes by which he acquired it in so eminent a degree. I believe, he addressed himself to my vanity, to my frivolity, to my caprices, to all the worst features of my character; but, whatever the path, so discriminately did he select it, and so artfully and consistently pursue it, that I found him in eternal possession of the inmost citadel of my heart, before I was even conscious that an assault had been made upon it.

The circumstance that awakened me from my delusion, and painfully entailed upon me a more accurate knowledge of my condition, was the formal remonstrance of my father; who, after remarking upon the extent of my intimacy with my admirer, stated that he viewed it with dissatisfaction, and commanded its immediate termination. He then added, that this individual was one whom he could never regard with esteem; that events were developing themselves which were hourly increasing the disapprobation which he had already secured for himself in the minds of all good men; and that, had his observation been sooner attracted to our intercourse, he should long ere the present moment have forbidden it.

In that instant, the cloud fell from my eyes, and I felt

in all its fullest force the extent of my adoration for this object of my father's unqualified condemnation. With an equal intensity did I become conscious that a compliance with his prohibition was impossible. Abandon my lover? never again look upon the man who was dearer to me than my existence? All the pride and wilfulness of my spirit arose tumultuously and rebelliously within me: and, after a hideous strife between duty and passion, between the good and the evil principles of my nature, I vehemently and insanely vowed, that had I ten thousand lives, I would rather relinquish them all, than yield obedience to my stern parent's tyrannical decree. Let the waves of opposition roll ever so angrily and hostilely against me, in the strength of my resolution, passively, but immovably, as a mighty rock, would I confront them.

These were my original intentions: I simply proposed to myself to pursue, in defiance of all injunctions, my intercourse with the object of my most passionate affections. But who can assign a limit to his career, and realize that oft entertained boast of a too confident mind, So far will I go, and no farther? Such a power were godlike, and was never destined to form an attribute of our frail humanity.

In spite of every obstacle, for a time my lover and I continued to meet. But not all our care and vigilance could conceal the knowledge of our intercourse from my father. His suspicions having been once aroused, we too soon discovered that nothing but a total extinction of their source could ever again remove them. His emissaries were so active, that not all the laborious art with which we strove to involve our interviews in mystery, ever pre-

vented one of them from reaching his ears. At length, he stated, after severely reproaching me for my disobedience, that, unless I would solemnly pledge to him my word that I would no longer sustain any either secret or open communication with my lover, he would obtain from our sovereign an order for the banishment of this unprincipled adventurer from the court. Haughtily and passionately I refused all compliance with his proposition; and impetuously asserted my right and my determination to consult only my own judgment and inclinations in the selection of my associates. Then, for the first time, but not the *last*, the parent and the daughter separated in mutual wrath.

While still under the full influence of the excitement of this painful scene, I encountered my lover, and hurriedly detailed to him the principal features of it; concluding by informing him of the penalty which was to be attached to any farther continuation of our acquaintance. Then, all the most dangerous qualities of this man pre-eminently developed themselves. It may seem, that in thus alluding to the consummate art, and eloquence, with which he enforced his fatal advice, I am thereby practising the self-delusion of attempting to palliate my own guilt. I believe, however, that I am not so perversely blind; I *know* that my own wilful crimes admit of neither extenuation nor atonement. But, in these last hours of my life, I am inspired by the desire of unfolding the truth; and, *therefore*, I state my conviction, that had I in that moment encountered any man less gifted, or less unprincipled, I had never entered the path which has conducted me to earthly ruin, and despair immortal.

So apparent must be the nature of the advice which he urged upon me with an eloquence and a manner which no words can adequately represent, that I feel I need but briefly repeat it. He implored me to leave my father and my country, and to fly with him to his own land. His prayer was proffered at a moment when every bad passion was awake within me: I yielded; and became a wretch for ever.

Love in some natures is but an omnipotent insanity, a ruthless oppressor of every rational capacity, an ever active and insidious incentive to the contraction of the circle of the humanities, and to the concentration of egotism. Gradually every sentiment of disinterestedness and rectitude is entombed in its whirlpool; and at last, throughout the universe, it sees but its own desires. Such was the effect of this stupendous passion upon me. Often, since the hour when I pledged myself to desert the home of my fathers, have I considered how I ever could have perpetrated so selfish and guilty an act; and yet, in the very moment that I have most strongly entertained this sense of my conduct, I have felt that could that period of decision have been recalled, I should still, perhaps, in defiance of all my bitter knowledge of the terrible retribution which my dereliction has obtained for me, have wanted the force to have embraced the path of duty, reason, and right.

We arranged that we should be married, and then fly to a foreign land. All our preparations were so artfully contrived, that we executed this plan with but a too perfect success. My father and his agents were completely baffled; and I have reason to suppose that he did not

discover the place of our retreat until more than two years after my departure.

But in that long interval what was my condition ? What reward had fortune allotted to the daring and guilty risk I had run ? A few brief words will reveal a portion of the tale of disappointment. I soon discovered that the man to whom I had given my heart, for whom I had abandoned a doting parent, and at whose feet I had made a sacrifice of my integrity, really loved me as much, and as sincerely as his nature would permit. But he could accord me no more than that pittance of affection which a selfish and distempered mind can entertain. He was attached to me ; yet himself alone was the sole centre around which his thoughts ceaselessly revolved. Nevertheless, most strange to say, my infatuated passion for him continued to exist in even more than its pristine force. After the birth of my child, in spite of my reluctant consciousness of all his many faults, I literally adored its father.

Strong, however, as was this feeling, I am not sure that, even at this period, it was not exceeded by another, which was then developing itself within me in a quick progress to the unbridled sway it ultimately obtained. I allude to my attachment to my infant ; an attachment which comprised the germe of my subsequent fate. I know not how to describe the omnipotence which this passion acquires in some natures ; nor the unlimited, and oftentimes irrational dominion it exerts, and the blind obedience it obtains. But, I appeal to the heart of a fond mother for sympathy in a feeling which is unknown even to the great majority of our own sex ; and to which no equivalent or respondent sensation enters into the composition of

man. Strange and mysterious feature in the human capacity ! The sources of all other affections are more or less dependent upon a congeniality of dispositions, a similarity of objects, or a reciprocity of services ; but, by this inscrutable impulse of nature alone, the principle of *self* is wholly suspended, and all the reasoning faculties of the mind become submissive to an instinct.

As time advanced, the love for my child even increased ; yet, it was not the judicious and tempered attachment of a fond mother, but the delirious partiality of a *doting* one. However, no words of mere description will express the extent of this infatuation so strongly as the narrative of the events to which it gave birth.

At the period when my heart and mind were in the state which I have intimated, and all the best and strongest affections of my nature were divided between my husband and my infant, a letter, intended for the former, was accidentally and unhappily subjected to my perusal. My staggered mind had but just comprised the information it contained, when my brain reeled, and I sank heavily on the floor.

As soon as I recovered my senses, I found myself in the arms of my husband, whom the sound of my fall had summoned to my assistance. He was regarding me with an intensely inquiring look of the deepest and most affectionate solicitude, and I saw that all his best feelings were aroused. For a moment, I gazed upon him with interest ; and then, the recollection of the fearful knowledge I had acquired rushed oppressively on my still uncertain faculties. But, in the ensuing instant, the possibility of its falsity occurred to me ; and, with an ineffably agonizing

sensation of conflicting hope and fear, the tortures of which will never be erased from my memory, I directed his attention to the letter, while I sought to pore through his countenance into his very soul.

The moment his eye alighted upon the writing, he started, and became pale. Quickly, however, he rallied, and strove to assume an air of composure and indifference; but, I saw and felt that truth was in the page on which he now steadily gazed, and guilt in him. Then, sustained by the energy of despair, and by that fierce and preternatural excitement which the consciousness of eternal and irreparable ruin can alone create, I read aloud, with an unfaltering voice, from the commencement to the termination, the fatal document; while, again disconcerted by the unexpectedness of this proceeding, and the wild and appalling impressiveness of my manner, he seemed to listen in spell-bound interest. Word by word, phrase by phrase, slowly and deliberately, I thus unfolded the tale of dark atrocity; then, hurled at his feet the letter of a deserted wife, and stood impassively before him—his *mistress*—his *concubine*—the dishonored mother of his *bastard* child!

Painful and terrible was the scene that followed; but, in the very excess of the violence of my emotions were all the elements of transitoriness. My husband alternately threw himself at my feet, and strove to sooth me by his caresses; reasoned and implored—addressed himself to my maternal affections—attempted to palliate his crime by urging the madness of his passion for me, and adopted every plea most calculated to operate in his behalf. When physically overcome by the vehemence of my own feelings, and

condemned by exhaustion to listen passively to his fervent supplications, still, for a time, I was inexorable; but at length utterly enervated and subdued by the mental strife which his artful prayers and expostulations had excited, I bowed my head upon my knees, and concealing my face in my hands, wept convulsively.

Never woman possessed a juster cause for indignation, a greater incentive to the entire annihilation of all affection. The treachery of my husband had been so premeditated, so utterly selfish and callous, it had exhibited such a perfect recklessness both of every moral law, and of all the best and dearest feelings and interests of others, that if ever implacability were venial, mine were the circumstances in which it might have been entertained. This was the light in which I viewed his conduct; these were the arguments I wilfully arrayed against myself, when I first experienced the consciously degrading inclination to relent. But I had loved, and still did love, the man who had betrayed me; was a *woman* and a *mother*; these are the best pleas I can advance in extenuation of my weakness. Others exist, but they are even less likely to be recognised. Who would admit the validity of the apology which should be based on the singular fascinations of my deceiver, and on the omnipotence of love? Oh, fatal passion!—fatal infirmity!—none but the wretches who are unhappily endowed with the capacity of experiencing its fullest power, can even conjecture the extent of debasement to which it may conduct the proudest and most energetic mind! We may argue as we will; strive, pray, repent; even detect, and repeatedly represent to ourselves the deficiencies of the object of our attachment, yet, in

spite of this consciousness, of shame, sorrow, remorse, we shall still darkly and doggedly advance in the path which we *know* must terminate in dishonor and perdition.

I have intimated that the man whom I was once entitled to call my husband, contrived to pacify my just wrath; and equally quick was the progress of our entire reconciliation. In a few brief months, though the recollection of his crime occasionally rankled like the poisoned arrow in my breast, and even in my least thoughtful moments ceaselessly infested me with a vague and uncertain sense of impending evil, yet I forgave the perpetrator; and restored to him all the love which I had previously entertained for him. Nevertheless, there were times when the thought of *my* dishonor and *his* atrocity lay upon me like a clinging shroud, from which no effort of my volition could extricate me; and the whole festival of life seemed converted into a lingering representation of the pageantries of the grave.

One day, during a brief absence of my husband from his home, I was the victim of these and similar thoughts, when, without any previous sound to awaken my attention or to excite my apprehensions, the door suddenly opened, and my father stood before me.

The first sensation was one of joy; but, in the ensuing instant, as the recollection of our relative positions recurred to me, I became entirely disconcerted; and a vague desire of attempting to escape rushed upon my mind. But, while expecting reproaches and severities, I remained transfixed to my seat, in panic-stricken uncertainty of the course I should adopt, my father advanced; and throwing

himself into my arms, which mechanically extended themselves to receive him, laid his head upon my bosom, and wept.

I was deeply touched by this exhibition of parental affection; and, while I passionately embraced him, my tears mingled with his. After a brief time devoted to the indulgence of these feelings, he recovered his composure, and extricating himself from my grasp, addressed me.

"Praise be to God, my child," he exclaimed, "at length you are restored to me! Never during the three years which have elapsed since your desertion of your home and of your father, have I ceased to seek for you. To this sole object my life has been devoted; and to aid me in the attainment of it, I have employed agents throughout the whole of Europe: yet, all in vain, until this happy moment. Perhaps, however, I ought not to grieve that I did not sooner discover you; for, during a brief while, a sentiment of anger mingled with my regret for your loss. Subsequently, too, I unhappily became acquainted with circumstances relating to you which excited these feelings almost to madness. But now, thank Heaven, they have all subsided, not even a trace of them remains; my heart is utterly softened to you, my poor child: I have forgotten and forgiven all that ever divided us; and I am now only eager to separate you from the base man who instigated your error, and to conduct you from this unfitting abode, to the home of an affectionate parent."

During the greater portion of this speech, I had listened in respondent feelings; but, scarcely had the last words escaped his lips, ere an entire revolution occurred within me. While I only beheld in him a fond father whom I had regained, I experienced unalloyed satisfaction; but,

when I discovered that I was to find in him an obstacle to my association with the man whom I was resolute still to regard as my husband, all the pathos and gentle feelings which our sudden reunion had engendered, instantly deserted me; and my native obstinacy and imperiousness resumed their habitual possession of my mind.

Nevertheless, I was disposed to temporize; for, I could not but be painfully reluctant to offend the indulgent parent who had exhibited to me such unexpected benevolence and kindness. All my angry suspicions were awakened by his avowal of the plan which he proposed to himself to realize: but, like the lioness who may be apprehensive of an attempt to deprive it of its young, and yet be unwilling to commence the strife, I refrained from all hostile reply; and stood for a moment silently, in seeming irresolution.

Probably my father's fears were excited in his turn by this pause, and by the doubtlessly apparent change in my manner; for he said anxiously,

"Surely you do not hesitate to comply with my proposition? You cannot mean that you object to leave this place, and to accompany me in my return to the home of your birth, your childhood, and your youth."

Still I was most indisposed to thwart him openly; and I endeavoured to evade his question. But his apprehensions evidently were now fully roused, and he said, with much impressiveness,

"I dare not think that I rightly interpret this hesitation; I am willing to forget the wrongs you have done *me*, and yourself; to restore to you my affections, and to forgive all your offences. It is not possible, therefore, that you can desire to continue any longer with the bad man who

has deceived you; and to prefer, to the affectionate and honorable protection of your father, this abode of *shame*."

I started at the sound of his last word; but I restrained the emotions it excited, and contented myself by replying, with as much calmness as I could command, that I was certainly unwilling to separate myself from my husband.

"Your *husband*!" repeated my father; "I sought to have spared you the bitter pang and degradation which your own obstinacy now entails upon you. Your *husband*? You do not know——"

He paused a moment, and then added,

"Let me implore you, my child, not to compel me to subject you to a fearful, and, if you will be submissive, an unnecessary mortification. Compel me not," he repeated, with increasing emotion, "I adjure you, by your love of your child, by your respect for your own honor, by any remnant of affection which you may possess for your poor father, to reveal to you an act of atrocity which must embitter all your future life. Leave with me this house, and learn, whether in the love of a fond parent, you cannot find an equivalent for the abandonment of one who has only been to you a remorseless foe."

I might have been touched by the strong feeling which his words evinced; and in consideration of it have almost pardoned him this persistence in his intentions, but for his evidently invincible hostility to him, who was the father of my child, and still the object of my passionate attachment. I therefore coldly replied, that the resolution I had expressed was immutable.

"Know then, misguided girl," he retorted, with much excitement, "that the bold, bad man with whom you live,

is not your *husband*! Even before he ever saw you, the wretch was *married*, and wilfully, deliberately, and ruthlessly has he entailed upon you eternal dishonor! *Now*," he added, with some degree of bitterness, "will you abandon an incarnate fiend, and follow me?"

Irritated by this attempt to wound my tenderest feelings, all the self-control I had hitherto with difficulty exerted, entirely forsook me; and at once I resigned myself to the dominion of all the worst passions of my nature.

"Father!" I sternly, if not fiercely exclaimed, "urge me not too far. You stand before me deliberately attempting to do an evil deed—to sow dissension between me and the father of my child. But, now mark me, if you persist in this fell endeavour, I solemnly warn you that, instead of alienating my affections from one most near and dear to me, no ties of blood can prevent the perpetrator from becoming the object of my eternal wrath, and *hate*."

The good old man was deeply agitated, for a moment he seemed undecided how to act; but, suddenly his features assumed an expression of ineffable pathos, and throwing himself on the ground before me, he exclaimed,

"Behold, my daughter, behold the institutions of nature, and the laws of man, alike reversed. The father pleads at the feet of his child. In the belief that some unconscious fault of mine may have originally conduced to your present dereliction, I will humiliate myself before you; and on my knees prefer my fervent supplication. Hear me then, and be the final arbiter of my fate, and of your own. I now perceive that, previously to my disclosure, you must have been aware of the infamy which your betrayer has entailed

upon you, and yet wilfully and deliberately have continued to endure it. You are, therefore, *doubly* disgraced and dishonored. I am a proud man; my reputation has ever been unsullied by my own acts; and, through a long life, I have cherished this precarious possession with both a moral and worldly regard. My youth I consumed in the arduous task of acquiring it; and the best energies of my maturity, and of my declining years, I have devoted to its preservation. These were my sentiments; and when I first discovered your disgrace, I perhaps suffered more from the consciousness of the stigma you had brought upon my name, than from the probability of the eternal destruction of your happiness. But, now mark how the affections of a parent can ultimately supersede the sole objects, and ruling passions of a long previous existence. All my pride, all my dearest and most cherished opinions, have been utterly routed and dispersed by the strong love I bear to you, my daughter. Can you then deny me, when, on my knees, *I* implore *you* to forsake for ever the man who has lured you into this abyss of shame, and pass the rest of your days with a parent, who will devote every thought and action of his life to the repayment of your sacrifice!"

As my father uttered these concluding words, he gazed piteously and beseechingly into my face, as though he felt that my answer were determinative of his future existence. But I replied, with undiminished decision,

"I have told you my resolution; and there exists not the authority which shall compel me, or the temptation which shall induce me to swerve from it. But now, lest you should still vainly nourish in your heart the hope that

argument or supplication may yet persuade me to forego this intention, I require you to hear me swear, by every immortal and most sacred power, not only never voluntarily to separate from my husband, but to cease to hold all intercourse with *you*, so long as you maintain your desire to divide us!"

The old man rose tremulously and laboriously from the earth. His previous agitation had been great; but now, his eyes glared, his breast heaved, and every feature was swoln by emotion. For a moment he thus stood, shaking like the aspen; but suddenly, as though by an almost preternatural effort of the energies of his mind, his limbs became more steady. Then, he advanced slowly, and seizing me by the wrists, pressed them convulsively with an iron grasp. At the same moment, approaching his countenance close to mine, and glaring maniacally upon it, he exclaimed, huskily,

"Once again, but now, solemnly and finally, I ask you, will you, or will you not, abandon this accursed den of crime, and infamy?"

"*Never!*" I replied, with desperate emphasis, and in a fearful tone of demoniac defiance.

He dashed me from him with so much, and such unexpected force, that I struck heavily and painfully against the wall. Quickly, however, I recovered myself, and advancing, again confronted him, yet hesitatingly and coweringly.

"May," he wildly exclaimed, "the curse of an outraged parent alight on you! may it cling eternally to you and yours! cold-hearted, profligate, and inhuman girl! May you incur retribution from the objects most dear to you—

may you be punished as you have sinned! May that babe," he continued, designating, with a fierce gesture, my poor child, who, awakened by the tumult, was gazing sweetly and confidingly on me; "may that babe, which now smiles upon you, ultimately become to *you*, what you have been to me! May it prove to you a curse, a sorrow, and a desolation—may it live to rue that itself was born—execrate you, as alike the source of its existence and of its ruin—conduct you in despair to the grave—and blast your hopes of the life hereafter!"

This fearful malediction for a moment utterly appalled me. I staggered; but, by a desperate effort, saved myself from falling. Before, however, I entirely recovered the command of my faculties, the outraged old man had fled from the presence of his ruthless and unnatural daughter.

I never saw him again; but his awful invocation of evil will ring ceaselessly in my ears until my last hour. Independently on its own terrific features of impressiveness, I have still to show the events which subsequently concurred to render impossible even a momentary dismissal of it from my mind. Night and day it haunts me; and not more in my waking moments than in those of the perturbed sleep which exhaustion, at long intervals, briefly procures for me.

I have said that I never saw the good old man again. He died within a few months after our unhappy interview; and during the whole remainder of my life, I had to sustain the heavy consciousness of having brought his grey hairs prematurely to the grave.

Years elapsed: and during them occurred the commencement of the evil doom to which my injured parent

had so solemnly devoted me. Time instead of softening my husband's character, only served to strengthen its worst features. He had become harsh and severe, and had contracted habits of gambling, and shameless dissipation. Frequently was I subjected to the indignity and dishonor of a collision with the impure objects of his capricious and transitory attachments: and, as the very means of subsistence gradually disappeared beneath his reckless prodigality, his temper proportionably increased in petulance, and fierceness. The progress of the alienation of his affections from me, was slow, but, certain: mine, for a considerable period struggled pertinaciously against the destructive influence of his ceaseless misconduct, and aggressions; gradually, however, even they were utterly undermined, and at length we stood in the relative positions of a couple eternally estranged. In the inmost hearts of both existed that fatal feeling which long years of mutual experience can alone engender,—an inevitable and indelible conviction that no earthly power could ever reunite us.

I have condensed into a small space, events which were the results of seeming ages of misery. But, there is in the slow, and paltry dissensions of married life, something so common, so ignoble, so utterly humiliating to our best feelings, that any minute recapitulation of them can only be either uninteresting, or offensive. I have, therefore, avoided all detail of the different stages of our disunion, but purposely confined myself to the briefest possible narrative of the events which conduced to it.

Cursorily, however, I must now recur to other circumstances which befel during this period. In proportion as

my affections were alienated from my husband, they became centred on my child. I have already alluded to the extent in which I was capable of entertaining maternal passions; but, again I feel that no words can accurately express them. I loved my offspring with an unlimited devotion, a fondness, an admiration, which amounted almost to insanity. That it was foolish, selfish, and guilty, the ceaseless course of pernicious indulgence which I permitted to him, will only too plainly prove. Whatever his faults, I could not rebuke him; whatever might be the ultimate gain, I felt that within me existed not the power of wilfully occasioning him one single instant of unhappiness. His insensible father, wholly engrossed in the gratification of his vices, and in the pursuit of his own guilty objects, never even addressed a thought to him; and his equally culpable, and perhaps more selfish mother, though frequently penitently conscious of the necessity of occasional restraint and discipline, eternally sacrificed her sense of right, to her criminal reluctance to wound her own feelings, by occasioning a temporary chagrin to her boy's. Whether, therefore, nature had originally implanted in him any qualities which a judicious cultivation might have elicited and fostered into a permanent existence, who now can determine? for, like a very weed was the poor child permitted to grow.

Heaven alone can tell with what intolerable shame and remorse I retrace these worst features of my selfish character! Yet, in making even this bitterly painful recurrence, I experience one slight mitigation; and that, exists in the hope that, if any mother, or instructor of my own

sex, who may read these lines, be pursuing a similar course, she will listen to my solemn denunciation of its danger, and its guilt. Let her not attempt to fortify herself in her culpable conduct, by the fatal fallacy, that, in yielding to the dictates of her natural gentleness, and to her indisposition to excite even a momentary pain, it is impossible she can be committing any moral harm: *there are sins of omission which are as destructive in their results, as the wilful perpetration of even the worst of crimes.*

Quick and easy is the culprit's descent from bad to worse. From one evil to another, my husband pursued his guilty course, until he was mortally wounded in a duel with a brother gambler. Shortly afterwards he died; and left me and my son dependent upon my exertions for a subsistence.

During his boyhood, many were the errors which my child exhibited; I saw them, I felt them; but, I made not one efficient attempt to correct or even to mitigate them. It is true, that occasionally I sought to persuade him into the adoption of a better course; but, the boy inherited much of the imperiousness and vehemence of his mother's temper, and required a strong hand, and firm and judicious conduct, to have thoroughly subjugated and disciplined him.

As his years advanced, the manifestations of his headstrong disposition increased in frequency, and in violence. Still, my insane affection was all-enduring: repeatedly, my tenderest and fondest devotion was only repaid by ingratitude and disobedience, yet, I never dreamt of desisting from my guilty and fatal indulgence of *his* errors, and *my* own selfish feelings. His violence I only met by

patient submission; and when the transport of his turbulence had passed, attempted to bribe him into a better conduct, by increased kindness. The natural result of the continuation of this course was, that the boy gradually grew conscious of his unlimited power: and, at last, became so firmly established in the exercise of it, that a strong minded parent might now have failed to subdue him; while, one so weak as his unfortunate mother, was henceforth compelled to bear in silent concession whatever injuries he might please to inflict upon her.

From this period, the most anxious object of my existence, and the chief occupation of my time, and energies, was the prevention of the discovery of his various offences against all laws both human and divine. My life was one continued suspense; hour after hour, and day after day, I passed in ceaseless apprehension: never did a fated sinner so atone for her faults, never was a hapless wretch more terribly punished! My child had obtained the mastery of me; I was but his slave; I adored him, and he repaid me as a tyrant. Oh, father! if ever such crimes as I committed against you, can be expiated by suffering in this world, *I* am an absolved penitent!

And now, I must reveal all the fearful tale: more than one of my unhappy boy's transgressions were of that nature that death would be the consequence of the detection of the perpetrator.

Why after this dread avowal should I any longer entertain a repugnance to the disclosure of the hideous catastrophe? My son was at length seized by the ministers of justice; was tried; was convicted; and was condemned to die!

The night previously to the morn destined to witness his execution, I was admitted into his cell, to commune for the last time with the sole object of my fatal affections. In that moment, I became conscious that *I* was the real cause of his doom ; and, as I gazed upon him pinioned in that dreary dungeon, my remorse arose to a state of insanity. I threw myself at his feet, and passionately kissing them, implored him to forgive his guilty mother. But, he evidently felt as keenly as I that I was the source of his ruin ; for, he would return me no reply. In vain, I inculpated, and humiliated myself ; and conjured him by every plea I could suggest, by the sacred ties of blood, by his recollections of the past, by the life I had devoted to him, and the wild affection I bore him, to mingle his tears with mine, and to declare that he granted me his forgiveness. But, the sense of injury was too strong upon him : inexorable to my frantic intreaties he stood regarding me with an expression which at length froze the blood in my veins ; and I was conveyed from his presence, in a state of insensibility.

Oh, what a night of madness did I then endure ! Yet, the morn only too soon arrived : and now, my brain reels beneath a dark and misty recollection of a crowd, and a priest, and a scaffold, and the armed ministers of vengeance, and all the fell pageantry which attends the legalized butchery of a fellow-being. Still, in the midst of this bewildering and atrocious scene, one thought alone occupied me ; the determination to force my way into the presence of my son, and to obtain his forgiveness.

Every energy solely bent upon this object, at a propitious moment, with a sudden exertion, such as despair

alone can make, through all the throng I penetrated, and arrived within a few paces of the child I had doomed to so fearful an end. From this position, I should have been quickly expelled, had not my son at that instant observed me ; and implored so vehemently and passionately permission to hold speech with me for but one single moment, that two of the surrounding train were deputed to conduct me to him. Even in the madness of the agony which I then endured, I felt a thrill of relief at this seeming indication of his relenting ; and, in obedience to a gesture of his, I eagerly bent forward to receive the expected words of consolation.

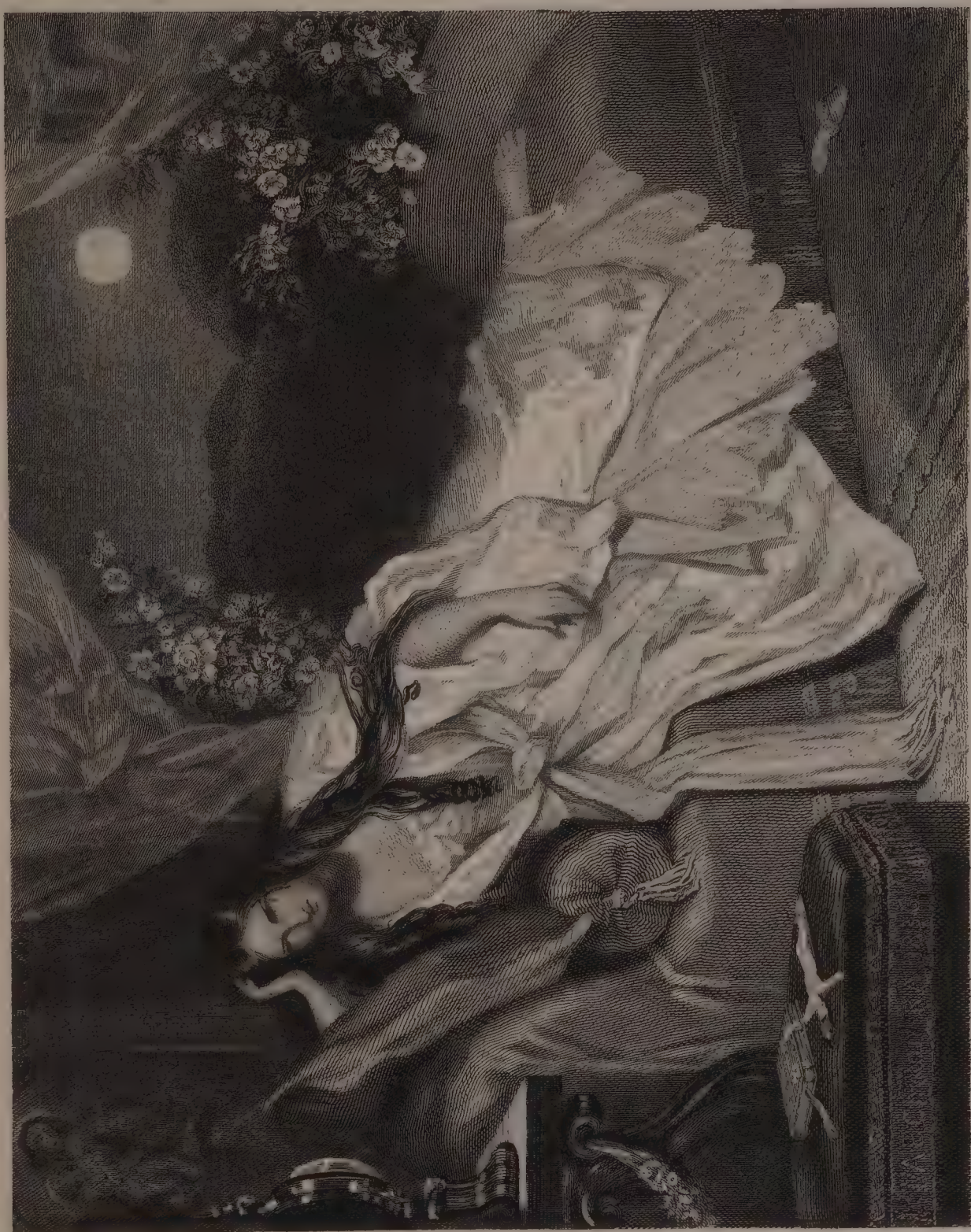
“ Woman ! ” he exclaimed with a fierceness and an animosity which no words can pourtray, “ woman ! see the vile doom to which your besotted and accursed folly has reduced your miserable son ! ”

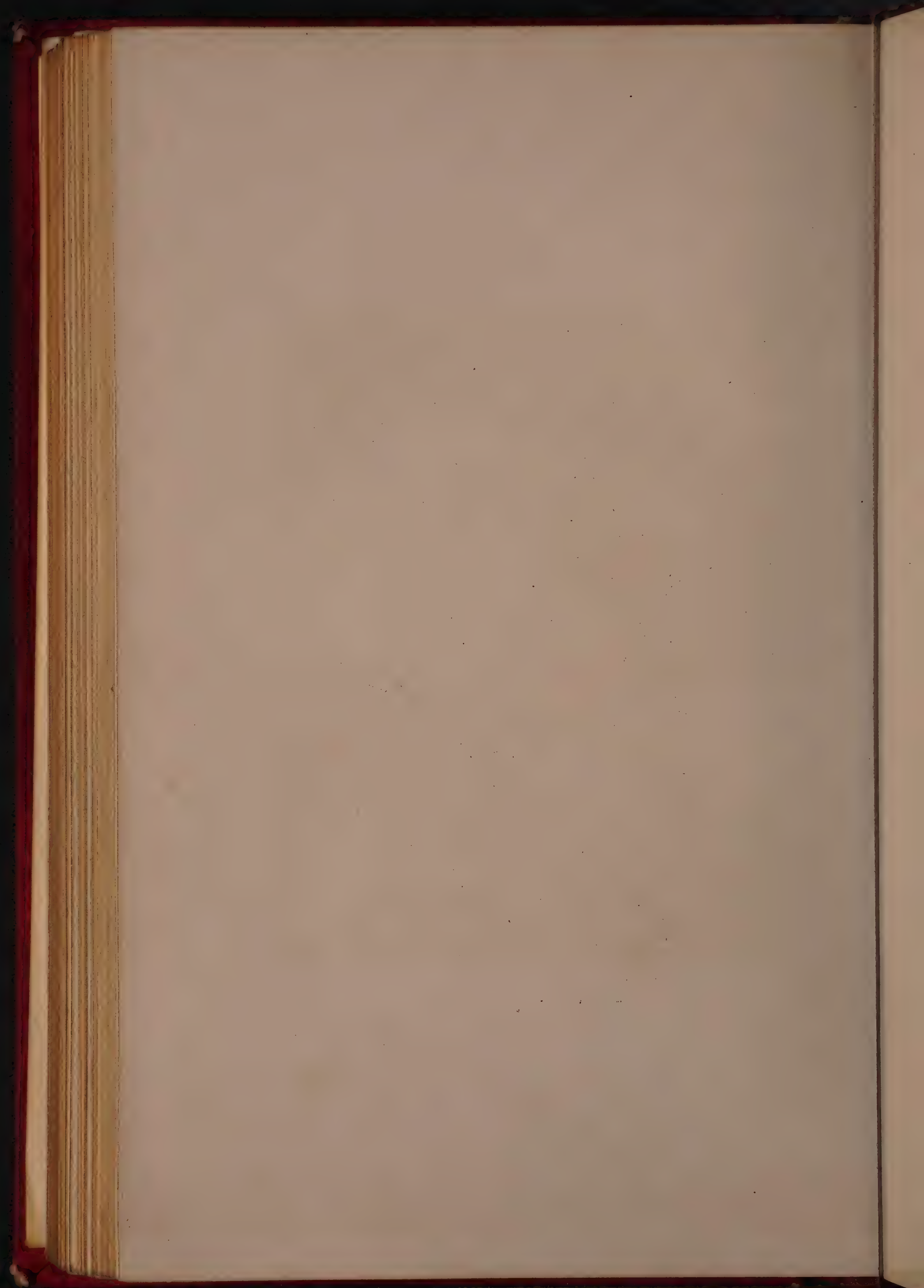
As he thus spoke, he suddenly raised his fettered hands, and struck me so forcibly with the massive chains, that I sank heavily, and senselessly upon the earth.

From that hour, my life has been one ceaseless burthen of intolerable misery. The bodily injury I had sustained was great ; but, I know not how I recovered from the moral shock I had received. Why my heart did not burst beneath the blow it had endured, I never can conceive. But, the wretched seldom perish in the maturity of their existence ; they seem to derive from their misery, a species of nutriment : and the vital principle only at last yields to the accumulated weight of years.

Shortly after the fatal catastrophe I have described, I became the unexpected heiress of great wealth. In every way, this circumstance alone was wanting to perfect my burden of affliction; for, I could not refrain from incessantly reflecting, that had it occurred but a few months sooner, my son might never have experienced those temptations which incited him to the perpetration of the crimes for which his life atoned. Besides, it entirely withdrew from me that chance of an occasional diversion from the consciousness of my wretchedness, which, in obedience to the animal instinct, the necessity of protecting myself from starvation, might have obtained for me.

But now, my misery is utterly devoid of every feature of alleviation; and, with nought to occupy me save my remorse, and the memory of my crimes, I lie, through the livelong day, regretting the past, loathing the present, and apprehending the future. How often, in those moments of anguish, has the retrospect of my life forced upon me, with an unequalled bitterness of self-condemnation, the acknowledgment of this useful truth;—A bad daughter will never make either a good wife, or a good mother.





STANZAS.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

“Who is this that cometh from Edom? with dyed garments from Bozrah?—He that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength.”—*Isaiah*, c. xlii. v. 1.

DAYS are gone, by many a token,
Long foretold, but slighted yet;
Now the seventh last seal is broken,
And the sun in blood is set.

All the powers of Heaven are shaken;
Ocean yet suspends its roar;
While the eternal oath is taken,
“Time itself shall be no more!”

Hark! what voice of more than thunder
Fills the wide expanse of air?
Mid the purple clouds asunder,
See the Son of Man appear!

Robed in Bozrah's garments gory,
Edom's colours round him spread,
Travelling from the heights of glory,
In his strength, the earth to tread!

Not despised, forlorn, rejected,
As on Calvary's mount he stood,
By his timid friends neglected,
“In the vesture dipp'd in blood.”

By his seraph-guards attended,
Down he bends his sovereign way
At that light of lights offended,
Sun, and moon, and stars decay!

One known tongue to every nation
Strikes the ear, and bursts the tomb:
Each long slumbering generation,
Wakes to individual doom.

Midst that host of sinners crowded,
Not one deed of guilt concealed,
Every wicked act unshrouded,
Every shameful thought revealed!

Where is now the bold blasphemer?
Palsied is his daring tongue,
While he looks on that Redeemer,
Whom his impious words have stung.

If the *best* thy great salvation
Must attain with trembling fear,
Lord and judge of all creation,
Where shall *sinful* man appear?

God of love! and mercies tender!
Stern to vice, to weakness mild;
Teacher, Saviour, Sire, Defender!
Save, oh save, thy suppliant child!

By the claims which saints inherit,
From thy blood, for converts poured,
By thine all-prevailing spirit,
By thy covenanted word;

By thy tears, in sorrow weeping,
Over hardened sinners doom;
Take me to thy gracious keeping,
Lead me to thy glorious home!

TO THE COUNTESS OF CHESTERFIELD, AND
HER SISTER, THE HON. MRS. COL. ANSON,
ON BEING REMINDED OF A PROMISE OF A
MARRIAGE PRESENT.

I've not forgot the sisters fair,
I've not forgot the beauties rare,
I've not forgot the presents due,
E'en from the *cradle* marked for you,
When Hymen's torch, with spiral flame,
Should seek you in a husband's name.

I've not forgot the promise made,
Ah! no—nor that *beloved shade*,*
So wont to muse, and take a part
In all that touched a husband's heart.

How oft, when evening's cooler hour
Enticed us from the leaf-clad bower,
And forest† glade and tangled walk,
Provoked the stroll, and then the talk.
How oft would then her guileless lips
(As bee a roseate banquet sips)
With rapture dwell (so sweet the theme),
On these fair sisters—love's night-dream!

* The late Mrs. General G.

† Epping Forest, where was situated a summer lodge of the General's.

STANZAS.

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

My deep unutterable distress
Now will I fashion, mould, and dress,
Till it shall look like Happiness !
Heart, heart, be strong !

I will each sad emotion hide,
And arm myself with loftiest pride,
And thrust each sign of grief aside,
Even now—ere long !

And many a one shall say of me,
 " Oh ! who beside so bless'd may be,
 So glad, so buoyant, and so free ?"
 Ah ! false and wrong !

But one, perchance, with deeper skill,
May mark the hidden, secret ill,
And with a kind compassion thrill !
 'Mid the light throng !

And, oh ! if such a one there be,
And yet that one will smile with me,
I will forswear my misery !
Now, heart, be strong !

THE FANCY BALL.

BY THE HONORABLE CHARLES PHIPPS.

I DARE say few of my readers have ever visited the little town of Homesgrove ; indeed, unless they had been determined to travel very far out of their road to wherever they were going, or had a second sight of the fame it was to acquire through the medium of this eventful tale, it is very improbable that they should have discovered a place which neither Mogg or Patterson have been able to coax into any cross road between Falmouth and Berwick. Unknown, however, as Homesgrove may generally be as yet, and undiscovered by many as it may still remain, I can assure my readers that the interests, consequence, and notoriety of that small, unchartered collection of bricks and mortar appeared to its inhabitants as important and as worthy of attention as those of any city, reformed or unreformed, in the united kingdom. It had its great people, swelling with their own grandeur ; its little people, puffing up to become of consequence ; its select society and its vulgar set ; its aristocrats and republicans ; its geniuses and its men of sense ; its wits and its butts ; in short, an epitome of the whole household stuff of a large metropolis.

Amongst the greatest of the great, and the richest of the rich, was Mr. Leslie, the banker, who, if his wealth was to be estimated by the number of notes in circulation with the design of Leslie Priory engraved in the top left-hand corner, and the autograph of Archibald Leslie written in the diagonal righthand one, must have been more opulent

than all his neighbours combined, as all their wealth appeared to consist of his money. Higher still in dignity, and the dispenser of all this wealth, was Mrs. Leslie, the mistress of Leslie Priory, and the wife of its proprietor. Of a size that should have ensured the stability of any bank, and a pomposity sufficient to maintain any consequence arising from riches, her broad face, like the reflection in a horizontal tea-spoon, seemed still further to expand with irrepressible good humour, and her magnificence to grow more elated by the repetition of unbounded hospitality. Immeasurable, however, became this amiable expansion of countenance, and profuse almost to extravagance was to be this friendly entertainment of guests upon the 15th of July, 1817, when returned to his home the only son, the idolized child of this warm-hearted couple. Fresh from the glories of the late short but evenful campaign of 1815, polished and formed into a perfect *preux chevalier* by a two year's mixture in the society of the French capital, beaming with the beauty, and bursting with the spirits of youth, almost of boyhood, it would have been hardly possible to have imagined an object more formed to justify parental pride than Horace Leslie, the king of the intended feast, the hero who had scarcely numbered eighteen summers.

The long expected day of the projected *fête* at last arrived, hot and calm as could be desired; the sky was uninterrupted blue, the sun unsparingly scorching, and the lawn most thirstily brown. There could not be better weather for the description of *fête*, for it was one of those entertainments upon which you are allowed to remain upon an unshaded, dusty lawn as long as the sun retains

its power ; and when the evening becomes cool, and the guests are completely tired, you are permitted to rest your limbs and cool your body by dancing in closed apartments, the atmosphere of which is carefully warmed with a profusion of wax candles, and perfumed with a mixture of occasionally expiring oil lamps.

Mrs. Leslie was *about* by nine o'clock. By about, I mean she had been in every room, from the conservatory to the kitchen ; in all the tents, the booth for the Bampford pandæans, the temporary cow-house for the syllabubs ; had tried the spring of the boards for the village sword dancers, and had paced the exact distance (twice to be quite sure) between the targets for the Homesgrove Toxopholite Society ; and had seen that the beef and plum pudding was "cutting up" for the country people, who were to dine at twelve ; and the barrel of ale rolled out to a spot where the men could easily walk to it, and stagger from it. Everything was in order ; not a *contretemps*, not a misfortune—except, indeed, that the heat had turned all the cream for the strawberries sour, and the long period for which the ice-house had been open, had converted that cool repository into a cistern of tepid water ; but cream was always to be had in a dairy country, and ice always to be bought in a town like Homesgrove, and thus the *rus in urbe*, or rather *urbs in rure*, removed all grievances.

Mr. Leslie had been at the bank since seven to get his business done by twelve, determined, for that day at least, to stop payment after that hour.

At the door of the mansion, upon that morning, Horace met his mother ; he, bright with the hope of enjoyment,

and the enthusiastic affection of an indulged son, she, flushed with unwonted exertion, and panting under the weight of flower pots for the entrance hall, and cut flowers to "grow spontaneously" in the jellies and *blanc manges*.

"My own dearest old lady," said the spoiled boy, as in his boisterous salute he upset one of the geraniums and half of the hoarded blossoms, destined "sweets to the sweet;" "you look like the effigy on your clock of Summer stealing the flowers of Spring. Thank you for your scattered gifts," continued he, arranging a bouquet, "this will be just the thing to make we welcome. I shall be back by eleven."

"Why, where can you be going this morning, my dear Horace?"

"Where? where but to Binfield, to persuade Colonel Arnot to forget his gout, and despise his velvet shoe, and to bring Helen to the *fête*."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Leslie, more gravely, "there is no occasion to display such very great anxiety for the presence of Colonel and Miss Arnot, and I must seriously caution you against being caught by that girl's pretty face, for you know that they are as poor and as proud as last year's mayor."

"Oh, Good bye, dear mother," cried Horace, laughing and running away; "I do not intend to listen to a word against the power of pretty faces for the next three years; and as I am neither going to borrow money nor ask a favour, it matters little to me how poor or how proud they are."

Now I must in confidence reveal to my readers that this caution against the enslaving authority of beauty,

which Horace laughed at as premature, could not, in this instance, be justly accused of any unnecessary precipitancy, on the contrary, it might better have been taunted with being what is called in vulgar diction, "a day after the fair:" for, in fact, Horace and the lovely Helen had long since been aware of, and done full homage to each other's rare personal beauty, and though our hero's age was now eighteen, and nearly two summers less had ripened Helen to the bloom of sixteen, yet must I acknowledge that for some years past it had been thoroughly arranged between them that nature had formed them for each other. I entirely agree with a delightful authoress, that an early affection amongst little children is not so uncommon an event as to be considered a token of the precocity of some extraordinary genius; I not only believe that such childish preference is very common, but that where the seclusion of the country nurses these early ideas, their effect is often felt through life. This certainly was the case with the two of whom I write. But, indeed, it was hardly to be avoided that two beings so admirable should be aware of each other's mutual perfections.

I need hardly say that the united persuasions of Helen and Horace were sufficient to induce Colonel Arnot to sally forth from his usual seclusion; and that among the loveliest of the throng assembled on the lawn of Leslie Priory, none was so much remarked as Helen Arnot. The *fête* was very successful, and went off uncommonly well. There were few accidents. The sword dancers, to be sure, having had their share of the good cheer, and their turn at the ale barrel, before they were called upon to enact their pageant, soon allowed their pantomime to

rise into a real fight, and were consigned to the charge of the parish beadle ; the toxopholites shot a little boy in the leg, and the cow that was going to assist in the syllabubs ; but these were trifles where so many gay and joyous hearts were determined to be amused.

“What a delightful day we have passed,” said Helen, as she threw her pretty light bonnet on one side, and entered the ball-room with Horace, after having seen the sun set, the moon rise, the fireworks let off, and the variegated lamps grow dim ; “what a charming day we have passed ! you cannot have seen anything much more delightful than this, Horace, even at Paris.”

“Indeed, I was present at no party there,” replied Horace, “that I liked one half so much, though I may have seen more brilliant *fêtes*.”

“Oh ! you must tell me about those splendid scenes, Horace ; you promised to describe them all to me ; what were they like ?”

“Indeed, Helen, there is nothing so difficult as to describe a ball, they are all so similar : the only difference I ever saw, was a few more wax candles, a little better music, and a more luxurious supper. The only very new thing I was present at there was what they call a *bal costumé*. I should like to see you in a fancy dress ; how beautiful you would look !”

“How do you know that ? perhaps it might change me entirely, and then you might not like——”

“It must be a very complete change to produce such an effect as that, dear Helen ; but I do not think you could ever be much changed—at least, I hope not.”

“Not towards you, Horace, indeed I could not : you

need not fear it. When you do see me in a fancy dress, it may be an outward disguise, but not a change of the heart—be sure of that.”

This is all pretty well, our readers will think, for a young gentleman and lady still in their teens; but had any person suggested to either of them, that in this conversation they had been making downright serious love, they would have strenuously denied it, and declared that they had said nothing more than usual: and I, for one, believe they would have told truth.

The expression of such sentiments as we have read, continued, however, to be customary in daily reciprocation, in the unfailing ride or walk, until Colonel Arnot, though always very indulgent, and usually very unobservant, was constrained to remark, that he enjoyed very little of his daughter's society; and considered it to be his duty to inquire whether the enjoyment of that of which he so much amented the privation, was likely to become advantageous to him upon whom it was so prodigally bestowed.

Colonel Arnot was, as Mrs. Leslie had stated, a very proud man; and this natural failing had been greatly aggravated from the circumstances of his early life, which had induced him to withdraw almost entirely from society. Descended from one of the oldest and most noble families in the kingdom, connected with some of the richest, highly endowed by nature with gifts both personal and of mental ability, he had, by an early and unfortunate marriage, separated himself from his own family, and caused himself to be shunned by his high connexions. He then devoted himself to his profession, but even there finding her whom he adored, looked down upon by the wives of his brother

officers for that one offence which, in his mind, was amply atoned for by its having been caused by the violence of her affection for him ; and seeing this delicate and repentant creature fading and sinking under the obloquy that she found everywhere pursue her, Colonel Arnot soon retired from the world ; and when, within two years, the poor heart-broken creature sought, in an early grave, that peace and forgiveness that this world had forbidden her to hope for, it is not to be wondered at, that his moroseness towards his hard-hearted fellow mortals should have increased ten-fold, and all the tenderness of his nature have centered itself upon his daughter, then barely ten years old. Unbounded affection, however, though absolutely necessary as an ingredient, is not always a good foundation for the successful education of a child ; and in this case (in spite of the usual perfection of heroines) I am bound to confess, that though highly perfected in all those graceful and captivating accomplishments, which add so many charms to beauty ; although strict and pure in morals, and eminently abounding in all those genial and kindly feelings that naturally spring from a good and tender heart, yet was the proper base of human virtue imperfectly existing in the breast of Helen Arnot. But slightly instructed in the higher truths of religion, but little acquainted with its daily comfort and consolation, she observed its outward forms coldly as an exacted duty ; and the object of constant admiration and approval of a doting father, she considered it sufficient well-doing not to do ill ; and neither her long flattered vanity nor her uninterrupted happiness, would easily have agreed to the doctrine of how little she had acquired upon which to found real virtue or solid con-

tent. Whatever, however, she might prove to be upon a more serious examination than perhaps becomes the lightness of this little sketch, to the world she appeared as lovely and as enchanting a girl as ever gladdened society. Kind and good to all around her, gay and unaffected in her manners, she was an universal favourite; and there were, at the time of which we are writing, besides Horace and Colonel Arnot, many who would have thought us sour and malicious libellers to have considered it possible that Helen could have a fault.

It was about six weeks after the little *fête* that we have recorded, that Colonel Arnot set forth upon his very handsome cob, with his peculiarly neat groom behind him, to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Leslie (for whatever was the *co.* in the bank, that was the indivisible firm at home). Colonel Arnot, however limited might be his income, was very particular that every thing he had should be in the best appointed and most aristocratic style; and Horace had often lamentingly remarked, how much better and more gentlemanlike looked the little dinner at Binfield, than the three splendid courses at Leslie Priory. The visits, too, of Colonel Arnot to his neighbours, were "few and far between;" and though not apt to be daunted by the appearance of any of her neighbours, candour compels me to confess, that Mrs. Leslie felt a little "flustered" (to use her own expression) when Colonel Arnot, having cautiously dismounted, wended his deliberate way to the drawing room. After discussing two or three of the usual provincial topics, the colonel commenced with a preliminary hem!

"Mr. Leslie, I have lately observed a circumstance

which daily forces itself more upon my notice, and which, from my own feelings as a parent, and equally respecting those of others, I think it right to communicate to you, which is, that if an attachment does not exist at present, there is every appearance of one growing up between your son and Miss Arnot——”

“La! Colonel!” exclaimed Mrs. Leslie, “if you have not found out a mare’s nest! why, everybody must have seen that this long time.”

“Were we all likely to remain in our present relative positions,” continued the colonel, without noticing the lady’s interruption, “the matter would be simple enough; but since, as you probably are aware, I have been for some time prosecuting a suit to recover the dormant title of the earldom of Ellington, in which, I think, I may venture to say I am likely in a short time to succeed, some little more consideration may be necessary in settling the future prospects of the Lady Helen Leslie.”

“Why, dear me, my good Colonel Arnot,” again interrupted Mrs. Leslie, “she won’t be much the better for being a lady unless she gets some of the needful with it; and I believe that you cannot expect any money with the title. But the truth is the truth after all: either you think my son Horace good enough for your daughter, or you do not; if the latter, depend upon it he never will be forced into any family; but if you like him for a son-in-law, why, he will bring riches, and she will bring rank, and a very pretty union it will be, in my opinion.”

Now, although this was exactly the conclusion at which the methodical colonel intended ultimately to arrive, he had no wish that it should be reached by so short a road;

on the contrary, he had intended to make a wonderful display of condescension and paternal affection, in allowing, by degrees, his anxiety for the welfare of his daughter to give way to his natural objection to a match of such inferior rank. In spite, therefore, of the whole matter really to be considered, having been thus summarily decided by the worthy lady's blunt but warm-hearted speech, a long desultory conversation of half an hour ensued (with which, however, I will not trouble my readers), wherein the original form of dialogue was strictly maintained; Colonel Arnot invariably addressing the banker, whilst he was as unfailingly replied to by Mrs. Leslie, her husband only venturing upon a nod of the head, or occasionally a "certainly," in token of his approval of what his *better half* had asserted. The unanimous decision to which the trio came at last, was, that whilst there was no necessity to check the growth of the attachment between the young people, yet, as they had both some years to pass before they could prudently settle in life, there was to be no engagement entered into, or particular encouragement shown; in short, this, like most other diplomatic conferences, ended in leaving matters pretty much in *statu quo*.

Old Leslie, who hated talking, and was very much afraid of the colonel, was delighted when the conversation was at an end; and took the first opportunity of making an excuse for his escape by pleading the approach of his banking hours, from his punctuality at which he never deviated. What, therefore, was his disappointment when Colonel Arnot also rising, said, "If you will allow me, Mr. Leslie, I will walk down with you, I have still some business for your private ear." With ill-dissembled con-

strait, he declared, that "nothing would give him greater pleasure;" nor did the worthy mistress of the house appear much better satisfied with this division of confidence, and her invitations to luncheon became more kind and pressing as she found that there was to be some affair arranged in which she was not to be consulted.

Having heard the hall door close behind them, and having walked arm-in-arm with the nervous banker so far as to secure the impossibility of listeners, Colonel Arnot addressed his companion, not in the tone of rigid formality in which he had before spoken, but in one of deep and difficultly repressed feeling.

"Mr. Leslie," he said, "I rarely speak of myself, still more rarely of my own affairs; upon the few occasions on which I have made these the subject of communication with those from whom I thought I had a right to expect at least sympathy, the reception I have met with has not been such as to induce me to alter much my original conviction of the general selfishness of human nature. Our relative position, my dear Mr. Leslie, has to-day become somewhat peculiar; there is every probability that our connexion will become a very near—a particularly dear one; in short, that we shall mutually share the care and affection of the only child of the other. There is but one thing I love in the world—my daughter; I am willing to confide her to your son; this binds us in so close a bond, that I have induced myself to consent to do to you what I have never yet done to mortal man, namely, to ask you a favour."

"I am sure," commenced Mr. Leslie, "I feel fully the honour that——"

"Pray make no professions, my good sir," interrupted the colonel, "until you have heard my request—professions I invariably discredit. I mentioned to you this morning that my long pending claim to the dormant earldom of Ellington was likely soon to be decided upon in the House of Lords, and in a manner, I have every reason to believe, gratifying to my wishes. Yes! I am not ashamed to own it—to my ambition.

"I am sure I am delighted," insinuated the timid Leslie.

"Pray hear me out. To insure, however, a successful termination, my lawyer presses me for the payment of his account, amounting to a somewhat heavy sum—more than indeed at present—a sum in fact—d—n it! let me swallow my pride at once and tell the truth—I am poor—wretchedly poor at this particular moment—you have the character of having a large command of money—can you, and will you lend me three thousand pounds, which I pledge you my honour shall be repaid in four years from this time.

As he said this, Colonel Arnot stopped, and turning towards the terrified banker, examined minutely every movement of his countenance, whilst the latter appeared to be suddenly struck with some geological peculiarity in the gravel of the road upon which they were standing, so steadfastly were his eyes fixed upon it. At last he muttered,—

"You have but little security to offer, I fear."

"That of my honour."

The banker smiled, in spite of himself, at the colonel's idea of money transactions.

"And I will insure my life for the amount in case of my dying before the debt is liquidated."

The banker was on thorns—his natural kindness of heart—his anxious desire to oblige Colonel Arnot, were fearfully at war with his commercial feeling of the extraordinary and inadmissible nature of the proposal.

"Can you, or rather, *will* you oblige me?" persisted the colonel.

"Colonel Arnot," said Mr. Leslie, at last grown desperate, "you have been candid with me, I will be equally so with you. When I first was admitted a partner in the house of which I am now the principal, I promised never either to borrow or lend money upon my own private account, nor for the house, except upon such terms as the usual routine of commercial transactions would justify, and I fear——"

"You refuse me, in short," said Arnot, drawing up.

"God knows how willing, how anxious I am to meet your wishes if possible, but any man of business must see," cried Leslie, as he saw the colonel getting every minute more angry, "that the credit of any house must suffer were it known that——"

"Thank you for the hint," said Arnot, bowing stiffly; "no house of your's, Mr. Leslie," most contemptuously, "shall suffer in its credit from any dealings with me. I wish you a good morning, sir, I beg not another word; all I request is, that it may be altogether forgotten that this conversation ever took place between us;" and, beckoning to his groom, the proud colonel mounted his horse, and formally lifting his hat, returned to his own dwelling.

Although no difference was perceptible in the intercourse of the two families, yet it cannot be denied that Helen's father bitterly remembered the refusal of Mr. Leslie; and it is thus that proud or weak men often consider that they are conferring a favour upon those whom they look upon as their inferiors by allowing them to minister to their necessities.

Horace and Helen meanwhile continued daily increasing in mutual affection. They had "never told their love;" indeed, there would have been no communication to be made that was not already tacitly understood; every action, every look spoke a language too plain to be mistaken, and they felt as fully pledged to each other as if they had ratified oaths unnumbered.

The time, however, drew nigh at which Horace's leave of absence would expire, and he would have to rejoin his regiment, and every moment appeared now to become doubly precious to them. They were seldom apart—their rides in the morning, their evening walks, were still together, and the approaching separation threw an occasional seriousness over their converse, that only promoted a more deep and heart engrossing sentiment.

But one brief week now remained before the period fixed for Horace's departure, and he had been some short distance for the purpose of buying a horse, which made him one day rather later than the usual time in presenting himself at Binfield, for the daily ride. Helen had, therefore, determined upon meeting him, and at about half a mile from her home she saw him galloping towards her upon his new purchase. He was, indeed, at that moment a subject for the painter's canvas, a model for the

sculptor, as flushed with exercise, his dark curls fluttering in the breeze ; he sate with grace and ease as firm upon his wild and fiery steed as if he had, in fact, formed a part of the animal which he bestrode.

"Look at my new horse, dear Helen," he said as he reined up at her side ; "did you ever see any thing so beautiful ; I am afraid I am rather late ; but is not he perfect ?—and such a hunter—they tell me he can leap anything.

"Oh ! how I should like to see him," cried Helen, in all the riotous spirits of youth ; "pray make him jump over something, Horace, I do so like to see a horse leap."

"Why, I have tried him once before to-day, thinking to go a short cut across the country to Binfield, and he does not seem particularly disposed for that kind of exercise ; but, however, if you would like to see it, Helen——"

"Oh ! indeed I should, so much," cried Helen in delight ; "do make him go over some little fence."

"No, no ! 'neck or nothing ;' I will not have a fight with him for a trifle," answered Horace, laughing ; "but pray stand a little on one side, dear Helen, for I know he will behave ill."

So saying, he put spurs to the fiery horse, and rode him at a large fence that skirted the road. The animal, however, perhaps having more sense than the enamoured couple, and certainly having no participation either in the admiration of the beautiful horsemanship of his rider felt by the young lady, or in the gratified vanity of Horace, positively refused to perform the dangerous and unnecessary task imposed upon him. He reared, he plunged, he

kicked, he flew from one side of the road to the other, in short, he displayed the young soldier in every other feat of equitation except that which he wished to perform ; and at the end of ten minutes the combatants were very much in the same state as the contending parties after one of the glorious victories lately narrated from the north of Spain ; for though there had been a great deal of courage, yet there was equal obstinacy displayed upon both sides, and neither party had gained a foot of ground. Helen, had, however, in the mean time, gradually become extremely alarmed at the danger to which she had excited her admirer, and cried out in a most anxious tone,

“ Pray, pray, dear Horace, do not attempt to force him, I am sure you will meet with some accident.”

But Horace, who, if he had gained nothing, had completely lost his temper, shouted,

“ Oh, no ; if I let him have his way now, I shall spoil him for ever,” and whipped and spurred the noble horse, and forced him to the fence, so that at last the animal, finding there was no escape, rose at the leap.

Poor Helen shut her eyes and screamed—one glimpse had been enough to show her that the horse, forced too near to the object to be cleared, was not able to spring completely over it. There was a tremendous crash—a low groan—but no word of comfort, no welcome assurance—“ I am not hurt”—no, not even a *cry* of pain, which would have broken the agony of suspense, and told her that at least he lived. When she looked again she saw the horse lying upon Horace, who, covered with blood, was stretched apparently lifeless upon the round ; the animal had become entangled in part of the fence, and

as he frequently and furiously plunged to rise, he fell again and again with increased violence upon the mangled body of his master. The groom was immediately despatched to Binfield for assistance; but poor Helen had a considerable distance to ride round before she could reach the spot where he lay, whom she loved beyond all the world, to ascertain even whether he were alive or dead. Oh! how dreadful were those few minutes of fearful doubt; how much, how very much of pain and wretchedness is it possible to compress into the smallest space of time. At last she was by him; she had flung herself from her saddle, and was kneeling at his side. Alas! alas! what horrible disfigured mass was that before her!—no feature distinguishable, the body crushed—what spectacle that ladies faint in looking upon, was ever one-tenth part so dreadful, so disgusting as this; but Helen did not faint—no, she did not flinch—she put her hand upon the bloody breast, there was life, there was hope! The rest was nothing to her now, the one paramount fear was for the time dissipated—he was not dead. She endeavoured to staunch the blood from the gaping wound in his forehead, she put on one side the long curls “dabbled in gore,” that hung over his face. It was a dreadful spectacle; the hardened veteran might have turned away from it with a shudder; but what cannot delicate woman be reconciled to by the strong impulse of affection? poor Helen did everything that could be done until the arrival of the servants with a door, upon which was laid a mattress, to carry poor Horace to Binfield. When the medical man, who had been sent for express, arrived, long and painful was the anxiety of our poor

heroine, for heroine in every sense she had proved herself, during the long hour that he was shut up in his patient's room; at last she heard his step as he came along the passage. She rushed from her room, she stood before him almost breathless—

“Will he live?” she stammered forth.

The surgeon, who had known her long and intimately, took her kindly by the hand, but he shook his head, as he turned it away evidently to conceal a tear, for he well knew the state of the poor girl's affections.

It was, indeed, hardly possible to flatter oneself with hopes that poor Horace could recover. His right thigh was broken, his head deeply wounded, and the whole of his body crushed, as it were, by the weight of the animal, and its violent kicks in its efforts to rise.

We will not dwell, however, upon this unpleasant portion of our narrative; in about a week, by the strength of an excellent constitution, and the unremitting care of Mr. Amhurst, the surgeon, our hero was declared out of danger, though it was at the same time added, that it would be long, very long, before he would be sufficiently recovered to walk, or even to sit up, and doubtful whether through life he would not be a cripple. How different were then the feelings, though of affection equally strong, expressed by the mother (who had come over upon the day of the accident, and had ever since been domiciliated at Binfield), and the devoted Helen. “My poor boy a cripple!” sobbed the warm-hearted Mrs. Leslie, “and with his prospects in the army.”

“Will it disfigure him much?” timidly inquired Helen.

"I mean, will he always feel pain from it? but he lives, and will recover, that is comfort at least," and she burst into tears.

It was about two months after this that it was announced that Horace could be moved with safety to his own home, and then for the first time he requested to see Helen, which he had pertinaciously refused to agree to before. Properly cautioned not to be shocked at his appearance, by which, as usual, her nervousness was increased ten-fold, she was conducted into his apartment, into which but little light had been admitted, and there she saw extended upon the sofa the miserable wreck of manly beauty. Carefully wrapped in dressing gowns and shawls, the face alone was visible, but sunken and pale with confinement and suffering, with a large scar extending across his forehead, almost to his eye; his appearance was so different from that which she had last looked upon as the idol of her worship, that the excited Helen involuntarily shuddered. The blood rushed to the face of the poor invalid.—

"I have been so anxiously tracing the amendment in my looks, until I was sufficiently rehumanized for you to look upon, dear Helen, that I had almost forgotten how frightful I must still be to a lady's eyes."

"Dear, dear Horace, how can you speak so cruelly?" said Helen, hiding her head in her hands, and weeping.

"My good mother," said Horace, addressing Mrs. Leslie, who had conducted Helen to the room, "pray leave us for awhile.—Nay! I know what you would say I will exert myself as little as I can; but there is much

that I must say to her. Come, my own mother, let me have my own way this day, and I will be as good a patient as ever to-morrow."

"Horace, Horace," replied the good-natured old lady, as she waddled to the door, "you know you can make me do what you please when you speak so to me."

There was a pause after she quitted the room. Helen was still leaning with her head between her hands, and the tears trickling through her fingers.

"This unfortunate accident," at last commenced Horace, in a constrained voice, "has put an end to the brightest dream that ever flitted before the eyes of man. Not three short months ago, Helen, I loved you with the purest, the most enthusiastic love, that man ever bore towards woman; and you—yes, though I never asked you, yet now I may say, I knew it well—why should we use words, our hearts had spoken. Yes, glorious being as you were, beautiful as the pictured creatures of imagination—good, clever, high in birth, the admiration of every one who saw you; you were mine in heart and soul—I knew it, I felt it. Can any one think it wrong that I was proud. Our parents had consented to our union—who could blame me that I thought my overflowing happiness was certain. Oh! Helen, Helen! what a curse must that memory of the past be, that tells me I have no hope for the future."

"Oh! why, why, Horace, why no hope? you will recover, you will be happy again. We shall still be as devoted as we were—or," and she paused a moment, "do *you* not love me still?"

"Love you, Helen," he hurriedly answered, "love you—what other cause, what other symptom have I of exist-

ence? Look at me, the corpse in its shroud is not more ghastly. Where is the strength of man to fight one's way to honour and distinction; where the energy, the activity, alas! the power to protect myself. Who will join companionship with the deformed cripple, who will feel for his humiliation, who seek his society? what prospect, what hope, in common with other men, have I in this world? what feeling can I indulge in but devoted, all consuming love for you? But you must no more be mine; the greatest cruelty, the most horrible punishment of ancient days, was joining the living body to the dead.—I must not emulate that example."

"Horace!" said Helen, starting to her feet, "I will hear you no longer; but that pain and sickness has irritated you, I could not have believed that you would have spoken as you have done. You told me but a short time since that you knew I loved you, when you were gay, happy, and well, although I never told you so; but I now confess it to shame you. I do love you—more, ten times more, now stretched on your couch of sickness, than I did in the heyday of your spirits."

"I do believe it, dearest creature, it is like yourself noble and generous! formed as you are, you could not think otherwise; but it must not be—you now feel, you are convinced that you love me still; but, oh! think of the life of care, anxiety, and watchfulness—the waywardness of a suffering invalid, the drag upon your spirits—the weight upon your young and buoyant heart. No, no, Helen, we must not join youth and decrepitude, beauty and deformity—it is not natural."

"What, then, is the usual fate of woman?" inquired

Helen, her courage rising.—“What her duties, what her life? Is there no care and anxiety but the nursing the sick? are there no wayward fancies in the strong, no watchful hours past, awaiting the return of the high in spirits and the sound in health? Oh! Horace, Horace, how little do you know of woman’s love, to think it is affrighted by servitude to the being it loves. Tell me this, were I suddenly blasted by some stroke of Providence, my features distorted, or my limbs crooked; would you cast me off from your affection?—do you think our affection less strong, less permanent than man’s? For shame, for shame, Horace, you should blush to make me force myself upon you in this manner. Let us say no more upon this.”

“Well, be it so” said Horace, “I feel that I am acting selfishly and wrong, but I will admit myself to a hope of happiness again, and allow of your generous self-sacrifice upon one condition, that this subject is not to be again mentioned for one year, during which you are to consider yourself perfectly free and disengaged; if at the end of one year’s mature deliberation you still do not discard one, who will exist for that year upon one hope alone, we will meet here, in this apartment—I to claim my treasure; but should I find you not here, send me no word, let me guess my fate, but let my last remembrance of thy voice be as I hear it now.”

“Well, be it so, great diplomatist, the treaty shall be signed; but depend upon it you will, before you become ‘the dead,’ as you called yourself just now, have heard perhaps more of my voice than you may like, unless, which is more probable, becoming quite well again, you

grow to be a sad flirt, and yourself forget the trysting-tree. However, remember the ides of September, 1818 ; and now let me ring, and get assistance to help you down stairs, for the world will have been wondering what can have become of us."

* * * * *

" Cambridge, October, 1818.

" DEAR LADY HELEN,

" For so, as a friend, I feel certain that you will allow me still to address you. The compact that I entered into with the Earl of Ellington (when he was Colonel Arnot) shortly after his unfortunate quarrel with my father, not even to write to you until our year of probation was at an end, of course precluded the possibility of my even sending my cordial congratulations upon your elevation to a rank which I believe so justly belonged to you, and which I am sure you will so pre-eminently grace.

" I was at the place appointed, on the day and at the hour named—but you were absent. I did not expect that you would be there. Do not think that I am about to reproach you. It was as it ought to be—as I expected ; and if it was a bitter, very bitter pang, I am a poor peevish invalid, and was spoiled in my young days of happiness. God bless you, Helen ! dear, dear Helen ! it is the last time I will call you so, but it soothes my irritable spirit. Should you ever want a friend, a protector, would I might assist you, defend you, and then die ; aye, die happy. I am studying at this university in hopes of entering the church. There are no prospects that can brighten my horizon in this world ; but, oh ! there is a glorious light

beyond, that shows me a haven of rest for the sufferer, where there are no mockers, no scorn for the deformed in body, as long as their mind is pure. I still think—shame on my pettishness—I *know* you will be glad to hear that I am better, much better, though still frightfully deformed, yet I suffer less.

“ May Heaven bless you.

“ Yours,

“ HORACE LESLIE.”

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

November, 1819.

“ Fortune seems, with regard to you, my dear lady, to have recovered from her blindness. I have heard of your immense accession of wealth by the death of your uncle, and if it make you happier I rejoice at it. How shall I own to you that I am a solicitor to you of a favour; but I know that your noble nature will feel that is more from a confidence in your generous heart, and to show how sincere is the esteem I retain for you, than from the least idea that I could have any possible claim upon your kindness. Though you have been little in the neighbourhood of Homesgrove for the last eighteen months, you must undoubtedly have heard of my poor father's bankruptcy, and consequent reduction from luxury and riches to want and poverty. But you are not perhaps aware, and Lord Ellington, I trust, never will be, that a casual remark of your father's, made, I am sure, without malice, and most likely in joke,” “ that he did not say anything against the stability of the bank, but that he knew that the first partner thought that a loan of three thousand pounds would break it,” “ this remark, I say, eagerly repeated and wantonly exaggerated,

caused a panic and an unexpected run upon the bank, which ruined my poor parent ; who, however, after selling all his own property, met his engagements like an honest man, and died shortly after, happy in the consciousness, that if his fortune was crushed, his character was unblemished. Thus, reduced at once from affluence, I was unable to afford a longer residence at Cambridge, and was obliged to leave the university before I was qualified to take orders. Upon examining strictly into my father's affairs, I found still enough for my mother and myself to live decently ; but a few months have convinced me, that my dear, excellent mother has been too long used to luxuries to be satisfied with comforts, and has been too many years indulgently prodigal in bestowing money upon me, to believe that there can be any limit in my now supplying her. In short, I found that she could live happily upon my income, but that my appropriation of any part of it cramped and annoyed her. Alas ! since my accident, I have but few means of supporting myself, but a kind Providence has assisted me, and I have been fortunate enough to obtain a situation as tutor in a noble family, with a liberal salary, and have left my mother alone. I have, from a foolish perhaps, but I hope a pardonable, pride, taken a different name from that which my poor father used once to boast was good for a plum in any country in Europe, and therefore cannot at present visit her. It is for her, dear Lady Helen, that I solicit you. Your newly acquired property of Thedlington is close to the small town in which she resides : do, pray do, be kind to her. She has traced, with pride and affection, the different gifts that fortune has deservedly showered upon

you. She always loved you ; and you, who are rich and prosperous, can hardly be aware how much a little kindness is felt by the fallen, from those with whom they once lived on an equality. I know I shall not sue in vain. I know your heart—it is my guarantee. I am wonderfully recovered outwardly, but my inward feelings assure me, that my sufferings will be mercifully and speedily shortened.

“ May you live long and happy, is the daily and nightly prayer of

“ HORACE.”

By these two letters we have conducted our readers some way forward in our narrative, and acquainted them with the principal events that took place in the interval. The success of Colonel Arnot in his claim to the peerage, and the sad reverse and ruin of the poor, kind-hearted banker. The decision upon the Ellington peerage took place within a month of the parting of Horace and Helen, which we have before recounted ; and, in a very short time afterwards, Lady Helen received and accepted an invitation from an old uncle of her father's, who, though he had joined in the persecution and neglect of his nephew whilst he was poor and lowly, thought it a very different thing to have an earl and his lovely daughter resident in his house, and dependent upon his bounty. Lord Ellington, however, could not forget the injuries of former days, and though he had no wish to prevent his daughter from enjoying the pleasures and advantages of London society, yet could not make up his mind to leave his retirement to re-enter a world in which he had met nothing but cruelty and callous selfishness. Lady Helen, therefore, alone, was

allowed to comply with her uncle's request, and was duly installed as the mistress of Admiral Arnot's splendid mansion in Portland Place, and pretty publicly announced as the heiress of his immense wealth, amassed, as, from the latitude of his town residence, our readers will have guessed, in the East Indies.

With beauty rarely equalled in possession, and riches seldom outnumbered in prospective; with gay, light spirits and unaffected attractive manners, it will not be wondered at that Helen was much, almost universally, admired, and had the dangerous poison of flattery poured into her ears from many of the most seductive and practised tongues in the gay world. The nature of Helen was one, alas! to which such pernicious pleasure was most dangerous; for vanity was the predominant passion in her list of faults; and when she saw the refined and the exclusive, the clever and the courted, who passed others by with carelessness or repulsion, eagerly force their way to her, and modulate their voices to the softest tones of feeling, the earnest accents of persuasion, she began to fancy that she must be a person of very superior merits. Shall we confess it? Engrossed, as she became, with the delight of her own extraordinary success in society, followed, as she was, by a crowd of admirers ready to disperse the slightest crowd of serious thought that crossed her brow, by some well applied compliment, or some lively anecdote, by degrees, the memory of Horace Leslie and her compact, became daily more obliterated; and long before the probationary year of her boasted faith had passed, his image had ceased to be coupled in her mind with any feelings of passion.

The receipt of his first letter awakened her, indeed, for a short time from the gay but delusive dream in which she had been indulging. She wept over it for hours, she would on the morrow write to him, and renew her vows; plead for forgiveness, and be again to him the idol that she had been. "Poor, poor Horace," she said, "he will not be very hard upon me." A short year before, the epithet would have been "dear, dear Horace"—and this change exactly explains the difference in her feelings; those she experienced at present were the outpourings of compassion of a kind and tender heart, for one to whom she was conscious she had behaved ill; there was none of that fervent and devoted love which had made her combat successfully the arguments of his clearer judgment.

On the morrow, however, there was much to do, and another day's delay could make no difference; and so from day to day, and week to week, procrastination led her on, until having no real excuse for the long silence, she agreed within herself that it would be better not to write at all. Poor Horace never for a moment felt angry with her; deeply, very deeply grieved he was undoubtedly, but he had been perfectly sincere in the opinions he had expressed at their meeting, and was perfectly convinced that when the excitement of his presence had subsided, and the recollection of their former intimacy had become more distant, that he, crippled and deformed as he was, could not be the object of the choice of a young, spirited, and beautiful girl.

In the course of the following year, old Admiral Arnot sank into his grave, overcome with age, gout, and the effects of an Indian climate, and by his will, Lady Helen

became possessed of all his vast possessions of every kind, both estates and money. The whole was left entirely at her own disposal, and her father appointed sole guardian.

Amongst the host of worshippers at this golden shrine of beauty, one of the most distinguished was Lord Rutherford. Possessed of no good looks, and very moderate talent, it would have been difficult to say what were the causes that had placed him upon the pinnacle of fashion, on which he undoubtedly stood. Ridiculously impertinent to all he was pleased to consider his inferiors, he was offensively intrusive with those whom the world's opinion had constituted his superiors; stupidly and vulgarly *mauvais plaisant* in his familiarity, he was apishly rude in his assumed consequence; and yet, though no one said a good word for him behind his back, he was universally *fêté* in society, and by the dint of sheer insolence had apparently earned a licence for saying or committing any folly he pleased. It must be confessed that Helen was a little afraid of this *preux chevalier* before she became acquainted with him. All the stories she heard of the harsh things he had said of people, and the rude things he had done to them, had instilled her with a dread of meeting him; when, therefore, she found him lowly and submissive towards her, the humblest of her admirers, the most unwearied of her followers, her vanity, the predominant fault of her nature, was highly flattered; and working upon this passion, which he had quite cunning enough to discover, Lord Rutherford soon outstripped all competitors, and by coarse jokes upon one, and cold superciliousness to another, nearly banished all his rivals.

Lord Ellington was delighted with the prospects of this

connexion, for the young lord was in his own possessions sufficiently rich, and far from extravagant, and by a singularly *lucky* coincidence, the property which Helen had lately inherited adjoined that of Lord Rutherford, which circumstance had, indeed, been the cause of his intimacy with a person so different from himself as old Admiral Arnot. Thus sued on one side by this redoubtable lover, and pressed upon the other by the advice and solicitations of a father whom she so highly respected, Helen had nearly consented to bestow her hand upon Lord Rutherford. There was no love for him in her heart; she had felt too enthusiastically, too passionately once, to be able so soon to nurture the same sentiments again: her affection for Horace, it was true, was now dormant and forgotten, but still it had engrossed all of devotion she had to bestow. But she was dazzled and bewildered; she liked Lord Rutherford; he amused her—he seemed to dote upon her—he promised her a life of uninterrupted happiness, that his sole duty should be to obey her wishes and cater for her pleasures. She believed him, and hesitated—she almost accepted him; but the decisive words had not been yet pronounced. It was at this crisis of her fate,—just as she was about to leave London with her father, to take possession of her property at Thedlington, her admirer having preceded her, to deck Rutherford in its best looks, in hopes of charming her into becoming its mistress,—it was at this crisis, that she received Horace's second letter. Oh! how it smote her heart. Horace in poverty—in a dependent situation, earning his bread, and she burthened and tired with excess of luxury. She would in some covert way, which he should never detect, bestow riches

upon him.—But no ; that he had prevented, by concealing even the name under which he now lived. At any rate, she would shower kindnesses on Mrs. Leslie ; he should hear of her attention and cordiality—he should recognise the heart he had once considered as his, in the zeal of her affection towards his mother. With this comfortable, consolatory intention, she set out for the country.

Every preparation had been so arranged as to make Lady Helen's entrance into her inherited property as gratifying to her feelings as possible. She was met by the whole body of her tenants upon the borders of the estate. In the evening, bonfires were lighted upon the surrounding hills, and acclamations and vociferous shouts of good will, not a little added to by admiration of her beauty, accompanied her at every step, and yet she felt less happy than she had done. During the journey from London, she had been allowed more time for consideration and self-examination, than the whirl and quick succession of London engagements had for a long time left her. The last letter of Horace had brought his image painfully back to her recollection ; and she could not control an involuntary sigh, as she compared him as he was in the days of their unsuspecting love, of their unalloyed happiness, with the being who was now her all but declared husband.

These gloomy thoughts were, however, upon the morrow in a great measure dissipated ; for, before breakfast was finished, arrived Lord Rutherford, full of plans for her amusement, and in her honour. In the first place, his mother, sister, and two younger brothers had arrived at Rutherford, and a fancy ball was to be given in the following week ; everything was settled ; Helen was to form

one of a quadrille with Lord Rutherford's sister ; the boys were to be dressed as pages ; the tutor, the cleverest creature in the world, was to change the library into one of Tippoo Saib's tents, the drawing-room into a Swiss cottage ; all the maids were to be dressed in short petticoats, red stockings, and round hats, and the footmen, with their faces died with walnut juice, were to be arrayed in full eastern costume : the garden was to be illuminated, fireworks to be let off ; Helen's name was to shine in crimson light ; in short, nothing was ever to have been so perfect as this *fête*, and everything entirely in honour of Lady Helen. It is not to be wondered at, that under such an accumulation of new pleasures, every serious thought, every nascent regret in our heroine's breast was at once crushed. There was so little time, hardly sufficient to get her magnificent dress made. Every shop in the neighbouring town had to be visited : old pieces of brocade, that, long since out of fashion, the mercer had put into the lumber-room in despair, were now sought out, and purchased at exorbitant prices. In short, though fancy balls were then a novelty, they have since become so common, that I will not tire my readers with the details of what is now almost a daily preparation. I am sorry to say, all Helen's good intentions towards poor Mrs. Leslie were condensed into a request to her admirer (easily granted, of course,) that he would invite her to the ball.

The eventful day at last arrived. Lord Ellington and his daughter were to dine and dress at Rutherford. Every body was in the highest spirits. The Dowager Lady Rutherford overwhelmed Helen with care and civility ;

Miss Lollington, her daughter, called her Helen, and treated her as a sister, and the two hobble-de-hoy brothers took her all over the house, to show her the clever and tasteful arrangements superintended by *their* tutor, Mr. Wright. With spirits already worn out by the excitement of the day, Helen gladly, after dinner, betook herself to her room to dress. It would have been a relief to her to weep. Why, she knew not, but melancholy presentiments were upon her mind. By one of those extraordinary whims of capricious memory, that all have felt, but none can account for, it appeared to her that what was then occurring, either in a dream, or in some other existence, had before happened to her. Her free, unfearing pledge to poor Horace with regard to the impossibility of her being changed whenever she appeared at a fancy ball, rung in her ears, and languidly and without exertion she allowed her active and clever *femme de chambre* to arrange her dress. The task was finished; and if, as she glanced at herself in the long glass that reflected her perfect, her angelic figure from head to foot, if a feeling of gratified vanity then throbbed high at her heart, it would have been hard to have found a being so callous to the charms of beauty, as not to have far exceeded her in appreciation of her charms.

She was anxiously called from below; the company had not yet begun to arrive, and Lord Rutherford was very desirous to show her everything before his duties as host must for awhile separate him from the object of his admiration.

"It is a beautiful evening, Lady Helen," cried he, as she came down stairs, "the garden is just illuminated, and

let us see that whilst we can, for in this charming climate nobody knows that another hour may not bring us a snow storm."

He was evidently in high spirits, perhaps a little excited by the wine he had drank, to the effect of which the hurry and fuss of arrangement had much added; and as he led her from walk to walk, and vista to vista, the explanation of the beauty of the arrangements for the ball, became gradually merged in exclamations of enthusiastic admiration of her, whom he called the Queen of the Feast.

"One thing, dearest Lady Helen," he whispered, passionately, "one thing only is wanting to add to the pleasure, to ensure the happiness of this evening, that you will say that one little word, so often implored. Surely, surely you have kept me long enough in suspense."

"Nay, Lord Rutherford," she replied, endeavouring to turn it off in jest, "you forget my costume, we Elizabethan maids require rather a more formal scene of courtship than this moonlit walk; let us return to the ball-room, there you may enact your part with some effect, here it is lost."

"Where was there ever form where there was sincere love?" he cried; "but you mock me, Lady Helen—when, when is this prudery to end?"

"Let us return to the house," she answered, "this is not the entertainment you invited me to; and to say the truth, it is rather late in the year and evening for these sylvan scenes."

"By heaven! you shall not go, until you give me an answer!" he exclaimed, losing gradually all control over his irritable temper.

"Shall not! my lord, that is not a word I am much accustomed to——"

"Nay, will not, when I implore you," said he, catching her hand.—"Helen, you know not how I love you, do not trifle with me.—If I admired when I first saw you, how much more must I adore you now, looking as you do the very personification of loveliness."

"Lord Rutherford, loosen my hand, this is neither the time nor the method of seeking the favour of a young lady."

"Nay, rather, since I have so far proceeded," said the young lord, "let me thus claim you as my destined wife, only do not say no! and I will take your silence as the confirmation of my hopes."

"Never! my lord," she exclaimed, angrily, withdrawing her hand, "but that you appear to be hardly in a state to judge of the propriety of your own actions, I would ask you, is this the way to gain the good opinion that you profess to wish for. For shame, for shame—stand from my way, my lord," for Lord Rutherford still placed himself so as to intercept her progress towards the house.—"Stand from my way, I say; were my friends present, you dare not thus insult me."

"A friend is present!" cried the voice of Horace, "always ready to die to protect you from insult;" and he rushed between them, pale indeed, and worn in appearance, but scarcely less remarkable for manly beauty than when he had first gained the young affections of her who now stood trembling, almost fainting, before him.

"Mr. Wright," cried the enraged Lord Rutherford, "what insolence is this?"

"Well might I retort that question upon your lordship," replied Horace; "what unblushing insolence must that be, that could offer annoyance for a moment to such a being as that?"

"Mr. Wright seems to forget," said Lord Rutherford, with all his natural superciliousness, "that such a power exists in masters as that of discharging their servants when they forget their proper position."

"*You*, my lord, seem to forget that there is an inherent feeling in man to protect woman from insult, that there is a boiling desire to chastise impertinence in any one who disgraces his station. Your servant? my lord, I am no servant of yours."

"Indeed," retorted the enraged nobleman, "perhaps I am mistaken, I took you for the tutor of my brothers, paid by my bounty. Perhaps you are some knight-errant in disguise?"

"Horace, dear Horace, do not answer him," cried the weeping Helen, "for my sake do not."

"Indeed, is it thus?" cried Rutherford, furiously, "now then I can account for your distant coyness—your intimate and familiar acquaintance with that young man, my brothers' tutor, makes your intention, expressed by your father, of bestowing yourself upon me, particularly flattering."

"Lord Rutherford," exclaimed Horace, seizing him by the arm, "beware that you tempt me not beyond my patience. I have long endeavoured to separate myself from the hopes, the cares, the feelings, and the passions of this world; but I am fallible as mortals are; you have raised sinful thoughts within me—breathe but a word

against that spotless angel, and I strike you to the ground. Aye ! maimed—crippled as I am—the hand of death, as I verily believe, now upon me,—my rage will give me strength, and I will beat you to the earth, and buffet you brute-like, as you deserve.”

“ Stand aside, madman and fool ! ” cried Lord Rutherford, and as he spoke he raised his hand, and pushed him with violence—almost struck him to one side.

Horace staggered some steps ; he caught by a large branch, and tearing it by a wonderful exertion from the tree, his eye-balls starting from his head, his face crimson and swollen, every vein marked like whip-cord on his countenance, he raised the club with both his hands above his head, and rushed at his intended victim. The young lord stood aghast—surprise made him defenceless—but, in a moment the branch dropped from the hands of Horace—he staggered—he tottered—blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he fell powerless to the ground. Again, but louder and more shrill, the agonized scream of Helen rang through the woods and pleasure grounds, and some servants who had been alarmed by the first cry, almost immediately arrived, and carried Horace to a neighbouring summer-house, gaudily lighted up in the preparation for the *fête*. Oh ! what a cruel mockery there appeared in the grotesque costumes around, and the death-like features and blood-stained garments of poor Horace—garments of the serious and sombre hue of the profession from which poverty had alone excluded him. Horace was not dead, but life was evidently fast flitting ; the excitement and exertion had been too much for his debilitated frame, and the rupture of a large blood vessel,

rendered recovery almost hopeless. He kept his dim eyes immoveably fixed upon Helen, who followed him weeping and knelt by his couch ; often he essayed to speak, but a fresh flow of blood nearly suffocated him.

"Horace, dear, dear Horace !" sobbed Helen, kissing his blue pale hand, "say—beckon to me—make some sign that you forgive me—I have been the cause of all your misery—I have now killed you."

"Helen !" whispered he in broken accents, "my Helen, I may call you now ; you were the cause of all my happiness here—you are the cause of my seeking a far higher bliss hereafter. My God has granted my prayer to hear you once more call me dear Horace, and to die. What were my hopes, my prospects here, that I should wish to live—and what, oh, my God ! what are thy promises for hereafter, that I should fear to die."

"My lord," and he beckoned to Lord Rutherford, who stood awed and abashed aloof from the couch, "do not think I was a spy upon your actions this evening ; the superintendence you requested me to undertake, naturally drew me to those walks. I cannot regret the chance. I was saved by Providence from the sin of revenging upon you the blow—the disgraceful blow you inflicted upon me ; it was a merciful interposition for a dying man. I have forgiven you all your injuries to me—I can now do more, far more—forgive your wrong to her."

At this moment, a voice from without was heard crying,

"Horace, Horace—my son, my darling son ! where is he?"

It was the voice of Mrs. Leslie ; for the servant of Helen having recognised Horace as the tutor of the young

gentlemen, had officiously communicated his name, and it had reached her at the same time as the account of his danger.

Poor Horace started and shuddered—"Merciful heaven!" he muttered, "spare me this trial!" and as he spoke his eyes became glazed, and his troubled spirit was at rest.

SONG.

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

(FROM THE CIRCASSIAN.)

WHAT means this misery-happiness?

In torrents wild my blood is flowing;
My heart now mountains seem to press,
Now seems it but too freely glowing.

Whence come these transports? Still the same,
From one dear Object only springing;
Yet changing evermore their name,
So rapidly their flight they're winging!

Hope, doubt, faith, joy, fear, phrenzy, pain,
Seem one by one this heart to awaken;
With *such* emotions in their train,
Can reason long remain unshaken?

Still one by one, in absence drear,
These make my wild heart glow or wither;
In absence? Aye! when *thou* art near,
Then—then I feel them ALL together!

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED, WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ON THE CONTI-
NENT, TO —,

BY EDWARD FITZ-GERALD.

THINK of me, dear one! when you tend
The couch whereon our hope reposes,
Think of me, dear one! when you bend
Above her sleep, while evening closes;
Think! as you feel your heart rejoice,
And slumber makes you doubly love her,
Oh! think you hear a father's voice,
Join in the prayer you breathe above her!—

Weep for me, dear one! when her smiles
At morning's dawn, like sunshine, greet you;
Weep for me! when her infant wiles
At eve, of half your grief shall cheat you;
And when you teach her lips to say
Fond words, that make her beauty dearer,
And when she names my name at play,
Weep for me *then—I cannot hear her!*

Pray for me, dear one! when the wind
Sweeps seaward, down the rushing river—
Pray for me! when the tempests blind,
Pray for me! when the lightnings shiver!
Though dark and drear my way may be,
No storm can chill, no blast can blight me,
While thoughts of that bright child, and thee,
Like angels, through the midnight light me!

The Danube, near Lintz.

LAKE OF COMO.

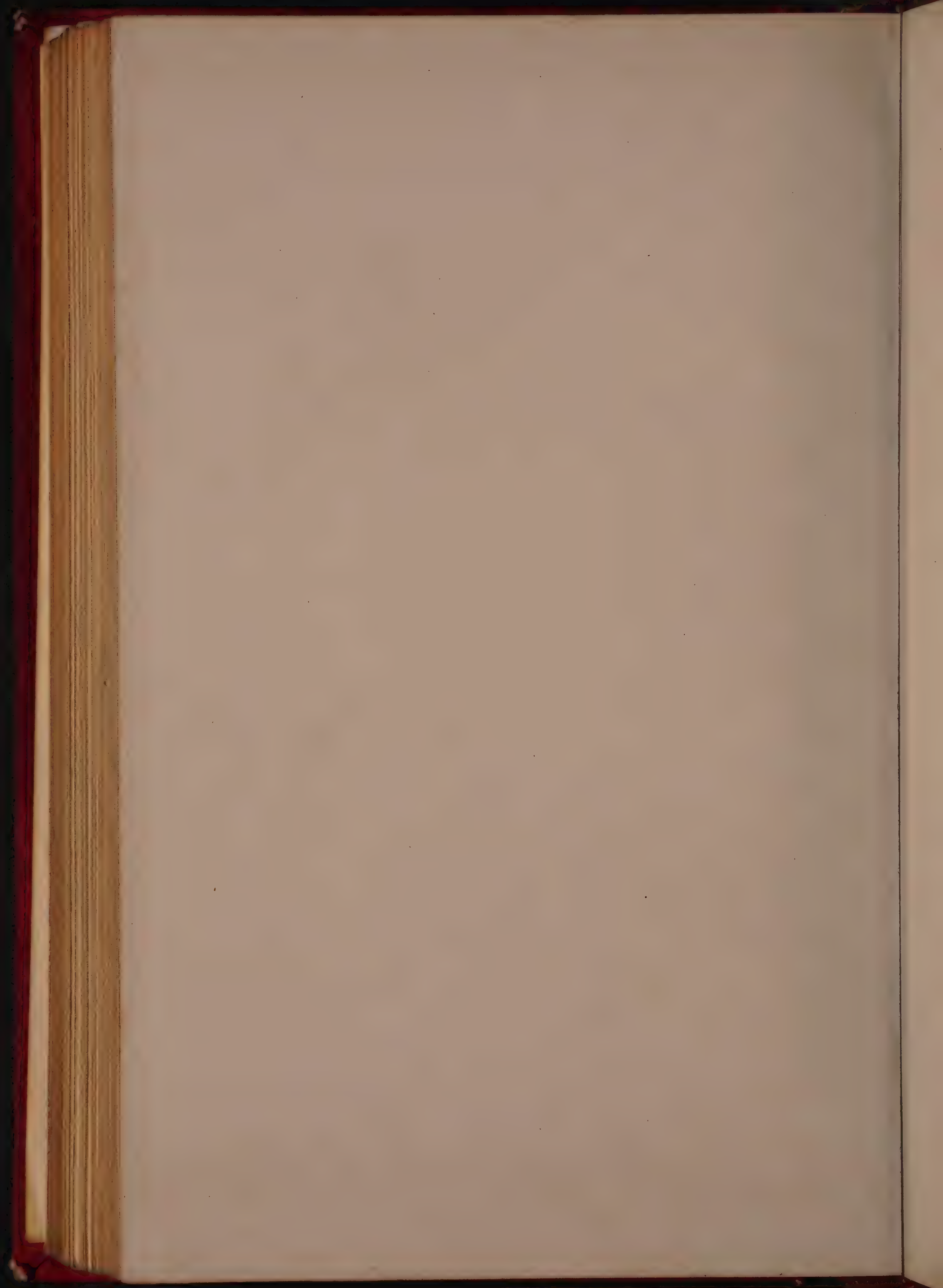
BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

It is pretty generally allowed that the Lake of Como is the most beautiful in Italy: but, it is in reality something more than beautiful. It is divided into three distinct portions, each with scenery peculiar to itself; and thus in wandering along its banks, the traveller perpetually receives new impressions. The mountains which border the lake are in general upwards of two thousand feet high; and as they are extremely precipitous—in some places, indeed, overhanging the water, it might be expected that the preponderating character of the view would be sublimity. This, however, is not the case. In Italy, the giants of nature lose half their terrors by being divested of those deep shadows, and that mysterious gloom which they possess in other countries; for here the sides and summits of the mountains are entirely naked, and of a light stone colour, as if the vegetation had been burnt away by the sun.

But at the water's edge, and for some distance above it, the lake is girdled by a rich tuft of foliage. The pine, the ilex, and the chesnut fringe the shore, and climb the precipices; and in midst of all, the *gay* cypress (the favourite ornament of a Roman villa!) presents itself in striking contrast. Here, is a village; there, a country seat; yonder, a ruin. In a hundred places the delighted scholar discovers the Plinian villa, for there are a hundred places as beautiful.

These magnificent banks, so well calculated for con-





cealment by their indented line, and overhanging rocks and woods, were the retreat of the early Christians during the first three centuries, and afterwards of the Greek exarchs, during the Longobardic invasion. In the middle ages, they were the haunt of banditti; and at present their caverns are not unfrequently the storehouses of Swiss and Italian smugglers.

It is chiefly from the villages above the lake that those shoals of pedlars sally forth who perambulate France and Germany with prints, gilt frames, small looking-glasses, and other wares. In England they are now rarely to be met with, and no wonder. To say nothing of our annuals with their score of engravings—for a guinea's worth of the fine arts would be a wholesale purchase to the patrons of the pedlar—we can now buy for one shilling *several* of the choicest specimens which the modern burin has produced, after the best painters of our day. The Italian hawkers, therefore, cannot compete with us even in price; and the consequence of the market being filled with an improved commodity must necessarily be an improvement in the national taste. This will do good eventually to all Europe: the English never keep things entirely to themselves—when they can get anything for them. At this moment, the walls of almost every inn in Russia are hung with English engravings.

In consequence of the exodus of the young men, several of the villages alluded to are inhabited exclusively by females. These solitary women are as devout as nuns, and work very hard for their dish of polenta, which is almost the only food they ever taste.

The town of Como stands at the termination of the

south-western branch of the lake. It was originally the seat of a Greek colony, but in the time of Pliny was a Roman corporation of great wealth and importance. The situation is fine, and the air excellent; but the town itself is gloomy, and presents little worthy of remark, except a church of white marble, curious from its architectural incongruities. Three miles and a half from Como is the Villa d'Este, once the abode of the unhappy Queen Caroline.

TO AN OLD PLEASURE BOAT,
CONVERTED INTO A SEAT IN SHIRLEY PARK.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

OLD boat! I wish a lot were mine,
In youth and age resembling thine!

When young and strong, like thee to glide
Over a calm and sunny tide;
For innocent enjoyment framed,
Pleasure named with me when *I* named!

In age, when too infirm to move
Amid the scenes I used to love,
A cheerful aspect still I'd wear,
Sought by the youthful and the fair;
And offering to every guest,
A shelter, and a place of rest.

Shirley Park, July 1, 1836.

TO MISS COCKBURN.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

THERE'S joy upon thy guileless brow,
 A joy as pure as bright;
 A thing more beautiful than thou
 Treads not this earth of light;
 For thee no melancholy spell
 The books have yet unseal'd,
 Which life's vicissitudes foretel,
 In mercy *unreveal'd*.

There's joy upon thy guileless brow,
 The joy that genius gives
 When the young heart first feels its glow,
 And in its sunshine lives.
 When ranging earth, and air, and sea,
 Led by the witching power,
 It culls the fruit from every tree,
 The bloom from every bower.

There's joy upon thy guileless brow,
 Alas! that joy should die!
 That care should cloud, or anguish bow,
 Or sorrow dim thine eye!
 Yet lovely heritor of woe,
 Thy mortal lot is cast,
 Where, though the gales of Eden blow,
 Prevails the Sarzaar's blast.

There's joy upon thy guileless brow,
 A joy from realms above,
 Where springs of bliss unbroken flow
 In changeless, endless love.
 That joy shall still thy breast embue
 Through life's delirious fever ;
 Lending each scene the hallowing hue
 Of skies that smile for ever.

FAREWELL.

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY.

FAREWELL ! Oh ! black and bitter word,
 In misery breathed, in anguish heard ;
 What sighs with that faint utterance blend,
 What sufferings on those sighs attend !

Still there's a beauty that breathes round
 That dark word of sepulchral sound,
 Which sheds a poetry supreme
 O'er even a light and airy dream.

Farewell ! full many a heart hath found
 By its own shrinking from *that sound*—
 Too faithful and too fatal test—
 That love hath been its secret guest !

Farewell ! how oft the anguished heart
 Must with *life's* precious *sweetness* part,
 (Aching with darkest, deadliest strife)
 Ere yet—ere yet it parts with *life* !

MY PET AVERSIONS;

OR, THE CONFESSIONS OF A DEMI MISANTHROPE.

READER! have you any pet aversions? or do you not know the ineffable pleasure of cherishing a favourite disgust, an innocent abhorrence, a delicate detestation, in the secret recesses of your bosom? I do now, and I have done long and often. My first intense emotions of dislike were called into being by a certain fat, unsentimental-looking widow, with a peculiarly starched cap, and particularly long crape weepers, while her jovial face was, to say truth, as smiling and as tearless as might be. Ask me not *why* I hated her—"curious fool! be still! Is human *hate* the growth of human will?"—I call this my first; but, I dare say, in fact, my first is now buried in oblivion, and probably was ushered into existence when the heart that contained it beat softly beneath the stately flow of infantine long petticoats; *perhaps* excited by the apparition (no ghost—dear reader, start not) of some bluff, blowzy nursery maid presenting the fatal *boat* (to the uninitiated in nursery matters this may be a mystery, "a marvel and a secret—be it so"—*still!*) the fatal boat, sacred to senna, rhubarb, and many other equally unsavoury deposits. Well, to return to my widow, who was the first object of my peculiar antipathy. *As far as I can remember*, it certainly was a deep, never-to-be-forgotten impression that she made upon me! Even now, when I pace Pall Mall, bask in Bond Street, saunter along St. James's, or ramble through Regent Street, every widow's cap obtruding its fu-

nereal aspect (funereal, albeit, of snowy white!) from a shop window, instantaneously conjures up to my fancy the face of that identical widow, whose features were certainly not as starched as the plaiting of her cap, nor her complexion as pure, being somewhat rubicund, and in a perpetual blush and broad grin. I think this aversion might be called my Beautiful one, and the next in succession the Sublime!—Its object was no less a personage than a dancing master in the country!—ay, in the wilds of —shire! Hear that, and stand suspended in mid-pirouette, ye Parisian professors and tiptoe votaries of the *Dieu de la Danse*—a clod-hopping dancing master—a rustic to his coat cuffs—a John Bull to his shoe strings! Oh! *how* I hated him and his kit! they were *rivals* for my unutterable abhorrence! Then, to hear him exclaiming (raising his voice to a shrill falsetto, so as to be heard through the screechings and squeakings of his atrocious kit) “Old hup your ed—hextend your harms—hoffer your and, don’t it your eel—not so igh that honter-chat!” Yes, I abominated him! Well, I didn’t dare to express my feelings, save in a way I invented of my own. I made my dancing, as it were, a lively telegraph of my sentiments. I told him I hated him—that cruel Conspirator against my comfort and peace, with his “infernal machine”—I told him I hated him—now in an agitated *honter chat*, as he called it—now in an indignant caper—now in a scornful *chassé*—now in an infuriated and tempestuous *pas de zephyr*—and now, haply, in a retiring courtesy of more stately detestation! After this I had a constant succession of reigning aversions and antipathies (sweet reader, you will think me an amiable character!) but I shall pass over all these to

speaking of my *last*—oh! my last!—it is the most violent I ever yet experienced. Talk of the torments of unreturned *love*!—alas! alas! think of the miseries of a cherished abhorrence unreturned!—of the wretchedness of being crossed in a favourite antipathy!—of the sorrows of an unpartaken and unanswered repugnance!—of the lonely pangs and suffering of an unrequited disgust! when the object of our aversion, chosen and marked out from all mankind, *will* believe him or herself liked, nay, perhaps *loved*, and *will not* participate in our impassioned sentiments of uncontrollable dislike and hatred!

Can the cold frown, or the careless glance of a cruel lover, cause a pang like the smirking smile, the self-satisfied, nothing-doubting expression in the countenance of the one for whom we entertain the most high-flown, full-blown, deep-sown, and though, alas! in vain, *oft-shown*, sentiments and feelings of detestation? Alack the day! my last *is so violent*, it almost approaches to *love*! Extremes meet, you know, dear reader!—shall I, shall I, open my heart to *you*? now bending, sympathizingly I trust, over these pages? shall I tell you *who* is my Pet Aversion now? may I confide in you?—are you secret?—are you safe?—lend me your ear—remember it goes no farther.—No, no, *I dare not*!—for who knows, dear reader—dear, gentle, amiable, excellent, delightful, estimable reader, but—that—it—may—be—you!

SUMMER DEPARTED.

BY J. WALKER ORD, ESQ.

WHITHER gone, sweet summer,
In thy holy light?
To some distant region,
Beautiful and bright,
Is the creature wandered in her young delight?

Perfume heavenward soareth,
From the heath-bell's breast:
Every lonely valley,
Where the wild flowers rest,
Bears her hues of glory to the golden west!

Gentle lovers tremble,
For deep rapture gone:
Bower and woodland arbour,
Tree and "trysting stone,"
Lose the spell of gladness, that in summer shone.

Winter, winter cometh,
Snow-wreaths on her brow:
The red leaves are falling,
In the valley low,
And something of deep joy is past for "evermoe."

Guisborough, Yorkshire, Sept. 1836.

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